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OR,

ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED

FROM THE LARGER VOLUME,

FOR

The Improvement of Scholars at Classical and other Schools,

IN THE ART OF SPEAKING;

IN READING, THINKING, COMPOSING;

AND IN THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

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TO THE

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INTRODUCTION.

ON

PRONUNCIATION, OR DELIVERY.

FROM DR. BLAIR'S LECTURES.

I.

HOW much ſtreſs was laid upon Pronunciation, or Delivery, by the moſt eloquent of all orators, Demoſthenes, appears from a noted ſaying of his, related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being aſked, What was the firſt point in oratory? he anſwered Delivery; and being aſked, What was the ſecond? and afterwards, What was the third? he ſtill anſwered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he ſhould have rated this ſo high, and that for improving himſelf in it, he ſhould have employed thoſe aſſiduous and painful labours, which all the Ancients take ſo much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To ſuperficial thinkers, the management of the voice and geſture, in public ſpeaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the caſe. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public ſpeaking, Perſuaſion; and therefore deſerves the ſtudy of the moſt grave and ſerious ſpeakers, as much as of thoſe, whoſe only aim it is to pleaſe.

For, let it be conſidered, whenever we addreſs ourſelves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make ſome impreſſion on thoſe to whom we ſpeak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and geſtures, interpret our ideas and emotions no leſs than words do; nay, the impreſſion they make on others, is frequently much ſtronger than any that words can make. We often ſee that an expreſſive look, or a paſſionate cry, unaccompanied by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouſes within them ſtronger paſſions, than can be communicated by the moſt eloquent diſcourſe. The ſignification of our ſentiments, made by tones and geſtures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature.

ture. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of Pronunciation and Delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves. His delivery may be such, as to give the lie to all that he asserts. When Marcus Callidius accused one of an attempt to poison him, but enforced his accusation in a languid manner, and without any warmth or earnestness of delivery, Cicero, who pleaded for the accused person, improved this into an argument of the falsity of the charge, "An tu, M. "Callidi nisi fingeres, sic ageres?" In Shakespeare's Richard II. the Duchess of York thus impeaches the sincerity of her husband:

Pleads he in earnest?—Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth; ours, from our breast:
He prays but faintly, and would be denied;
We pray with heart and soul.

But, I believe it is needless to say any more, in order to shew the high importance of a good Delivery. I proceed, therefore, to such observations as appear to me most useful to be made on this head.

The great objects which every public speaker will naturally have in his eye in forming his Delivery, are, first, to speak so as to be fully and easily understood by all who hear him; and next, to speak with grace and force, so as to please and to move his audience. Let us consider what is most important with respect to each of these *.

In order to be fully and easily understood, the four chief requisites are, A due degree of loudness of voice; Distinctness; Slowness; and, Propriety of Pronunciation.

The first attention of every public speaker, doubtless, must be, to make himself be heard by all those to whom he speaks. He must endeavour to fill with his voice the space occupied by the assembly. This power of voice, it may be thought, is wholly a natural talent. It is so in a good measure; but, however, may receive considerable assistance from art. Much depends for this purpose on the proper pitch, and management of the voice. Every man has three pitches in his voice; the high, the middle, and the low one. The high, is that which he uses in calling aloud to some one at a distance. The low is, when he approaches to a whisper. The middle is, that which he employs in common conversation, and which he should generally use in public discourse. For it is a great mistake, to imagine that one must take the highest pitch of his voice, in order to be well heard by a great assembly. This is confounding two things which are different, loudness, or

* On this whole subject, Mr. Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution are very worthy of being consulted; and several hints are here taken from them.

ſtrength of ſound, with the key, or note on which we ſpeak. A ſpeaker may render his voice louder, without altering the key; and we ſhall always be able to give moſt body, moſt perſevering force of ſound, to that pitch of voice, to which in converſation we are accuſtomed. Whereas, by ſetting out on our higheſt pitch or key, we certainly allow ourſelves leſs compaſs, and are likely to ſtrain our voice before we have done. We ſhall fatigue ourſelves, and ſpeak with pain; and whenever a man ſpeaks with pain to himſelf, he is always heard with pain by his audience. Give the voice therefore full ſtrength and ſwell of ſound; but always pitch it on your ordinary ſpeaking key. Make it a conſtant rule never to utter a greater quantity of voice, than you can afford without pain to yourſelves, and without any extraordinary effort. As long as you keep within theſe bounds, the other organs of ſpeech will be at liberty to diſcharge their ſeveral offices with eaſe; and you will always have your voice under command. But whenever you tranſgreſs theſe bounds, you give up the reins, and have no longer any management of it. It is an uſeful rule too, in order to be well heard, to fix our eye on ſome of the moſt diſtant perſons in the aſſembly, and to conſider ourſelves as ſpeaking to them. We naturally and mechanically utter our words with ſuch a degree of ſtrength, as to make ourſelves be heard by one to whom we addreſs ourſelves, provided he be within the reach of our voice. As this is the caſe in common converſation, it will hold alſo in public ſpeaking. But remember, that in public as well as in converſation, it is poſſible to offend by ſpeaking too loud. This extreme hurts the ear, by making the voice come upon it in rumbling indiſtinct maſſes; beſides its giving the ſpeaker the diſagreeable appearance of one who endeavours to compel aſſent, by mere vehemence and force of ſound.

In the next place, to being well heard, and clearly underſtood, diſtinctneſs of articulation contributes more, than mere loudneſs of ſound. The quantity of ſound neceſſary to fill even a large ſpace, is ſmaller than is commonly imagined; and with diſtinct articulation, a man of a weak voice will make it reach farther, than the ſtrongeſt voice can reach without it. To this, therefore, every public ſpeaker ought to pay great attention. He muſt give every ſound which he utters its due proportion, and make every ſyllable, and even every letter in the word which he pronounces, be heard diſtinctly; without ſlurring, whiſpering, or ſuppreſſing any of the proper ſounds.

In the third place, in order to articulate diſtinctly, moderation is requiſite with regard to the ſpeed of pronouncing. Precipitancy of ſpeech confounds all articulation, and all meaning. I need ſcarcely obſerve, that there may be alſo an extreme on the oppoſite ſide. It is obvious, that a lifeleſs, drawling pronunciation, which allows the minds of the hearers to be always outrunning the ſpeaker, muſt render every diſcourſe inſipid and fatiguing. But the extreme of ſpeaking too faſt is much more common, and requires the more to be guarded againſt, becauſe, when it has grown up into a habit, few errors are more difficult to be corrected. To pronounce with a proper degree of ſlowneſs, and with full and clear articulation, is the firſt thing to be ſtudied by all who begin to ſpeak in public; and cannot be too much recommended to them. Such a pronunciation gives weight and dignity to their diſcourſe. It is a great aſſiſtance to the voice, by the pauſes and reſts which it allows it more eaſily to make; and it enables the ſpeaker to ſwell all his ſounds, both with more

more force and more muſic. It aſſiſts him alſo in preſerving a due command of himſelf; whereas a rapid and hurried manner, is apt to excite that flutter of ſpirits, which is the greateſt enemy to all right execution in the way of oratory. "Promptum ſit os," ſays Quinctilian, "non præceps, moderatum, non lentum."

After theſe fundamental attentions to the pitch and management of the voice, to diſtinct articulation, and to a proper degree of ſlowneſs of ſpeech, what a public ſpeaker muſt, in the fourth place, ſtudy, is Propriety of Pronunciation; or the giving to every word, which he utters, that ſound, which the moſt polite uſage of the language appropriates to it; in oppoſition to broad, vulgar, or provincial pronunciation. This is requiſite, both for ſpeaking intelligibly, and for ſpeaking with grace or beauty. Inſtructions concerning this article, can be given by the living voice only. But there is one obſervation, which it may not be improper here to make. In the Engliſh language, every word which conſiſts of more ſyllables than one, has one accented ſyllable. The accent reſts ſometimes on the vowel, ſometimes on the conſonant. Seldom, or never, is there more than one accented ſyllable in any Engliſh word, however long; and the genius of the language requires the voice to mark that ſyllable by a ſtronger percuſſion, and to paſs more ſlightly over the reſt. Now, after we have learned the proper ſeats of theſe accents, it is an important rule, to give every word juſt the ſame accent in public ſpeaking, as in common diſcourſe. Many perſons err in this reſpect. When they ſpeak in public, and with ſolemnity, they pronounce the ſyllables in a different manner from what they do at other times. They dwell upon them, and protract them; they multiply accents on the ſame word; from a miſtaken notion, that it gives gravity and force to their diſcourſe, and adds to the pomp of public declamation. Whereas, this is one of the greateſt faults that can be committed in pronunciation; it makes what is called a theatrical or mouthing manner; and gives an artificial affected air to ſpeech, which detracts greatly both from its agreeableneſs, and its impreſſion.

I proceed to treat next of thoſe higher parts of Delivery, by ſtudying which, a ſpeaker has ſomething farther in view than merely to render himſelf intelligible, and ſeeks to give grace and force to what he utters. Theſe may be compriſed under four heads, Emphaſis, Pauſes, Tones, and Geſtures. Let me only premiſe in general, to what I am to ſay concerning them, that attention to theſe articles of Delivery, is by no means to be confined, as ſome might be apt to imagine, to the more elaborate and pathetic parts of a diſcourſe; there is, perhaps, as great attention requiſite, and as much ſkill diſplayed, in adapting emphaſes, pauſes, tones, and geſtures, properly, to calm and plain ſpeaking: and the effect of a juſt and graceful delivery will, in every part of a ſubject, be found of high importance for commanding attention, and enforcing what is ſpoken.

Firſt, let us conſider Emphaſis; by this is meant a ſtronger and fuller ſound of voice, by which we diſtinguiſh the accented ſyllable of ſome word, on which we deſign to lay particular ſtreſs, and to ſhow how it affects the reſt of the ſentence. Sometimes the emphatic word muſt be diſtinguiſhed by a particular tone of voice, as well as by a ſtronger accent. On the right management of the emphaſis, depends the whole life and ſpirit of every diſcourſe. If no emphaſis be placed on any words, not only is diſcourſe rendered heavy

and lifeleſs, but the meaning left often ambiguous. If the emphaſis be placed wrong, we pervert and confound the meaning wholly. To give a common inſtance; ſuch a ſimple queſtion as this: "Do you ride to town to-day?" is capable of no fewer than four different acceptations, according as the emphaſis is differently placed on the words. If it be pronounced thus: Do *you* ride to town to-day? the anſwer may naturally be, No; I ſend *my ſervant* in my ſtead. If thus; Do you *ride* to town to-day? Anſwer, No; I intend to *walk*. Do you ride *to town* to-day? No; I ride out into *the fields*. Do you ride to town *to-day?* No; but I ſhall *to-morrow*. In like manner, in ſolemn diſcourſe, the whole force and beauty of an expreſſion often depend on the accented word; and we may preſent to the hearers quite different views of the ſame ſentiment, by placing the emphaſis differently. In the following words of our Saviour, obſerve in what different lights the thought is placed, according as the words are pronounced. "Judas, betrayeſt thou the Son of Man with a kiſs?" *Betrayeſt* thou—makes the reproach turn, on the infamy of treachery.—Betrayeſt *thou*—makes it reſt, upon Judas's connection with his maſter. Betrayeſt thou the *Son of Man*—reſts it, upon our Saviour's perſonal character and eminence. Betrayeſt thou the Son of Man *with a kiſs?* turns it upon his proſtituting the ſignal of peace and friendſhip, to the purpoſe of a mark of deſtruction.

In order to acquire the proper management of the emphaſis, the great rule, and indeed the only rule poſſible to be given, is, that the ſpeaker ſtudy to attain a juſt conception of the force and ſpirit of thoſe ſentiments which he is to pronounce. For to lay the emphaſis with exact propriety, is a conſtant exerciſe of good ſenſe and attention. It is far from being an inconſiderable attainment. It is one of the greateſt trials of a true and juſt taſte; and muſt ariſe from feeling delicately ourſelves, and from judging accurately of what is fitteſt to ſtrike the feelings of others. There is as great a difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain proſe, read by one who places the ſeveral emphaſes every where with taſte and judgment, and by one who neglects or miſtakes them, as there is between the ſame tune played by the moſt maſterly hand, or by the moſt bungling performer.

In all prepared diſcourſes, it would be of great uſe, if they were read over or rehearſed in private, with this particular view, to ſearch for the proper emphaſes before they were pronounced in public; marking, at the ſame time, with a pen, the emphatical words in every ſentence, or at leaſt the moſt weighty and affecting parts of the diſcourſe, and fixing them well in memory. Were this attention oftener beſtowed, were this part of pronunciation ſtudied with more exactneſs, and not left to the moment of delivery, as is commonly done, public ſpeakers would find their care abundantly repaid, by the remarkable effects which it would produce upon their audience. Let me caution, at the ſame time, againſt one error, that of multiplying emphatical words too much. It is only by a prudent reſerve in the uſe of them, that we can give them any weight. If they recur too often; if a ſpeaker attempts to render every thing which he ſays of high importance, by a multitude of ſtrong emphaſes, we ſoon learn to pay little regard to them. To crowd every ſentence with emphatical words, is like crowding all the pages

of

of a book with italic characters, which, as to the effect, is just the same with using no such distinctions at all.

Next to emphasis, the Pauses in speaking demand attention. These are of two kinds; first, emphatical pauses; and next, such as mark the distinctions of sense. An emphatical pause is made, after something has been said of peculiar moment, and on which we want to fix the hearer's attention. Sometimes, before such a thing is said, we usher it in with a pause of this nature. Such pauses have the same effect as a strong emphases, and are subject to the same rules; especially to the caution just now given, of not repeating them too frequently. For, as they excite uncommon attention, and of course raise expectation, if the importance of the matter be not fully answerable to such expectation, they occasion disappointment and disgust.

But the most frequent and the principal use of pauses, is to mark the divisions of the sense, and at the same time to allow the speaker to draw his breath; and the proper and graceful adjustment of such pauses, is one of the most nice and difficult articles in delivery. In all public speaking, the management of the breath requires a good deal of care, so as not to be obliged to divide words from one another, which have so intimate a connection, that they ought to be pronounced with the same breath, and without the least separation. Many a sentence is miserably mangled, and the force of the emphasis totally lost, by divisions being made in the wrong place. To avoid this, every one, while he is speaking, should be very careful to provide a full supply of breath for what he is to utter. It is a great mistake to imagine, that the breath must be drawn only at the end of a period, when the voice is allowed to fall. It may easily be gathered at the intervals of the period, when the voice is only suspended for a moment; and, by this management, one may have always a sufficient stock for carrying on the longest sentence, without improper interruptions.

If any one, in public speaking, shall have formed to himself a certain melody or tune, which requires rest and pauses of its own, distinct from those of the sense, he has, undoubtedly, contracted one of the worst habits into which a public speaker can fall. It is the sense which should always rule the pauses of the voice; for wherever there is any sensible suspension of the voice, the hearer is always led to expect something corresponding in the meaning. Pauses in public discourse, must be formed upon the manner in which we utter ourselves in ordinary, sensible conversation; and not upon the stiff, artificial manner which we acquire from reading books according to the common punctuation. The general run of punctuation is very arbitrary; often capricious and false; and dictates an uniformity of tone in the pauses, which is extremely disagreeable; for we are to observe, that to render pauses graceful and expressive, they must not only be made in the right place, but also be accompanied with a proper tone of voice, by which the nature of these pauses is intimated; much more than by the length of them, which can never be exactly measured. Sometimes it is only a slight and simple suspension of voice that is proper; sometimes a degree of cadence in the voice is required; and sometimes that peculiar tone and cadence, which denotes the sentence finished. In all these cases, we are to regulate ourselves, by attending to the manner in which nature teaches

us to speak when engaged in real and earnest discourse with others.

When we are reading or reciting verse, there is a peculiar difficulty in making the pauses justly. The difficulty arises from the melody of verse, which dictates to the ear pauses or rests of its own; and to adjust and compound these properly with the pauses of the sense, so as neither to hurt the ear, nor offend the understanding, is so very nice a matter, that it is no wonder we so seldom meet with good readers of poetry. There are two kinds of pauses that belong to the music of verse; one is, the pause at the end of the line; and the other, the cæsural pause in the middle of it. With regard to the pause at the end of the line, which marks that strain or verse to be finished, rhyme renders this always sensible, and in some measure compels us to observe it in our pronunciation. In blank verse, where there is a greater liberty permitted of running the lines into one another, sometimes without any suspension in the sense, it has been made a question, Whether, in reading such verse with propriety, any regard at all should be paid to the close of a line? On the stage, where the appearance of speaking in verse should always be avoided, there can, I think, be no doubt, that the close of such lines as make no pause in the sense, should not be rendered perceptible to the ear. But on other occasions, this were improper: for what is the use of melody, or for what end has the poet composed in verse, if, in reading his lines, we suppress his numbers; and degrade them, by our pronunciation, into mere prose? We ought, therefore, certainly to read blank verse so as to make every line sensible to the ear. At the same time, in doing so, every appearance of sing-song and tone must be carefully guarded against. The close of the line, where it makes no pause in the meaning, ought to be marked, not by such a tone as is used in finishing a sentence, but without either letting the voice fall or elevating it, it should be marked only by such a slight suspension of sound, as may distinguish the passage from one line to another, without injuring the meaning.

The other kind of musical pause, is that which falls somewhere about the middle of the verse, and divides it into two hemistichs; a pause, not so great as that which belongs to the close of the line, but still sensible to an ordinary ear. This, which is called the cæsural pause, in the French heroic verse falls uniformly in the middle of the line, in the English, it may fall after the 4th, 5th, 6th, or 7th syllables in the line, and no other. Where the verse is so constructed that this cæsural pause coincides with the slightest pause or division in the sense, the line can be read easily; as in the two first verses of Mr. Pope's Messiah,

> Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song;
> To heavenly themes, sublimer strains belong;

But if it shall happen that words, which have such a strict and intimate connection, as not to bear even a momentary separation, are divided from one another by this cæsural pause, we then feel a sort of struggle between the sense and the sound, which renders it difficult to read such lines gracefully. The rule of proper pronunciation in such cases is, to regard only the pause which the sense forms; and to read the line accordingly. The neglect of the cæsural pause may make the line sound somewhat unharmoniously; but the effect would be much worse, if the sense were sacrificed to the sound. For instance, in the following line of Milton,

—What

——What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support.

The sense clearly dictates the pause after "illumine," at the end of the third syllable, which, in reading, ought to be made accordingly; though, if the melody only were to be regarded, "illumine" should be connected with what follows, and the pause not made till the 4th or 6th syllable. So in the following line of Mr. Pope's (Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot):

I sit, with sad civility I read:

The ear plainly points out the cæsural pause as falling after "sad," the 4th syllable. But it would be very bad reading to make any pause there, so as to separate "sad" and "civility." The sense admits of no other pause than after the second syllable "sit," which therefore must be the only pause made in the reading.

I proceed to treat next of Tones in pronunciation, which are different both from emphasis and pauses; consisting in the modulation of the voice, the notes or variations of sound which we employ in public speaking. How much of the propriety, the force and grace of discourse, must depend on these, will appear from this single consideration; that to almost every sentiment we utter, more especially to every strong emotion, nature hath adapted some peculiar tone of voice; insomuch, that he who should tell another that he was very angry, or much grieved, in a tone which did not suit such emotions, instead of being believed, would be laughed at. Sympathy is one of the most powerful principles by which persuasive discourse works its effect. The speaker endeavours to transfuse into his hearers his own sentiments and emotions; which he can never be successful in doing, unless he utters them in such a manner as to convince the hearers that he feels them *. The proper expression of tones, therefore, deserves to be attentively studied by every one who would be a successful orator.

The greatest and most material instruction which can be given for this purpose is, to form the tones of public speaking upon the tones of sensible and animated conversation. We may observe that every man, when he is much in earnest in common discourse, when he is engaged in speaking on some subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent or persuasive tone and manner. What is the reason of our being often so frigid and unpersuasive in public discourse, but our departing from the natural tone of speaking, and delivering ourselves in an affected, artificial man-

* "All that passes in the mind of man may be "reduced to two classes, which I call, Ideas, and "Emotions. By Ideas, I mean all thoughts "which rise and pass in succession in the mind: "By Emotions, all exertions of the mind in ar"ranging, combining, and separating its ideas; "as well as all the effects produced on the mind "itself by those ideas, from the more violent "agitation of the passions, to the calmer feelings "produced by the operation of the intellect and "the fancy. In short, thought is the object of "the one, internal feeling of the other. That "which serves to express the former, I call the "Language of Ideas; and the latter, the Lan"guage of Emotions. Words are the signs of the "one, tones of the other. Without the use of "these two sorts of language, it is impossible to "communicate through the ear all that passes in "the mind of man."

SHERIDAN on the Art of Reading.

ner? Nothing can be more abſurd than to imagine, that as ſoon as one mounts a pulpit, or riſes in a public aſſembly, he is inſtantly to lay aſide the voice with which he expreſſes himſelf in private; to aſſume a new, ſtudied tone, and a cadence altogether foreign to his natural manner. This has vitiated all delivery; this has given riſe to cant and tedious monotony, in the different kinds of modern public ſpeaking, eſpecially in the pulpit. Men departed from nature; and ſought to give a beauty or force, as they imagined, to their diſcourſe, by ſubſtituting certain ſtudied muſical tones, in the room of the genuine expreſſions of ſentiment, which the voice carries in natural diſcourſe. Let every public ſpeaker guard againſt this error. Whether he ſpeak in a private room, or in a great aſſembly, let him remember that he ſtill ſpeaks. Follow nature: conſider how ſhe teaches you to utter any ſentiment or feeling of your heart. Imagine a ſubject of debate ſtarted in converſation among grave and wiſe men, and yourſelf bearing a ſhare in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflexions of voice, you would on ſuch an occaſion expreſs yourſelf, when you were moſt in earneſt, and ſought moſt to be liſtened to. Carry theſe with you to the bar, to the pulpit, or to any public aſſembly; let theſe be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing there; and you will take the ſureſt method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and perſuaſive.

I have ſaid, Let theſe converſation tones be the *foundation* of public pronunciation; for, on ſome occaſions, ſolemn public ſpeaking requires them to be exalted beyond the ſtrain of common diſcourſe. In a formal, ſtudied oration, the elevation of the ſtyle, and the harmony of the ſentences, prompt, almoſt neceſſarily, a modulation of voice more rounded, and bordering more upon muſic, than converſation admits. This gives riſe to what is called, the Declaiming Manner. But though this mode of pronunciation runs conſiderably beyond ordinary diſcourſe, yet ſtill it muſt have, for its baſis, the natural tones of grave and dignified converſation. I muſt obſerve, at the ſame time, that the conſtant indulgence of a declamatory manner, is not favourable either to good compoſition, or good delivery; and is in hazard of betraying public ſpeakers into that monotony of tone and cadence, which is ſo generally complained of. Whereas, he who forms the general run of his delivery upon a ſpeaking manner, is not likely ever to become diſagreeable through monotony. He will have the ſame natural variety in his tones, which a perſon has in converſation. Indeed, the perfection of delivery requires both theſe different manners, that of ſpeaking with livelineſs and eaſe, and that of declaiming with ſtatelineſs and dignity, to be poſſeſſed by one man; and to be employed by him, according as the different parts of his diſcourſe require either the one or the other. This is a perfection which is not attained by many; the greateſt part of public ſpeakers allowing their delivery to be formed altogether accidentally, according as ſome turn of voice appears to them moſt beautiful, or ſome artificial model has caught their fancy; and acquiring, by this means, a habit of pronunciation, which they can never vary. But the capital direction, which ought never to be forgotten, is, to copy the proper tones for expreſſing every ſentiment from thoſe which nature dictates to us, in converſation with others; to ſpeak always with her voice; and not to form to ourſelves a fantaſtic public manner, from

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an abſurd fancy of its being more beautiful than a natural one *.

It now remains to treat of Geſture, or what is called Action in public diſcourſe. Some nations animate their words in common converſation, with many more motions of the body than others do. The French and the Italians are, in this reſpect, much more ſprightly than we. But there is no nation, hardly any perſon ſo phlegmatic, as not to accompany their words with ſome actions and geſticulations, on all occaſions, when they are much in earneſt. It is therefore unnatural in a public ſpeaker, it is inconſiſtent with that earneſtneſs and ſerioufneſs which he ought to ſhew in all affairs of moment, to remain quite unmoved in his outward appearance; and to let the words drop from his mouth, without any expreſſion of meaning, or warmth in his geſture.

The fundamental rule as to propriety of action, is undoubtedly the ſame with what I gave as to propriety of tone. Attend to the looks and geſtures, in which earneſtneſs, indignation, compaſſion, or any other emotion, diſcovers itſelf to moſt advantage in the common intercourſe of men; and let theſe be your model. Some of theſe looks and geſtures are common to all men; and there are alſo certain peculiarities of manner which diſtinguiſh every individual. A public ſpeaker muſt take that manner which is moſt natural to himſelf. For it is here juſt as in tones. It is not the buſineſs of a ſpeaker to form to himſelf a certain ſet of motions and geſtures, which he thinks moſt becoming and agreeable, and to practiſe theſe in public, without their having any correſpondence to the manner which is natural to him in private. His geſtures and motions ought all to carry that kind of expreſſion which nature has dictated to him; and, unleſs this be the caſe, it is impoſſible, by means of any ſtudy, to avoid their appearing ſtiff and forced.

However, although nature muſt be the ground-work, I admit that there is room in this matter for ſome ſtudy and art. For many perſons are naturally ungraceful in the motions which they make; and this ungracefulneſs might, in part at leaſt, be reformed by application and care. The ſtudy of action in public ſpeaking, conſiſts chiefly in guarding againſt awkward and diſagreeable motions, and in learning to perform ſuch as are natural to the ſpeaker, in the moſt becoming manner. For this end, it has been adviſed by writers on this ſubject, to practice before a mirror, where one may ſee, and judge of his own geſtures. But I am afraid, perſons are not always the beſt judges of the gracefulneſs of their own motions: and one may declaim long enough before a mirror, without correcting any of his faults. The judgment of a friend, whoſe good taſte they can truſt, will be found of much greater advantage to beginners, than any mirror they can uſe. With regard to particular rules concerning action and geſticulation, Quinctilian has delivered a great many, in the laſt chapter of the 11th Book of his Inſtitutions;

* "Loquere," (ſays an author of the laſt century, who has written a Treatiſe in Verſe, de Geſtu et Voce Oratoris)

——"Loquere; hoc vitium commune, loquatur
"Ut nemo; at tensâ declamaret omnia voce.
"Tu loquere, ut mos eſt hominum; Boat & latrat ille:
"Ille ululat; rudit hic (fari ſi talia dignum eſt);
"Non hominem vox ulla ſonat ratione loquentem."

JOANNES LUCAS, de Geſtu et Voce, Lib. II. Paris 1675.

ſtitutions; and all the modern writers on this ſubject have done little elſe but tranſlate them. I am not of opinion, that ſuch rules, delivered either by the voice or on paper, can be of much uſe, unleſs perſons ſaw them exemplified before their eyes *.

I ſhall only add further on this head that in order to ſucceed well in delivery, nothing is more neceſſary than for a ſpeaker to guard againſt a certain flutter of ſpirits, which is peculiarly incident to thoſe who begin to ſpeak in public. He muſt endeavour above all things to be recollected, and maſter of himſelf. For this end, he will find nothing of more uſe to him, than to ſtudy to become wholly engaged in his ſubject; to be poſſeſſed with a ſenſe of its importance or ſeriouſneſs; to be concerned much more to perſuade than to pleaſe. He will generally pleaſe moſt, when pleaſing is not his ſole nor chief aim. This is the only rational and proper method of raiſing one's ſelf above that timid and baſhful regard to an audience, which is ſo ready to diſconcert a ſpeaker, both as to what he is to ſay, and as to his manner of ſaying it.

I cannot conclude, without an earneſt admonition to guard againſt all affectation, which is the certain ruin of good delivery. Let your manner, whatever it is, be your own; neither imitated from another, nor aſſumed upon ſome imaginary model, which is unnatural to you. Whatever is native, even though accompanied with ſeveral defects, yet is likely to pleaſe; becauſe it ſhows us a man; becauſe it has the appearance of coming from the heart. Whereas a delivery attended with ſeveral acquired graces and beauties, if it be not eaſy and free, if it betray the marks of art and affectation, never fails to diſguſt. To attain any extremely correct, and perfectly graceful delivery, is what few can expect; ſo many natural talents being requiſite to concur

* The few following hints only I ſhall adventure to throw out, in caſe they may be of any ſervice. When ſpeaking in public, one ſhould ſtudy to preſerve as much dignity as poſſible in the whole attitude of the body. An erect poſture is generally to be choſen: ſtanding firm, ſo as to have the fulleſt and freeſt command of all his motions; any inclination which is uſed, ſhould be forwards towards the hearers, which is a natural expreſſion of earneſtneſs. As for the countenance, the chief rule is, that it ſhould correſpond with the nature of the diſcourſe, and when no particular emotion is expreſſed, a ſerious and manly look is always the beſt. The eyes ſhould never be fixed cloſe on any one object, but move eaſily round the audience. In the motions made with the hands, conſiſts the chief part of geſture in ſpeaking. The Ancients condemned all motions performed by the left hand alone; but I am not ſenſible, that theſe are always offenſive, though it is natural for the right hand to be more frequently employed. Warm emotions demand the motion of both hands correſponding together. But whether one geſticulates with one or with both hands, it is an important rule, that all his motions ſhould be free and eaſy. Narrow and ſtraightened movements are generally ungraceful; for which reaſon, motions made with the hands are directed to proceed from the ſhoulder, rather than from the elbow. Perpendicular movements too with the hands, that is, in the ſtraight line up and down, which Shakeſpeare, in Hamlet, calls, "ſawing the air with the hand," are ſeldom good. Oblique motions are, in general, the moſt graceful. Too ſudden and nimble motions ſhould be likewiſe avoided. Earneſtneſs can be fully expreſſed without them. Shakeſpeare's directions on this head, are full of good ſenſe; "uſe all gently," ſays he, "and in the very tor-"rent and tempeſt of paſſion, acquire a tempe-"rance that may give it ſmoothneſs."

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in forming it. But to attain, what as to the effect is very little inferior, a forcible and perſuaſive manner, is within the power of moſt perſons; if they will only unlearn falſe and corrupt habits; if they will allow themſelves to follow nature, and will ſpeak in public, as they do in private, when they ſpeak in earneſt, and from the heart. If one has naturally any groſs defects in his voice or geſtures, he begins at the wrong end, if he attempts at reforming them only when he is to ſpeak in public: he ſhould begin with rectifying them in his private manner of ſpeaking; and then carry to the public the right habit he has formed. For when a ſpeaker is engaged in a public diſcourſe, he ſhould not be then employing his attention about his manner, or thinking of his tones and his geſtures. If he be ſo employed, ſtudy and affectation will appear. He ought to be then quite in earneſt; wholly occupied with his ſubject and his ſentiments; leaving nature, and previouſly formed habits, to prompt and ſuggeſt his manner of delivery.

II.

Means of improving in Eloquence.

I have now treated fully of the different kinds of public ſpeaking, of the compoſition, and of the delivery of a diſcourſe. Before I finiſh this ſubject, it may be of uſe to ſuggeſt ſome things concerning the propereſt means of improvement in the art of public ſpeaking, and the moſt neceſſary ſtudies for that purpoſe.

To be an eloquent ſpeaker, in the proper ſenſe of the word, is far from being either a common or an eaſy attainment. Indeed to compoſe a florid harangue on ſome popular topic, and to deliver it ſo as to amuſe an audience, is a matter not very difficult. But though ſome praiſe be due to this, yet the idea, which I have endeavoured to give of eloquence, is much higher. It is a great exertion of the human powers. It is the art of being perſuaſive and commanding; the art, not of pleaſing the fancy merely, but of ſpeaking both to the underſtanding and to the heart; of intereſting the hearers in ſuch a degree, as to ſeize and carry them along with us; and to leave them with a deep and ſtrong impreſſion of what they have heard. How many talents, natural and acquired, muſt concur for carrying this to perfection! A ſtrong, lively, and warm imagination; quick ſenſibility of heart, joined with ſolid judgment, good ſenſe, and preſence of mind; all improved by great and long attention to ſtyle and compoſition; and ſupported alſo by the exterior, yet important qualifications, of a graceful manner, a preſence not ungainly, and a full and tuneable voice. How little reaſon to wonder, that a perfect and accompliſhed orator ſhould be one of the characters that is moſt rarely to be found!

Let us not deſpair, however. Between mediocrity and perfection there is a very wide interval. There are many intermediate ſpaces, which may be filled up with honour; and the more rare and difficult that complete perfection is, the greater is the honour of approaching to it, though we do not fully attain it. The number of orators who ſtand in the higheſt claſs is, perhaps, ſmaller than the number of poets who are foremoſt in poetic fame; but the ſtudy of oratory has this advantage above that of poetry, that, in poetry, one muſt be an eminently

eminently good performer, or he is not supportable;

——— Mediocribus esse poëtis
Non homines, non Di, non concessêre columnæ *.

In Eloquence this does not hold. There, one may possess a moderate station with dignity. Eloquence admits of a great many different forms; plain and simple, as well as high and pathetic; and a genius that cannot reach the latter, may shine with much reputation and usefulness in the former.

Whether nature or art contribute most to form an orator, is a trifling enquiry. In all attainments whatever, nature must be the prime agent. She must bestow the original talents. She must sow the seeds; but culture is requisite for bringing those seeds to perfection. Nature must always have done somewhat; but a great deal will always be left to be done by art. This is certain, that study and discipline are more necessary for the improvement of natural genius in oratory, than they are in poetry. What I mean is, that though poetry be capable of receiving assistance from critical art, yet a poet, without any aid from art, by the force of genius alone, can rise higher than a public speaker can do, who has never given attention to the rules of style, composition, and delivery. Homer formed himself; Demosthenes and Cicero were formed by the help of much labour, and of many assistances derived from the labour of others.

After these preliminary observations, let us proceed to the main design of this lecture; to treat of the means to be used for improvement in eloquence.

In the first place, what stands highest in the order of means, is personal character and disposition. In order to be a truly eloquent or persuasive speaker, nothing is more necessary than to be a virtuous man. This was a favourite position among the ancient rhetoricians: "Non posse oratorem esse nisi virum "bonum." To find any such connection between virtue and one of the highest liberal arts, must give pleasure; and it can, I think, be clearly shewn, that this is not a mere topic of declamation, but that the connection here alledged, is undoubtedly found in truth and reason.

For, consider first, Whether any thing contributes more to persuasion, than the opinion which we entertain of the probity, disinterestedness, candour, and other good moral qualities of the person who endeavours to persuade? These give weight and force to every thing which he utters; nay, they add a beauty to it; they dispose us to listen with attention and pleasure; and create a secret partiality in favour of that side which he espouses. Whereas if we entertain a suspicion of craft and disingenuity, of a corrupt, or a base mind, in the speaker, his eloquence loses all its real effect. It may entertain and amuse; but it is viewed as artifice, as trick, as the play only of speech; and, viewed in this light, whom can it persuade? We even read a book with more pleasure, when we think favourably of its author; but when we have the living speaker before our eyes, addressing us personally on some subject of importance, the opinion we entertain of his character must have a much more powerful effect.

But, lest it should be said, that this relates only to the character of virtue, which one may

* For God and man, and lettered post denies,
That poets ever are of middling size.
FRANCIS.

may maintain, without being at bottom a truly worthy man, I must observe farther, that, besides the weight which it adds to character, real virtue operates also in other ways, to the advantage of eloquence.

First, nothing is so favourable as virtue to the prosecution of honourable studies. It prompts a generous emulation to excel; it inures to industry; it leaves the mind vacant and free, master of itself, disencumbered of those bad passions, and disengaged from those mean pursuits, which have ever been found the greatest enemies to true proficiency. Quinctilian has touched this consideration very properly: "Quod si agrorum nimia "cura, et sollicitior rei familiaris diligentia, "et venandi voluptas, et dati spectaculis dies, "multum studiis auferunt, quid putamus "facturas cupiditatem, avaritiam, invidiam? "Nihil enim est tam occupatum, tam multi- "forme, tot ac tam variis affectibus conci- "sum, atque laceratum, quam mala ac im- "proba mens. Quis inter hæc, literis, aut "ulli bonæ arti, locus? Non hercle magis "quam frugibus, in terra sentibus ac rubis "occupata *."

* "If the management of an estate, if anxious "attention to domestic œconomy, a passion for "hunting, or whole days given up to public "places and amusements, consume so much time "that is due to study, how much greater waste "must be occasioned by licentious desires, avarice, "or envy! Nothing is so much hurried and agi- "tated, so contradictory to itself, or so violently "torn and shattered by conflicting passions, as a "bad heart. Amidst the distractions which it "produces, what room is left for the cultivation "of letters, or the pursuit of any honourable art? "No more, assuredly, than there is for the growth "of corn in a field that is over-run with thorns "and brambles."

But, besides this consideration, there is another of still higher importance, though I am not sure of its being attended to as much as it deserves; namely, that from the fountain of real and genuine virtue, are drawn those sentiments which will ever be most powerful in affecting the hearts of others. Bad as the world is, nothing has so great and universal a command over the minds of men as virtue. No kind of language is so generally understood, and so powerfully felt, as the native language of worthy and virtuous feelings. He only, therefore, who possesses these full and strong, can speak properly, and in its own language, to the heart. On all great subjects and occasions, there is a dignity, there is an energy in noble sentiments, which is overcoming and irresistible. They give an ardour and a flame to one's discourse, which seldom fails to kindle a like flame in those who hear; and which, more than any other cause, bestows on eloquence that power, for which it is famed, of seizing and transporting an audience. Here art and imitation will not avail. An assumed character conveys nothing of this powerful warmth. It is only a native and unaffected glow of feeling, which can transmit the emotion to others. Hence the most renowned orators, such as Cicero and Demosthenes, were no less distinguished for some of the high virtues, as public spirit and zeal for their country, than for eloquence. Beyond doubt, to these virtues their eloquence owed much of its effect; and those orations of theirs, in which there breathes most of the virtuous and magnanimous spirit, are those which have most attracted the admiration of ages.

Nothing, therefore, is more necessary for those who would excel in any of the higher kinds of oratory, than to cultivate habits of the

the several virtues, and to refine and improve all their moral feelings. Whenever these become dead, or callous, they may be assured, that on every great occasion, they will speak with less power, and less success. The sentiments and dispositions particularly requisite for them to cultivate, are the following; the love of justice and order, and indignation at insolence and oppression; the love of honesty and truth, and detestation of fraud, meanness, and corruption; magnanimity of spirit; the love of liberty, of their country and the public; zeal for all great and noble designs, and reverence for all worthy and heroic characters. A cold and sceptical turn of mind is extremely adverse to eloquence; and no less so, is that cavilling disposition which takes pleasure in depreciating what is great, and ridiculing what is generally admired. Such a disposition bespeaks one not very likely to excel in any thing; but least of all in oratory. A true orator should be a person of generous sentiments, of warm feelings, and of a mind turned towards the admiration of all those great and high objects which mankind are naturally formed to admire. Joined with the manly virtues, he should, at the same time, possess strong and tender sensibility to all the injuries, distresses, and sorrows, of his fellow-creatures; a heart than can easily relent; that can readily enter into the circumstances of others, and can make their case his own. A proper mixture of courage, and of modesty, must also be studied by every public speaker. Modesty is essential; it is always, and justly, supposed to be a concomitant of merit; and every appearance of it is winning and prepossessing. But modesty ought not to run into excessive timidity. Every public speaker should be able to rest somewhat on himself; and to assume that air, not of self-complacency, but of firmness, which bespeaks a consciousness of his being thoroughly persuaded of the truth or justice, of what he delivers; a circumstance of no small consequence for making impression on those who hear.

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THE
PROSE EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK I. MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

§ 1. *The Vision of Mirza, exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, paſſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a pro-

digious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery; and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them, to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and, in the midſt of a ſpeculation, ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid

said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh: Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.—I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, Shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

Spectator.

§ 2. *The Voyage of Life; an Allegory.*

'Life,' says Seneca, 'is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually chang-

ing to scenes: we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better or more pleasing part of old age.'—The perusal of this passage having excited in me a train of reflections on the state of man, the incessant fluctuation of his wishes, the gradual change of his disposition to all external objects, and the thoughtlessness with which he floats along the stream of time, I sunk into a slumber amidst my meditations, and, on a sudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the shouts of alacrity, the shrieks of alarm, the whistle of winds, and the dash of waters.

My astonishment for a time repressed my curiosity; but soon recovering myself so far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cause of such clamour and confusion; I was told that they were launching out into the ocean of Life; that we had already passed the straights of infancy, in which multitudes had perished, some by the weakness and fragility of their vessels, and more by the folly, perverseness, or negligence of those who undertook to steer them; and that we were now on the main sea, abandoned to the winds and billows, without any other means of security than the care of the pilot, whom it was always in our power to chuse, among great numbers that offered their direction and assistance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerness; and, first turning my eyes behind me, saw a stream flowing through flowery islands, which every one that sailed along seemed to behold with pleasure; but no sooner touched, than the current, which, though not noisy or turbulent, was yet irresistible, bore him away. Beyond these islands, all was darkness; nor could any of the passengers describe the shore at which he first embarked.

Before me, and on either side, was an expanse of waters violently agitated, and covered with so thick a mist, that the most perspicacious eyes could see but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many sunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full sails, and insulting those whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and so thick the darkness, that no caution could confer security. Yet there were many, who, by false intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence pushed those whom they found in their way against the rocks.

The current was invariable and insurmountable; but though it was impossible to sail against it, or to return to the place that was once passed, yet it was not so violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, since, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to steer with much care or prudence; for, by some universal infatuation, every man appeared to think himself safe, though he saw his consorts every moment sinking round him; and no sooner had the waves closed over them, than their fate and their misconduct were forgotten; the voyage was pursued with the same jocund confidence; every man congratulated himself upon the soundness of his vessel, and believed himself able to stem the whirlpool in which his friend was swallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was dashed: nor was it often observed that the sight of a wreck made any man change his course; if he turned aside for a moment, he soon forgot the rudder, and left himself again to the disposal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from weariness of their present condition; for not one of those who thus rushed

ruſhed upon deſtruction failed, when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him: and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage, ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement of the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with Hope, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of Life.

Yet all that Hope ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. Hope, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for, in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her aſſurances of ſafety; and none were more buſy in making proviſions for a long voyage, than they whom all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.

In the midſt of the current of Life, was the gulph of Intemperance, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which Eaſe ſpread couches of repoſe; and with ſhades, where Pleaſure warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks, all who ſailed on the ocean of Life muſt neceſſarily paſs. Reaſon indeed was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow outlet, by which they might eſcape; but very few could, by her entreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of Pleaſure, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

Reaſon was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of Intemperance, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger, having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom Reaſon was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of Pleaſure, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility

as before, but floated along timorously and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and shattered by every ruffle of the water, till they sunk, by slow degrees, after long struggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others against the first approach of the gulph of intemperance.

There were artists who professed to repair the breaches and stop the leaks of the vessels which had been shattered on the rocks of Pleasure. Many appeared to have great confidence in their skill, and some, indeed, were preserved by it from sinking, who had received only a single blow; but I remarked, that few vessels lasted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artists themselves continued afloat longer than those who had least of their assistance.

The only advantage which, in the voyage of Life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they sunk later, and more suddenly; for they passed forward till they had sometimes seen all those in whose company they had issued from the streights of infancy, perish in the way, and at last were overset by a cross breeze, without the toil of resistance, or the anguish of expectation. But such as had often fallen against the rocks of Pleasure, commonly subsided by sensible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harrassed themselves by labours that scarce Hope herself could flatter with success.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was suddenly alarmed with an admonition from some unknown power, 'Gaze not idly upon others when thou thyself art sinking. Whence is this thoughtless tranquillity, when thou and they are equally endangered?' I looked, and, seeing the gulph of Intemperance before me, started and awaked. *Rambler.*

§ 3. *Motives to Piety and Virtue, drawn from the Omniscience and Omnipresence of the Deity.*

In one of your late papers, you had occasion to consider the ubiquity of the Godhead, and at the same time to shew, that as he is present to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its existence: or, in other words, that his omniscience and omnipresence are co-existent, and run together through the whole infinitude of space. This consideration might furnish us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this subject has been handled by several excellent writers, I shall consider it in a light in which I have not seen it placed by others.

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the

the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of theſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but he may leave this our exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to its happineſs or miſery. For, in this ſenſe, he may caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, Secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lies under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of Job, when for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! 'Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark 'againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden 'to myſelf?' But, thirdly, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs:

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our

souls, when they are disembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of space they reside, be always sensible of the divine presence. We, who have this veil of flesh standing between us and the world of spirits, must be content to know the spirit of God is present with us by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward senses are too gross to apprehend him; we may however taste and see how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by those virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by those secret comforts and refreshments which he conveys into our souls, and by those ravishing joys and inward satisfactions which are perpetually springing up, and diffusing themselves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very essence, and is as a soul within the soul, to irradiate its understanding, rectify its will, purify its passions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own soul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and support within him, that are able to cheer his mind, and bear him up in the midst of all those horrors which encompass him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midst of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whispers better things within his soul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepest solitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greatest of beings; and perceives within himself such real sensations of his presence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the conversation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else but the breaking down of that partition, which stands betwixt his soul, and the sight of that being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus sensible of our Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and goodness, we must keep such a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the scripture, his soul may have pleasure in us. We must take care not to grieve his holy spirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his sight, that he may delight thus to reside and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct Seneca to this doctrine, in a very remarkable passage among his epistles: *Sacer inest in nobis spiritus, bonorum malorumque custos et observator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a 'holy spirit residing in us, who watches and 'observes both good and evil men, and will 'treat us after the same manner that we 'treat him.' But I shall conclude this discourse with those more emphatical words in divine revelation; 'If a man love me, he will 'keep my words; and my Father will love 'him, and we will come unto him, and make 'our abode with him.' *Spectator.*

§ 4. *On the Immortality of the Soul.*

I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that establish this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret

ſecret joys that can ariſe in the heart of a reaſonable creature. I conſidered thoſe ſeveral proofs drawn,

Firſt, from the nature of the ſoul itſelf, and particularly its immateriality; which, though not abſolutely neceſſary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almoſt a demonſtration.

Secondly, from its paſſions and ſentiments, as particularly from its love of exiſtence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that ſecret ſatisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the commiſſion of vice.

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whoſe juſtice, goodneſs, wiſdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this point.

But among theſe and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the ſoul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a very great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.
HOR. Ep. ii. l. 2. v. 175.

— Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and be-

lieving that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion, than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that, how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness! *Spectator.*

§ 5. *The Duty of Children to their Parents.*

I am the happy father of a very towardly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sort of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method; and do not think any one, who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts and biasses of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes. I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me,

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even until I myself became a father. I had not until then a notion of the yearnings of heart, which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes, which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it! I cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his heart glad with an account of a matter which was of no consequence, but that I told it and acted in it. The good man and woman are long since in their graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at the old folks at another end of the house. The truth of it is, were we merely to follow nature in these great duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards the performing of them, we should be on both sides very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone; Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their cha-

racters have on all who live within the influence of them.

My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man, besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine; and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, "There they go." *Spectator.*

§ 6. *The Importance of Time, and the proper Methods of spending it.*

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar in his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself, in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life, in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad, in most parts of our lives, that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wish away whole years, and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow:

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man business more than the most active station of life.

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To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suitable to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great Supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if, he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage?—But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short.

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment

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of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thought and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are capable of edifying and entertaining those with whom they converse, which are qualities that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them. *Spectator.*

§ 7. *Misspent Time, how punished.*

I was yesterday comparing the industry of man with that of other creatures; in which I could not but observe, that notwithstanding we are obliged by duty to keep ourselves in constant employ, after the same manner as inferior animals are prompted to it by instinct, we fall very short of them in this particular. We are here the more inexcusable, because there is a greater variety of business to which we may apply ourselves. Reason opens to us a large field of affairs, which other creatures are not capable of. Beasts of prey, and I believe of all other kinds, in their natural state of being, divide their time between action and rest. They are always at work or asleep. In short, their waking hours are wholly taken up in seeking after their food, or in consuming it. The human species only, to the great reproach of our natures, are filled with complaints, that "The day hangs heavy on them," that "They do not know what to do with themselves," that "They are at a loss how to pass away their time," with many of the like shameful murmurs, which we often find in the mouths of those who are stiled reasonable beings. How monstrous are such expressions among creatures who have the labours of the mind, as well as those of the body, to furnish them with proper employments; who, besides the business of their proper callings and professions, can apply themselves to the duties of religion, to meditation, to the reading of useful books, to discourse; in a word, who may exercise themselves in the unbounded pursuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themselves wiser or better than they were before!

After having been taken up for some time in this course of thought, I diverted myself with a book, according to my usual custom, in order to unbend my mind before I went to sleep. The book I made use of on this occasion was Lucian, where I amused my thoughts for about an hour among the dialogues of the dead, which in all probability produced the following dream.

I was conveyed, methought, into the entrance of the infernal regions, where I saw Rhadamanthus, one of the judges of the dead, seated on his tribunal. On his left-hand stood the keeper of Erebus, on his right the

keeper

keeper of Elysium. I was told he sat upon women that day, there being several of the sex lately arrived, who had not yet their mansions assigned them. I was surprised to hear him ask every one of them the same question, namely, "What they had been doing?" Upon this question being proposed to the whole assembly, they stared one upon another, as not knowing what to answer. He then interrogated each of them separately. Madam, says he to the first of them, you have been upon the earth about fifty years; what have you been doing there all this while? Doing! says she, really I do not know what I have been doing: I desire I may have time given me to recollect. After about half an hour's pause, she told him that she had been playing at crimp; upon which Rhadamanthus beckoned to the keeper on his left hand, to take her into custody. And you, madam, says the judge, that look with such a soft and languishing air; I think you set out for this place in your nine-and-twentieth year, what have you been doing all this while? I had a great deal of business on my hands, says she, being taken up the first twelve years of my life in dressing a jointed baby, and all the remaining part of it in reading plays and romances. Very well, says he, you have employed your time to good purpose. Away with her. The next was a plain country-woman: Well, mistress, says Rhadamanthus, and what have you been doing? An't please your worship, says she, I did not live quite forty years; and in that time brought my husband seven daughters, made him nine thousand cheeses, and left my eldest girl with him to look after his house in my absence, and who, I may venture to say, is as pretty a housewife as any in the country. Rhadamanthus smiled at the simplicity of the good woman, and ordered the keeper of Elysium to take her into his care. And you, fair lady, says he, what have you been doing these five-and-thirty years? I have been doing no hurt, I assure you, sir, said she. That is well, said he, but what good have you been doing? The lady was in great confusion at this question, and not knowing what to answer, the two keepers leaped out to seize her at the same time; the one took her by the hand to convey her to Elysium, the other caught hold of her to carry her away to Erebus. But Rhadamanthus observing an ingenuous modesty in her countenance and behaviour, bid them both let her loose, and set her aside for a re-examination when he was more at leisure. An old woman, of a proud and sour look, presented herself next at the bar, and being asked what she had been doing? Truly, said she, I lived threescore-and-ten years in a very wicked world, and was so angry at the behaviour of a parcel of young flirts, that I passed most of my last years in condemning the follies of the times; I was every day blaming the silly conduct of people about me, in order to deter those I conversed with from falling into the like errors and miscarriages. Very well, says Rhadamanthus; but did you keep the same watchful eye over your own actions? Why truly, says she, I was so taken up with publishing the faults of others, that I had no time to consider my own. Madam, says Rhadamanthus, be pleased to file of to the left, and make room for the venerable matron that stands behind you. Old gentlewoman, says he, I think you are fourscore: you have heard the question, what have you been doing so long in the world? Ah, Sir! says she, I have been doing what I should not have done, but I had made a firm resolution to have changed my life, if I had not been

snatched

snatched off by an untimely end. Madam, says he, you will please to follow your leader: and spying another of the same age, interrogated her in the same form. To which the matron replied, I have been the wife of a husband who was as dear to me in his old age as in his youth. I have been a mother, and very happy in my children, whom I endeavoured to bring up in every thing that is good. My eldest son is blest by the poor, and beloved by every one that knows him. I lived within my own family, and left it much more wealthy than I found it. Rhadamanthus, who knew the value of the old lady, smiled upon her in such a manner, that the keeper of Elysium, who knew his office, reached out his hand to her. He no sooner touched her, but her wrinkles vanished, her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed with blushes, and she appeared in full bloom and beauty. A young woman observing that this officer, who conducted the happy to Elysium, was so great a beautifier, longed to be in his hands; so that pressing through the crowd, she was the next that appeared at the bar. And being asked what she had been doing the five-and-twenty years that she had passed in the world? I have endeavoured, said she, ever since I came to years of discretion, to make myself lovely and gain admirers. In order to it, I passed my time in bottling up May-dew, inventing white washes, mixing colours, cutting out patches, consulting my glass, suiting my complexion, tearing off my tucker, sinking my stays—Rhadamanthus, without hearing her out, gave the sign to take her off. Upon the approach of the keeper of Erebus, her colour faded, her face was puckered up with wrinkles, and her whole person lost in deformity.

I was then surprised with a distant sound of a whole troop of females, that came forward laughing, singing, and dancing. I was very desirous to know the reception they would meet with, and withal was very apprehensive, that Rhadamanthus would spoil their mirth: But at their nearer approach the noise grew so very great that it awakened me.

I lay some time, reflecting in myself on the oddness of this dream, and could not forbear asking my own heart, what I was doing? I answered myself that I was writing *Guardians*. If my readers make as good a use of this work as I design they should, I hope it will never be imputed to me as a work that is vain and unprofitable.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending to them the same short self-examination. If every one of them frequently lays his hand upon his heart, and considers what he is doing, it will check him in all the idle, or, what is worse, the vicious moments of life, lift up his mind when it is running on in a series of indifferent actions, and encourage him when he is engaged in those which are virtuous and laudable. In a word, it will very much alleviate that guilt which the best of men have reason to acknowledge in their daily confessions, of 'leaving undone those things which they ought to have done, and of doing those things which they ought not to have done.'

Guardian.

§ 8. *A Knowledge of the Use and Value of Time very important to Youth.*

There is nothing which I more wish that you should know, and which fewer people do know, than the true use and value of time. It is in every body's mouth; but in few people's practice. Every fool who flatterns away his whole time in nothings, utters, however, some trite common-place sentence, of which there are millions, to prove, at once, the value and the

the fleetneſs of time. The ſun-dials, likewiſe, all over Europe, have ſome ingenious inſcription to that effect; ſo that nobody ſquanders away their time, without hearing and ſeeing, daily, how neceſſary it is to employ it well, and how irrecoverable it is if loſt. But all theſe admonitions are uſeleſs, where there is not a fund of good ſenſe and reaſon to ſuggeſt them, rather than receive them. By the manner in which you now tell me that you employ your time, I flatter myſelf, that you have that fund: that is the fund which will make you rich indeed. I do not, therefore, mean to give you a critical eſſay upon the uſe and abuſe of time; I will only give you ſome hints, with regard to the uſe of one particular period of that long time which, I hope, you have before you; I mean the next two years. Remember then, that whatever knowledge you do not ſolidly lay the foundation of before you are eighteen, you will never be maſter of while you breathe. Knowledge is a comfortable and neceſſary retreat and ſhelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no ſhade when we grow old. I neither require nor expect from you great application to books, after you are once thrown out into the great world. I know it is impoſſible; and it may even, in ſome caſes, be improper: this, therefore, is your time, and your only time, for unwearied and uninterrupted application. If you ſhould ſometimes think it a little laborious, conſider, that labour is the unavoidable fatigue of a neceſſary journey. The more hours a day you travel, the ſooner you will be at your journey's end. The ſooner you are qualified for your liberty, the ſooner you ſhall have it; and your manumiſſion will entirely depend upon the manner in which you employ the intermediate time. I think I offer you a very good bargain, when I promiſe you, upon my word, that, if you will do every thing that I would have you do, till you are eighteen, I will do every thing that you would have me do, ever afterwards.

Lord Cheſterfield.

§ 9. *On Truth and Sincerity.*

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the ſhew of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity is better: for why does any man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the world for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides, that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herſelf one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every body's ſatisfaction; ſo that, upon all accounts, ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it

it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a strait line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than bye-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion

sion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Spectator.

§ 10. *The Necessity of forming religious Principles at an early Age.*

As soon as you are capable of reflection, you must perceive that there is a right and wrong in human actions. You see that those who are born with the same advantages of fortune, are not all equally prosperous in the course of life. While some of them, by wise and steady conduct, attain distinction in the world, and pass their days with comfort and honour; others of the same rank, by mean and vicious behaviour, forfeit the advantages of their birth, involve themselves in much misery, and end in being a disgrace to their friends, and a burden on society. Early, then, you may learn that it is not on the external condition in which you find yourselves placed, but on the part which you are to act, that your welfare or unhappiness, your honour or infamy, depend. Now, when beginning to act that part, what can be of greater moment, than to regulate your plan of conduct with the most serious attention, before you have yet committed any fatal or irretrievable errors? If, instead of exerting reflection for this valuable purpose, you deliver yourselves up, at so critical a time, to sloth and pleasure; if you refuse to listen to any counsellor but humour, or to attend to any pursuit except that of amusement; if you allow yourselves to float loose and careless on the tide of life, ready to receive any direction which the current of fashion may chance to give you; what can you expect to follow from such beginnings? While so many around you are undergoing the sad consequences of a like indiscretion, for what reason shall not these consequences extend to you? Shall you only attain success without that preparation, and escape dangers without that precaution, which is required of others? Shall happiness grow up to you of its own accord, and solicit your acceptance, when, to the rest of mankind, it is the fruit of long cultivation, and the acquisition of labour and care? — Deceive not yourselves with such arrogant hopes. Whatever be your rank, Providence will not, for your sake, reverse its established order. By listening to wise admonitions, and tempering the vivacity of youth with a proper mixture of serious thought, you may ensure chearfulness for the rest of your life; but by delivering yourselves up at present to giddiness and levity, you lay the foundation of lasting heaviness of heart.

Blair.

§ 11. *The Acquisition of virtuous Dispositions and Habits a necessary Part of Education.*

When you look forward to those plans of life, which either your circumstances have suggested, or your friends have proposed, you will not hesitate to acknowledge, that in order to pursue them with advantage, some previous discipline is requisite. Be assured, that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to your success, than the

the acquirement of virtuous diſpoſitions and habits. This is the univerſal preparation for every character, and every ſtation in life. Bad as the world is, reſpect is always paid to virtue. In the uſual courſe of human affairs it will be found, that a plain underſtanding, joined with acknowledged worth, contributes more to proſperity, than the brighteſt parts without probity or honour. Whether ſcience, or buſineſs, or public life, be your aim, virtue ſtill enters, for a principal ſhare, into all thoſe great departments of ſociety. It is connected with eminence, in every liberal art; with reputation, in every branch of fair and uſeful buſineſs; with diſtinction, in every public ſtation. The vigour which it gives the mind, and the weight which it adds to character; the generous ſentiments which it breathes; the undaunted ſpirit which it inſpires, the ardour of diligence which it quickens, the freedom which it procures from pernicious and diſhonourable avocations, are the foundations of all that is high in fame or great in ſucceſs among men. Whatever ornamental or engaging endowments you now poſſeſs, virtue is a neceſſary requiſite, in order to their ſhining with proper luſtre. Feeble are the attractions of the faireſt form, if it be ſuſpected that nothing within correſponds to the pleaſing appearance without. Short are the triumphs of wit, when it is ſuppoſed to be the vehicle of malice. By whatever arts you may at firſt attract the attention, you can hold the eſteem and ſecure the hearts of others only by amiable diſpoſitions and the accompliſhments of the mind. Theſe are the qualities whoſe influence will laſt, when the luſtre of all that once ſparkled and dazzled has paſſed away. *Blair.*

§ 12. *The Happineſs and Dignity of Manhood depend upon the Conduct of the youthful Age.*

Let not the ſeaſon of youth be barren of improvements, ſo eſſential to your felicity and honour. Your character is now of your own forming; your fate is in ſome meaſure put into your own hands. Your nature is as yet pliant and ſoft. Habits have not eſtabliſhed their dominion. Prejudices have not preoccupied your underſtanding. The world has not had time to contract and debaſe your affections. All your powers are more vigorous, diſembarraſſed and free, than they will be at any future period. Whatever impulſe you now give to your deſires and paſſions, the direction is likely to continue. It will form the channel in which your life is to run; nay, it may determine an everlaſting iſſue. Conſider then the employment of this important period as the higheſt truſt which ſhall ever be committed to you; as, in a great meaſure, deciſive of your happineſs, in time and in eternity. As in the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in courſe; ſo, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill ſpent, influences the happineſs of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accompliſhed and flouriſhing manhood; and ſuch manhood paſſes of itſelf, without uneaſineſs, into reſpectable and tranquil old age. But when nature is turned out of its regular courſe, diſorder takes place in the moral, juſt as in the vegetable world. If the ſpring put forth no bloſſoms, in ſummer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit: So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, manhood will be contemptible, and old age miſerable. *Ibid.*

§ 13.

§ 13. *Religion never to be treated with Levity.*

Impress your minds with reverence for all that is sacred. Let no wantonness of youthful spirits, no compliance with the intemperate mirth of others, ever betray you into profane sallies. Besides the guilt which is thereby incurred, nothing gives a more odious appearance of petulance and presumption to youth, than the affectation of treating religion with levity. Instead of being an evidence of superior understanding, it discovers a pert and shallow mind; which, vain of the first smatterings of knowledge, presumes to make light of what the rest of mankind revere. At the same time, you are not to imagine, that when exhorted to be religious, you are called upon to become more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same years; or to erect yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability. It gives a native unaffected ease to the behaviour. It is social, kind, and chearful; far removed from that gloomy and illiberal superstition which clouds the brow, sharpens the temper, dejects the spirit, and teaches men to fit themselves for another world, by neglecting the concerns of this. Let your religion, on the contrary, connect preparation for heaven with an honourable discharge of the duties of active life. Of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed; but avoid making any unnecessary ostentation of it before the world.

Blair.

§ 14. *Temperance in Pleasure recommended.*

Let me particularly exhort youth to temperance in pleasure. Let me admonish them, to beware of that rock on which thousands, from race to race, continue to split. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with excessive ardour. Novelty adds fresh charms, as yet, to every gratification. The world appears to spread a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits, invite them to partake of it without restraint. In vain we warn them of latent dangers. Religion is accused of insufferable severity, in prohibiting enjoyment; and the old, when they offer their admonition, are upbraided with having forgot that they once were young.—And yet, my friends, to what do the constraints of religion, and the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprized in a few words—not to hurt yourselves, and not to hurt others, by your pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds, pleasure is lawful; beyond them it becomes criminal, because it is ruinous. Are these restraints any other than what a wise man would choose to impose on himself? We call you not to renounce pleasure, but to enjoy it in safety. Instead of abridging it, we exhort you to pursue it on an extensive plan. We propose measures for securing its possession, and for prolonging its duration. *Ibid.*

§ 15. *Irregular Pleasures.*

By the unhappy excesses of irregular pleasures in youth, how many amiable dispositions are corrupted or destroyed! How many rising capacities and powers are suppressed! How many flattering hopes of parents and friends are totally extinguished! Who but must drop a tear over human nature, when he beholds that morning, which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good-humour, which once captivated all hearts,

hearts, that vivacity which sparkled in every company, those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest stations, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality; and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course; or sunk for the whole of it into insignificancy and contempt!—These, O sinful Pleasure, are thy trophies! It is thus that, co-operating with the foe of God and man, thou degradest human honour, and blastest the opening prospects of human felicity! *Blair.*

§ 16. *Industry and Application.*

Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects, which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life, as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry, may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine, whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons,—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? —Amusements youth requires; it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time, and the poison of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy. *Ibid.*

§ 17. *The Employment of Time.*

Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected

nected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But though your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads, leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and, if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy. *Blair.*

§ 18. *The Necessity of an early and close Application to Wisdom.*

It is necessary to habituate our minds, in our younger years, to some employment which may engage our thoughts, and fill the capacity of the soul at a riper age. For, however we may roam in youth from folly to folly, too volatile for rest, too soft and effeminate for industry, ever ambitious to make a splendid figure; yet the time will come when we shall outgrow the relish of childish amusements; and, if we are not provided with a taste for manly satisfactions to succeed in their room, we must of course become miserable, at an age more difficult to be pleased. While men, however unthinking and unemployed, enjoy an inexhaustible flow of vigorous spirits; a constant succession of gay ideas, which flatter and sport in the brain, makes them pleased with themselves, and with every frolic as trifling as themselves: but, when the ferment of their blood abates, and the freshness of their youth, like the morning dew, passes away, their spirits flag for want of entertainments more satisfactory in themselves, and more suited to a manly age; and the soul, from a sprightly impertinence, from quick sensations, and florid desires, subsides into a dead calm, and sinks into a flat stupidity. The fire of a glowing imagination (the property of youth) may make folly look pleasing, and lend a beauty to objects, which have none inherent in them: just as the sun-beams may paint a cloud, and diversify it with beautiful stains of light, however dark, unsubstantial, and empty in itself. But nothing can shine with undiminished lustre, but religion and knowledge, which are essentially and intrinsically bright. Take it therefore for granted, which you will find by experience, that nothing can be long entertaining, but what is in some measure beneficial; because nothing else will bear a calm and sedate review.

You may be fancied for a while, upon the account of good-nature, the inseparable attendant upon a flush of sanguine health, and a fulness of youthful spirits: but you will find, in process of time, that among the wise and good, useless good-nature is the object of pity, ill-nature of hatred; but nature beautified and improved by an assemblage of moral and intellectual endowments, is the only object of a solid and lasting esteem. *Seed.*

§ 19.

§ 19. *The Unhappineſs conſequent on the Neglect of early improving the Mind.*

There is not a greater inlet to miſery and vices of all kinds, than the not knowing how to paſs our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the firſt part of their lives, who are not brought up to any manual employment, is ſlipt away without an acquired reliſh for reading, or taſte for other rational ſatisfactions? That they ſhould purſue their pleaſures? — But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life. Shall they then apply themſelves to their ſtudies? Alas! the ſeed-time is already paſt: The enterprizing and ſpirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to thoſe valuable purpoſes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable ſchemes quite ſtagnates. If they have not ſome poor expedient to deceive the time, or, to ſpeak more properly, to deceive themſelves, the length of a day will ſeem tedious to them, who, perhaps, have the unreaſonableneſs to complain of the ſhortneſs of life in general. When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In ſhort, we muſt be miſerable, without ſome employment to fix, or ſome amuſement to diſſipate our thoughts: the latter we cannot command in all places, nor reliſh at all times; and therefore there is an abſolute neceſſity for the former. We may purſue this or that new pleaſure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquiſition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briſkneſs of our firſt deſire is over, the tranſition is very quick and ſudden, from an eager fondneſs to a cool indifference. Hence there is a reſtleſs agitation in our minds, ſtill craving ſomething new, ſtill unſatisfied with it, when poſſeſſed; till melancholy increaſes, as we advance in years, like ſhadows lengthening towards the cloſe of day.

Hence it is, that men of this ſtamp are continually complaining that the times are altered for the worſe: Becauſe the ſprightlineſs of their youth repreſented every thing in the moſt engaging light; and, when men are in high good-humour with themſelves, they are apt to be ſo with all around; the face of nature brightens up, and the ſun ſhines with a more agreeable luſtre: but when old-age has cut them off from the enjoyment of falſe pleaſures, and habitual vice has given them a diſtaſte for the only true and laſting delights; when a retroſpect of their paſt lives preſents nothing to view but one wide tract of uncultivated ground; a ſoul diſtempered with ſpleen, remorſe, and an inſenſibility of each rational ſatisfaction, darkens and diſcolours every object; and the change is not in the times, but in them, who have been forſaken by thoſe gratifications which they would not forſake.

How much otherwiſe is it with thoſe, who have laid up an inexhauſtible fund of knowledge! When a man has been laying out that time in the purſuit of ſome great and important truth, which others waſte in a circle of gay follies, he is conſcious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature; and from that conſciouſneſs there reſults that ſerene complacency, which, though not ſo violent, is much preferable to the pleaſures of the animal life. He can travel on from ſtrength to ſtrength: for, in literature as in war, each new conqueſt which he gains, impowers him to puſh his conqueſts ſtill farther, and to enlarge the empire of reaſon: thus he is ever

in a progreſſive ſtate, ſtill making new acquirements, ſtill animated with hopes of future diſcoveries. *Seed.*

§ 20. *Riches or Fortune no Excuſe to exempt any from Study.*

Others there are, who plead an exemption from ſtudy, becauſe their fortune makes them independent of the world, and they need not be beholden to it for a maintenance—that is, becauſe their ſituation in life exempts them from the neceſſity of ſpending their time in ſervile offices and hardſhips, therefore they may diſpoſe of it juſt as they pleaſe. It is to imagine, becauſe God has empowered them to ſingle out the beſt means of employing their hours, viz. in reading, meditation; in the higheſt inſtances of piety and charity; therefore they may throw them away in a round of impertinence, vanity, and folly. The apoſtle's rule, 'that if any man will not work, neither ſhould he eat,' extends to the rich as well as the poor; only ſuppoſing, that there are different kinds of work aſſigned to each. The reaſon is the ſame in both caſes, viz. that he who will do no good, ought not to receive or enjoy any. As we are all joint traders and partners in life, he forfeits his right to any ſhare in the common ſtock of happineſs, who does not endeavour to contribute his quota or allotted part to it: the public happineſs being nothing but the ſum total of each individual's contribution to it. An eaſy fortune does not ſet men free from labour and induſtry in general; it only exempts them from ſome particular kinds of labour: it is not a bleſſing, as it gives them liberty to do nothing at all; but as it gives them liberty wiſely to chuſe, and ſteadily to proſecute, the moſt ennobling exerciſes, and the moſt improving employments, the purſuit of truth, the practice of virtue, the ſervice of God who giveth them all things richly to enjoy, in ſhort, the doing and being every thing that is commendable; though nothing merely in order to be commended. That time which others muſt employ in tilling the ground (which often deceives their expectation) with the ſweat of their brow, they may lay out in cultivating the mind, a ſoil always grateful to the care of the tiller.—The ſum of what I would ſay, is this: That, though you are not confined to any particular calling, yet you have a general one; which is, to watch over your heart, and to improve your head; to make yourſelf maſter of all thoſe accompliſhments—an enlarged compaſs of thought, that flowing humanity and generoſity, which are neceſſary to become a great fortune; and of all thoſe perfections, viz. moderation, humility, and temperance, which are neceſſary to bear a ſmall one patiently; but eſpecially it is your duty to acquire a taſte for thoſe pleaſures, which, after they are taſted, go off agreeably, and leave behind them a grateful and delightful flavour on the mind. *Ibid.*

§ 21. *The juſtly valuing and duly uſing the Advantages enjoyed in a Place of Education.*

One conſiderable advantage is, that regular method of ſtudy, too much neglected in other places, which obtains here. Nothing is more common elſewhere, than for perſons to plunge, at once, into the very depth of ſcience, (far beyond their own) without having learned the firſt rudiments: nothing more common, than for ſome to paſs themſelves upon the world for great ſcholars, by the help of univerſal Dictionaries, Abridgements, and Indexes; by which means they gain an uſeleſs ſmattering in every branch of literature, juſt

enough to enable them to talk fluently, or rather impertinently, upon moſt ſubjects; but not to think juſtly and deeply upon any: like thoſe who have a general ſuperficial acquaintance with almoſt every body. To cultivate an intimate and entire friendſhip with one or two worthy perſons, would be of more ſervice to them. The true genuine way to make a ſubſtantial ſcholar, is what takes place here, ——to begin with thoſe general principles of reaſoning, upon which all ſcience depends, and which give a light to every part of literature; to make gradual advances, a ſlow but ſure proceſs; to travel gently, with proper guides to direct us, through the moſt beautiful and fruitful regions of knowledge in general, before we fix ourſelves in, and confine ourſelves to any particular province of it; it being the great ſecret of education, not to make a man a complete maſter of any branch of ſcience, but to give his mind that freedom, openneſs, and extent, which ſhall empower him to maſter it, or indeed any other, whenever he ſhall turn the bent of his ſtudies that way; which is beſt done, by ſetting before him, in his earlier years, a general view of the whole intellectual world: whereas, an early and entire attachment to one particular calling, narrows the abilities of the mind to that degree, that he can ſcarce think out of that track to which he is accuſtomed.

The next advantage I ſhall mention is, a direction in the choice of authors upon the moſt material ſubjects. For it is perhaps a great truth, that learning might be reduced to a much narrower compaſs, if one were to read none but original authors, thoſe who write chiefly from their own fund of ſenſe, without treading ſervilely in the ſteps of others.

Here, too, a generous emulation quickens our endeavours, and the friend improves the ſcholar. The tediouſneſs of the way to truth is inſenſibly beguiled by having fellow-travellers, who keep an even pace with us: each light diſpenſes a brighter flame by mixing its ſocial rays with thoſe of others. Here we live ſequeſtered from noiſe and hurry, far from the great ſcene of buſineſs, vanity, and idleneſs; our hours are all our own. Here it is, as in the Athenian torch-race, where a ſeries of men have ſucceſſively tranſmitted from one to another the torch of knowledge; and no ſooner has one quitted it, but another equally able takes the lamp, to diſpenſe light to all within its ſphere *. *Seed.*

§ 22. *Diſcipline of the Place of Education not to be relaxed.*

May none of us complain, that the diſcipline of the place is too ſtrict: may we rather reflect, that there needs nothing elſe to make a man completely miſerable, but to let him, in the moſt dangerous ſtage of life, carve out an happineſs for himſelf, without any check upon the ſallies of youth! Thoſe to whom you have been over indulgent, and perhaps could not have been otherwiſe, without proceeding to extremities, never to be uſed but in deſperate caſes, thoſe have been always the moſt liberal of their cenſures and invectives againſt you: they put one in mind of Adonijah's rebellion againſt David his father; becauſe his father had not diſpleaſed him at any time, in ſaying, Why haſt thou done ſo?—It is a certain ſign men want reſtraints, when they are impatient under any; too headſtrong to be governed by authority, too weak to be conducted by reaſon. *Ibid.*

* —Quaſi curſores, vita lampada tradunt.
Lucretius.

§ 23.

§ 23. *The Beginnings of Evil to be resisted.*

Think not, as I am afraid too many do, that because your passions have not hurried you into atrocious deeds, they have therefore wrought no mischief, and have left no sting behind them. By a continued series of loose, though apparently trivial gratifications, the heart is often as thoroughly corrupted, as by the commission of any one of those enormous crimes which spring from great ambition, or great revenge. Habit gives the passions strength, while the absence of glaring guilt seemingly justifies them; and, unawakened by remorse, the sinner proceeds in his course, till he wax bold in guilt, and become ripe for ruin: for, by gradual and latent steps, the destruction of our virtues advances. Did the evil unveil itself at the beginning; did the storm which is to overthrow our peace, discover, as it rose, all its horrors, precautions would more frequently be taken against it. But we are imperceptibly betrayed; and from one licentious attachment, one criminal passion, are, by a train of consequences, drawn on to another, till the government of our minds is irrecoverably lost. The enticing and the odious passions are, in this respect, similar in their process; and, though by different roads, conduct at last to the same issue.

Blair.

§ 24. *A due Regard to Order necessary in Business, Time, Expence, and Amusements.*

Throughout your affairs, your time, your expence, your amusements, your society, the principle of order must be equally carried, if you expect to reap any of its happy fruits. For if into any one of those great departments of life you suffer disorder to enter, it will spread through all the rest. In vain, for instance, you purpose to be orderly in the conduct of your affairs, if you be irregular in the distribution of your time. In vain you attempt to regulate your expence, if into your amusements, or your society, disorder has crept. You have admitted a principle of confusion which will defeat all your plans, and perplex and entangle what you sought to arrange. Uniformity is above all things necessary to order. If you desire that any thing should proceed according to method and rule, 'let all things be done in order.'

I must also admonish you, that in small, as well as in great affairs, a due regard to order is requisite. I mean not, that you ought to look on those minute attentions, which are apt to occupy frivolous minds, as connected either with virtue or wisdom: but I exhort you to remember, that disorder, like other immoralities, frequently takes rise from inconsiderable beginnings. They who, in the lesser transactions of life, are totally negligent of rule, will be in hazard of extending that negligence, by degrees, to such affairs and duties as will render them criminal. Remissness grows on all who study not to guard against it; and it is only by frequent exercise, that the habits of order and punctuality can be thoroughly confirmed. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Idleness avoided by the Observation of Order.*

By attending to order, you avoid idleness, that most fruitful source of crimes and evils. Acting upon a plan, meeting every thing in its own place, you constantly find innocent and useful employment for time. You are never at a loss how to dispose of your hours, or to fill up life agreeably. In the course of human action, there are two extremes equally dangerous to virtue; the multiplicity of af-

fairs, and the total want of them. The man of order ſtands in the middle between theſe two extremes, and ſuffers from neither: he is occupied, but not oppreſſed. Whereas the diſorderly, overloading one part of time, and leaving another vacant, are at one period overwhelmed with buſineſs, and at another, either idle through want of employment, or indolent through perplexity. Thoſe ſeaſons of indolence and idleneſs, which recur ſo often in their life, are their moſt dangerous moments. The mind, unhappy in its ſituation, and clinging to every object which can occupy or amuſe it, is then apteſt to throw itſelf into the arms of every vice and folly.

Farther; by the preſervation of order, you check inconſtancy and levity. Fickle by nature is the human heart. It is fond of change; and perpetually tends to ſtart aſide from the ſtraight line of conduct. Hence ariſes the propriety of bringing ourſelves under ſubjection to method and rule; which, though at firſt it may prove conſtraining, yet by degrees, and from the experience of its happy effects, becomes natural and agreeable. It rectifies thoſe irregularities of temper and manners to which we give the name of caprice; and which are diſtinguiſhed characteriſtics of a diſorderly mind. It is the parent of ſteadineſs of conduct. It forms conſiſtency of character. It is the ground of all the confidence we repoſe in one another. For, the diſorderly we know not where to find. In him only can we place any truſt, who is uniform and regular; who lives by principle, not by humour; who acts upon a plan, and not by deſultory motions.

Blair.

§ 26. *The Beginnings of Paſſion to be oppoſed.*

Oppoſe early the beginnings of paſſion. Avoid particularly all ſuch objects as are apt to excite paſſions which you know to predominate within you. As ſoon as you find the tempeſt riſing, have recourſe to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of eſcaping to a calmer ſhore. Haſten to call up emotions of an oppoſite nature. Study to conquer one paſſion by means of ſome other which is of leſs dangerous tendency. Never account any thing ſmall or trivial, which is in hazard of introducing diſorder into your heart. Never make light of any deſire which you feel gaining ſuch progreſs as to threaten entire dominion. Blandiſhing it will appear at the firſt. As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may ſteal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many ſorrows. What you indulged as a favourite amuſement, will ſhortly become a ſerious buſineſs, and in the end may prove the burden of your life. Moſt of our paſſions flatter us in their riſe: but their beginnings are treacherous; their growth is imperceptible; and the evils which they carry in their train, lie concealed, until their dominion is eſtabliſhed. What Solomon ſays of one of them, holds true of them all, 'that their beginning is as 'when one letteth out water.' It iſſues from a ſmall chink, which once might have been eaſily ſtopped; but being neglected, it is ſoon widened by the ſtream, till the bank is at laſt totally thrown down, and the flood is at liberty to deluge the whole plain. *Ibid.*

§ 27. *The Government of Temper, as included in the Keeping of the Heart.*

Paſſions are quick and ſtrong emotions which by degrees ſubſide. Temper is the diſpoſition which remains after theſe emotions are paſt, and which forms the habitual propenſity of the ſoul. The one are like the ſtream

ſtream when it is ſwoln by the torrent, and ruffled by the winds; the other reſembles it when running within its bed, with its natural force and velocity. The influence of temper is more ſilent and imperceptible than that of paſſion; it operates with leſs violence; but as its operation is conſtant, it produces effects no leſs conſiderable. It is evident, therefore, that it highly deſerves to be conſidered in a religious view.

Many, indeed, are averſe to behold it in this light. They place a good temper upon the ſame footing with a healthy conſtitution of body. They conſider it as a natural felicity which ſome enjoy; but for the want of which, others are not morally culpable, nor accountable to God: and hence the opinion has ſometimes prevailed, that a bad temper might be conſiſtent with a ſtate of grace. If this were true, it would overturn that whole doctrine, of which the goſpel is ſo full, 'that regeneration, or change of nature, is the eſſential characteriſtic of a Chriſtian.' It would ſuppoſe that grace might dwell amidſt malevolence and rancour, and that heaven might be enjoyed by ſuch as are ſtrangers to charity and love.—It will readily be admitted that ſome, by the original frame of their mind, are more favourably inclined than others, towards certain good diſpoſitions and habits. But this affords no juſtification to thoſe who neglect to oppoſe the corruptions to which they are prone. Let no man imagine, that the human heart is a ſoil altogether unſuſceptible of culture! or that the worſt temper may not, through the aſſiſtance of grace, be reformed by attention and diſcipline. Settled depravity of temper, is always owing to our own indulgence. If, in place of checking, we nouriſh that malignity of diſpoſition to which we are inclined, all the conſequences will be placed to our account, and every excuſe, from natural conſtitution, be rejected at the tribunal of Heaven. *Blair.*

§ 28. *That Diſcipline which teaches to moderate the Eagerneſs of worldly Paſſions, and to fortify the Mind with the Principles of Virtue, is more conducive to true Happineſs that the Poſſeſſion of all the Goods of Fortune.*

That diſcipline which corrects the eagerneſs of worldly paſſions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with uſeful knowledge, and furniſhes to it matter of enjoyment from within itſelf, is of more conſequence to real felicity, than all the proviſion which we can make of the goods of fortune. To this let us bend our chief attention. Let us keep the heart with all diligence ſeeing out of it are the iſſues of life. Let us account our mind the moſt important province which is committed to our care; and if we cannot rule fortune, ſtudy at leaſt to rule ourſelves. Let us propoſe for our object, not worldly ſucceſs, which it depends not on us to obtain, but that upright and honourable diſcharge of our duty in every conjuncture, which, through the divine aſſiſtance, is always within our power. Let our happineſs be ſought where our proper praiſe is found; and that be accounted our only real evil, which is the evil of our nature; not that which is either the appointment of Providence, or which ariſes from the evil of others. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *The Difference between true and falſe Politeneſs.*

It is evident enough, that the moral and Chriſtian duty, of preferring one another in honour, reſpects only ſocial peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Chriſtian brother. Its uſe is, to ſoften

the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtues themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it; they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.

Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence, that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to soothe every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrude his civilities; because he would merit by this assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

2. Again; the man who governs himself by the spirit of the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way, as is worthy of himself: in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, all are equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself, the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly; we may be sure, that the *ultimate* ends for which these different objects are pur-

sued, and by so different *means*, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the true polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; *because* he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; *because* he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; *because*, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and *because* he understands it to be his duty to love his *neighbour*.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; *because* they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; *because* they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices: in a word, *because* they *love themselves*.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishoneſt compliances, and for the basest end. *Hurd.*

§ 30. *The Temple of virtuous Love.*

The structure on the right hand was (as I afterwards found) consecrated to virtuous Love, and could not be entered, but by such as received a ring, or some other token, from a person who was placed as a guard at the gate of it. He wore a garland of roses and myrtles on his head, and on his shoulders a robe like an imperial mantle white and unspotted all over, excepting only, that where it was clasped at his breast, there were two golden turtle doves that buttoned it by their bills, which were wrought in rubies: he was called by the name of Hymen, and was seated near the entrance of the temple, in a delicious bower, made up of several trees that were embraced by woodbines, jessamines, and amaranths, which were as so many emblems of marriage, and ornaments to the trunks that supported them. As I was single and unaccompanied, I was not permitted to enter the temple, and for that reason am a stranger to all the mysteries that were performed in it. I had, however, the curiosity to observe, how the several couples that entered were disposed of; which was after the following manner: there were two great gates on the backside of the edifice, at which the whole crowd was let out. At one of these gates were two women, extremely beautiful, though in a different kind; the one having a very careful and composed air, the other a sort of smile and ineffable sweetness in her countenance: the name of the first was Discretion, and of the other Complacency. All who came out of this gate, and put themselves under the direction of these two sisters, were immediately conducted by them into gardens, groves, and meadows, which abounded in delights, and were furnished with every thing that could make them the proper seats of happiness. The second gate of this temple let out all the couples that were unhappily married; who came out linked together by chains, which each of them strove to break, but could not. Several of these were such as had never been acquainted with each other before they met in the great walk, or had been too well acquainted in the thicket. The entrance to this gate was possessed by three sisters, who joined themselves with these wretches, and occasioned most of their miseries. The youngest of the sisters was known by the name of Levity; who, with the inno-

cence of a virgin, had the dress and behaviour of a harlot: the name of the second was Contention, who bore on her right arm a muff made of the skin of a porcupine, and on her left carried a little lap-dog, that barked and snapped at every one that passed by her. The eldest of the sisters, who seemed to have an haughty and imperious air, was always accompanied with a tawny Cupid, who generally marched before her with a little mace on his shoulder, the end of which was fashioned into the horns of a stag: her garments were yellow, and her complexion pale: her eyes were piercing, but had odd casts in them, and that particular distemper which makes persons who are troubled with it see objects double. Upon enquiry, I was informed that her name was Jealousy. *Tatler.*

§ 31. *The Temple of Lust.*

Having finished my observations upon this temple, and its votaries, I repaired to that which stood on the left hand, and was called the Temple of Lust. The front of it was raised on Corinthian pillars, with all the meretricious ornaments that accompany that order; whereas that of the other was composed of the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides of it were adorned with several grotesque figures of goats, sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters, made up of half men, half beast. The gates were unguarded, and open to all that had a mind to enter. Upon my going in, I found the windows were blinded, and let in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover a prodigious number of dark corners and apartments, into which the whole temple was divided. I was here stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and jollity: on one side of me I heard singing and dancing; on the other, brawls and clashing of swords: in short, I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by the gate where I entered, which was barred against all that were come in, with bolts of iron and locks of adamant; there was no going back from this temple through the paths of pleasure which led to it: all who passed through the ceremonies of the place, went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant called Remorse, that held a scourge of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage so rugged, so uneven, and choaked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it: the men, though in the prime of their youth, appeared weak and infeebled with old age: the women wrung their hands, and tore their hair, and several lost their limbs, before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged.—The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *The Temple of Virtue.*

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the first part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the wood, from whence I had the prospect of the three great roads. I here joined myself to the middle-aged party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a direct line, and was terminated by the Temple of Virtue. It was planted on each side with laurels, which were intermixed with marble trophies, carved pillars, and statues of lawgivers, heroes, statesmen, philosophers, and poets. The

The perſons who travelled up this great path, were ſuch whoſe thoughts were bent upon doing eminent ſervices to mankind, or promoting the good of their country. On each ſide of this great road, were ſeveral paths that were alſo laid out in ſtraight lines, and ran parallel with it: theſe were moſt of them covered walks, and received into them men of retired virtue, who propoſed to themſelves the ſame end of their journey, though they choſe to make it in ſhade and obſcurity. The edifices, at the extremity of the walk, were ſo contrived, that we could not ſee the temple of Honour, by reaſon of the temple of Virtue, which ſtood before it: at the gates of this temple, we were met by the goddeſs of it, who conducted us into that of Honour, which was joined to the other edifice by a beautiful triumphal arch, and had no other entrance into it. When the deity of the inner ſtructure had received us, ſhe preſented us in a body, to a figure that was placed over the high altar, and was the emblem of Eternity. She ſat on a globe, in the midſt of a golden zodiac, holding the figure of a ſun in one hand, and a moon in the other: her head was veiled, and her feet covered. Our hearts glowed within us, as we ſtood amidſt the ſphere of light which this image caſt on every ſide of it. *Tatler.*

§ 33. *The Temple of Vanity.*

Having ſeen all that happened to the band of adventurers, I repaired to another pile of buildings that ſtood within view of the temple of Honour, and was raiſed in imitation of it, upon the very ſame model; but, at my approach to it, I found that the ſtones were laid together without mortar, and that the whole fabric ſtood upon ſo weak a foundation, that it ſhook with every wind that blew. This was called the Temple of Vanity. The goddeſs of it ſat in the midſt of a great many tapers, that burned day and night, and made her appear much better than ſhe would have done in open day-light. Her whole art was to ſhew herſelf more beautiful and majeſtic than ſhe really was. For which reaſon ſhe had painted her face, and wore a cluſter of falſe jewels upon her breaſt: but what I more particularly obſerved, was the breadth of her petticoat, which was made altogether in the faſhion of a modern fardingal. This place was filled with hypocrites, pedants, free-thinkers, and prating politicians, with a rabble of thoſe who have only titles to make them great men. Female votaries crowded the temple, choaked up the avenues of it, and were more in number than the ſand upon the ſea-ſhore. I made it my buſineſs, in my return towards that part of the wood from whence I firſt ſet out, to obſerve the walks which led to this temple; for I met in it ſeveral who had begun their journey with the band of virtuous perſons, and travelled ſome time in their company: but, upon examination, I found that there were ſeveral paths, which led out of the great road into the ſides of the wood, and ran into ſo many crooked turns and windings, that thoſe who travelled through them, often turned their backs upon the temple of Virtue, then croſſed the ſtraight road, and ſometimes marched in it for a little ſpace, till the crooked path which they were engaged in again led them into the wood. The ſeveral alleys of theſe wanderers, had their particular ornaments: one of them I could not but take notice of, in the walk of the miſchievous pretenders to politics, which had at every turn the figure

of a perſon, whom, by the inſcription, I found to be Machiavel, pointing out the way, with an extended finger, like a Mercury.

Tatler.

§ 34. *The Temple of Avarice.*

I was now returned in the ſame manner as before, with a deſign to obſerve carefully every thing that paſſed in the region of Avarice, and the occurrences in that aſſembly, which was made up of perſons of my own age. This body of travellers had not gone far in the third great road, before it led them inſenſibly into a deep valley, in which they journied ſeveral days, with great toil and uneaſineſs, and without the neceſſary refreſhments of food and ſleep. The only relief they met with, was in a river that ran through the bottom of the valley on a bed of golden ſand: they often drank of this ſtream, which had ſuch a particular quality in it, that though it refreſhed them for a time, it rather inflamed than quenched their thirſt. On each ſide of the river was a range of hills full of precious ore; for where the rains had waſhed off the earth, one might ſee in ſeveral parts of them long veins of gold, and rocks that looked like pure ſilver. We were told that the deity of the place had forbad any of his votaries to dig into the bowels of theſe hills, or convert the treaſures they contained to any uſe, under pain of ſtarving. At the end of the valley ſtood the Temple of Avarice made after the manner of a fortification, and ſurrounded with a thouſand triple-headed dogs, that were placed there to keep off beggars. At our approach they all fell a barking, and would have much terrified us, had not an old woman, who had called herſelf by the forged name of Competency, offered herſelf for our guide. She carried under her garment a golden bow, which ſhe no ſooner held up in her hand, but the dogs lay down, and the gates flew open for our reception. We were led through an hundred iron doors before we entered the temple. At the upper end of it, ſat the god of Avarice, with a long filthy beard, and a meagre ſtarved countenance, incloſed with heaps of ingots and pyramids of money, but half naked and ſhivering with cold: on his right hand was a fiend called Rapine, and on his left a particular favourite, to whom he had given the title of Parſimony; the firſt was his collector, and the other his caſhier. There were ſeveral long tables placed on each ſide of the temple, with reſpective officers attending behind them: ſome of theſe I enquired into: at the firſt table was kept the office of Corruption. Seeing a ſolicitor extremely buſy, and whiſpering every body that paſſed by, I kept my eye upon him very attentively, and ſaw him often going up to a perſon that had a pen in his hand, with a multiplication-table and an almanack before him, which, as I afterwards heard, was all the learning he was maſter of. The ſolicitor would often apply himſelf to his ear, and at the ſame time convey money into his hand, for which the other would give him out a piece of paper, or parchment, ſigned and ſealed in form. The name of this dexterous and ſucceſsful ſolicitor was Bribery.—At the next table was the office of Extortion: behind it ſat a perſon in a bob-wig, counting over a great ſum of money: he gave out little purſes to ſeveral, who, after a ſhort tour, brought him, in return, ſacks full of the ſame kind of coin. I ſaw, at the ſame time, a perſon called Fraud, who ſat behind the counter, with falſe ſcales, light weights, and ſcanty meaſures; by the ſkilful application of which inſtruments,

ments, she had got together an immense heap of wealth: it would be endless to name the several officers, or describe the votaries that attended in this temple: there were many old men, panting and breathless, reposing their heads on bags of money; nay many of them actually dying, whose very pangs and convulsions (which rendered their purses useless to them) only made them grasp them the faster. There were some tearing with one hand all things, even to the garments and flesh of many miserable persons who stood before them; and with the other hand throwing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers, and panders, that stood behind them. On a sudden the whole assembly fell a trembling; and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we were in was haunted with a spectre, that many times a day appeared to them, and terrified them to distraction. In the midst of their terror and amazement, the apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye, as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind: every one fancied himself threatened by the apparition as she stalked about the room, and began to lock their coffers, and tie their bags, with the utmost fear and trembling. I must confess, I look upon the passion which I saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature with those unaccountable antipathies which some persons are born with, or rather as a kind of phrenzy, not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and agonies at the sight of so useful and innocent a thing as water. The whole assembly was surprized, when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity whom they all adored, they saw me address myself to the phantom. "Oh! Poverty! (said I) my first petition to thee is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter; but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that thou wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy threats or menaces betray me to any thing that is ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the person that has deserved well of me. Let me not, from any fear of Thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring along with Thee thy two sisters, in whose company thou art always chearful, Liberty and Innocence." *Tatler.*

§ 35. *The Stings of Poverty, Disease, and Violence, less pungent than those of guilty Passions.*

Assemble all the evils which poverty, disease, or violence can inflict, and their stings will be found, by far, less pungent than those which guilty passions dart into the heart. Amidst the ordinary calamities of the world, the mind can exert its powers, and suggest relief: and the mind is properly the man; the sufferer, and his sufferings can be distinguished. But those disorders of passion, by seizing directly on the mind, attack human nature in its strong hold, and cut off its last resource. They penetrate to the very seat of sensation; and convert all the powers of thought into instruments of torture. *Blair.*

§ 36. *On Gratitude.*

There is not a more pleasing exercise of the mind, than gratitude.

It is accompanied with such inward satisfaction, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance. It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful, but attended with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter—a generous mind would indulge in it, for the natural gratification that accompanies it.

If gratitude is due from man to man—how much more from man to his Maker?—The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Every blessing we enjoy, by what means soever it may be derived upon us, is the gift of Him who is the great Author of good, and Father of mercies.

If gratitude, when exerted towards one another, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind of a grateful man; it exalts the soul into rapture, when it is employed on this great object of gratitude, on this beneficent Being, who has given us every thing we already possess, and from whom we expect every thing we yet hope for.

Most of the works of the Pagan poets were either direct hymns of their deities, or tended indirectly to the celebration of their respective attributes and perfections. Those who are acquainted with the works of the Greek and Latin poets which are still extant, will, upon reflection, find this observation so true, that I shall not enlarge upon it. One would wonder that more of our Christian poets have not turned their thoughts this way, especially if we consider, that our idea of the Supreme Being, is not only infinitely more great and noble than could possibly enter into the heart of a heathen, but filled with every thing that can raise the imagination, and give an opportunity for the sublimest thoughts and conceptions.

Plutarch tells us of a heathen who was singing an hymn to Diana, in which he celebrated her for her delight in human sacrifices, and other instances of cruelty and revenge; upon which a poet who was present at this piece of devotion, and seems to have had a truer idea of the divine nature, told the votary, by way of reproof, that in recompence for his hymn, he heartily wished he might have a daughter of the same temper with the goddess he celebrated.—It was indeed impossible to write the praises of one of those false deities, according to the Pagan creed, without a mixture of impertinence and absurdity.

The Jews, who before the time of Christianity were the only people who had the knowledge of the true God, have set the Christian world an example how they ought to employ this divine talent, of which I am speaking. As that nation produced men of great genius, without considering them as inspired writers, they have transmitted to us many hymns and divine odes, which excel those that are delivered down to us by the ancient Greeks and Romans, in the poetry as much as in the subject to which it is consecrated. This, I think, might be easily shewn, if there were occasion for it.

Spectator.

§ 37. *Bad company—meaning of the phrase—different classes of bad company—ill chosen company—*

company—what is meant by keeping bad company—the danger of it, from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners of others—from the great power and force of cuſtom—from our bad inclinations.

"Evil communication," ſays the text, "corrupts good manners." The aſſertion is general, and no doubt all people ſuffer from ſuch communication; but above all, the minds of youth will ſuffer; which are yet unformed, unprincipled, unfurniſhed; and ready to receive any impreſſion.

But before we conſider the danger of keeping bad company, let us firſt ſee the meaning of the phraſe.

In the phraſe of the world, good company means faſhionable people. Their ſtations in life, not their morals, are conſidered: and he, who aſſociates with ſuch, though they ſet him the example of breaking every commandment of the decalogue, is ſtill ſaid to keep good company.—I ſhould wiſh you to fix another meaning to the expreſſion; and to conſider vice in the ſame deteſtable light, in whatever company it is found; nay, to conſider all company in which it is found, be their ſtation what it will, as bad company.

The three following claſſes will perhaps include the greateſt part of thoſe, who deſerve this appellation.

In the firſt, I ſhould rank all who endeavour to deſtroy the principles of Chriſtianity—who jeſt upon Scripture—talk blaſphemy—and treat revelation with contempt.

A ſecond claſs of bad company are thoſe, who have a tendency to deſtroy in us the principles of common honeſty and integrity. Under this head we may rank gameſters of every denomination; and the low and infamous characters of every profeſſion.

A third claſs of bad company, and ſuch as are commonly moſt dangerous to youth, includes the long catalogue of men of pleaſure. In whatever way they follow the call of appetite, they have equally a tendency to corrupt the purity of the mind.

Beſides theſe three claſſes, whom we may call bad company, there are others who come under the denomination of ill-choſen company: trifling, inſipid characters of every kind; who follow no buſineſs—are led by no ideas of improvement—but ſpend their time in diſſipation and folly—whoſe higheſt praiſe it is, that they are only not vicious.—With none of theſe, a ſerious man would wiſh his ſon to keep company.

It may be aſked what is meant by keeping bad company? The world abounds with characters of this kind: they meet us in every place; and if we keep company at all, it is impoſſible to avoid keeping company with ſuch perſons.

It is true, if we were determined never to have any commerce with bad men, we muſt, as the apoſtle remarks, "altogether go out of the world." By keeping bad company, therefore, is not meant a caſual intercourſe with them, on occaſion of buſineſs, or as they accidentally fall in our way; but having an inclination to conſort with them—complying with that inclination—ſeeking their company, when we might avoid it—entering into their parties—and making them the companions of our choice. Mixing with them occaſionally, cannot be avoided.

The danger of keeping bad company, ariſes principally from our aptneſs to imitate and catch the manners and ſentiments of others—from

from the power of cuſtom—from our own bad inclinations—and from the pains taken by the bad to corrupt us *.

In our earlieſt youth, the contagion of manners is obſervable. In the boy, yet incapable of having any thing inſtilled into him, we eaſily diſcover from his firſt actions, and rude attempts at language, the kind of perſons with whom he has been brought up: we ſee the early ſpring of a civilized education, or the firſt wild ſhoots of ruſticity.

As he enters farther into life, his behaviour, manners, and converſation, all take their caſt from the company he keeps. Obſerve the peaſant, and the man of education; the difference is ſtriking. And yet God hath beſtowed equal talents on each. The only difference is, they have been thrown into different ſcenes of life; and have had commerce with perſons of different ſtations.

Nor are manners and behaviour more eaſily caught, than opinions, and principles. In childhood and youth, we naturally adopt the ſentiments of thoſe about us. And as we advance in life, how few of us think for ourſelves? How many of us are ſatisfied with taking our opinions at ſecond-hand?

The great power and force of cuſtom forms another argument againſt keeping bad company. However ſeriouſly diſpoſed we may be; and however ſhocked at the firſt approaches of vice; this ſhocking appearance goes off, upon an intimacy with it. Cuſtom will ſoon render the moſt diſguſtful thing familiar. And this is indeed a kind proviſion of nature, to render labour, and toil, and danger, which are the lot of man, more eaſy to him. The raw ſoldier, who trembles at the firſt encounter, becomes a hardy veteran in a few campaigns. Habit renders danger familiar, and of courſe indifferent to him.

But habit, which is intended for our good, may, like other kind appointments of nature, be converted into a miſchief. The well diſpoſed youth, entering firſt into bad company, is ſhocked at what he hears, and what he ſees. The good principles, which he had imbibed, ring in his ears an alarming leſſon againſt the wickedneſs of his companions. But, alas! this ſenſibility is but of a day's continuance. The next jovial meeting makes the horrid picture of yeſterday more eaſily endured. Virtue is ſoon thought a ſevere rule; the goſpel, an inconvenient reſtraint: a few pangs of conſcience now and then interrupt his pleaſures; and whiſper to him, that he once had better thoughts: but even theſe by degrees die away; and he who at firſt was ſhocked even at the appearance of vice, is formed by cuſtom into a profligate leader of vicious pleaſures—perhaps into an abandoned tempter to vice.—So carefully ſhould we oppoſe the firſt approaches of ſin! ſo vigilant ſhould we be againſt ſo inſidious an enemy!

Our own bad inclinations form another argument againſt bad company. We have ſo many paſſions and appetites to govern; ſo many bad propenſities of different kinds to watch, that, amidſt ſuch a variety of enemies within, we ought at leaſt to be on our guard againſt thoſe without. The breaſt even of a good man is repreſented in ſcripture, and experienced in fact, to be in a ſtate of warfare. His vicious inclinations are continually drawing him one way; while his virtue is making efforts another. And if the ſcriptures repreſent this as the caſe even of a good man, whoſe paſſions, it may be imagined, are become in ſome degree cool, and temperate, and

* See this ſubject treated more at large in an anonymous pamphlet, on the employment of time.

and who has made ſome progreſs in a virtuous courſe; what may we ſuppoſe to be the danger of a raw unexperienced youth, whoſe paſſions and appetites are violent and ſeducing, and whoſe mind is in a ſtill leſs confirmed ſtate? It is his part ſurely to keep out of the way of temptation; and to give his bad inclinations as little room as poſſible to acquire new ſtrength. *Gilpin.*

§ 38. *Ridicule one of the chief arts of corruption—bad company injures our characters, as well as manners—preſumption the forerunner of ruin—the advantages of good company equal to the diſadvantages of bad—cautions in forming intimacies.*

Theſe arguments againſt keeping bad company, will ſtill receive additional ſtrength, if we conſider farther, the great pains taken by the bad to corrupt others. It is a very true, but lamentable fact, in the hiſtory of human nature, that bad men take more pains to corrupt their own ſpecies, than virtuous men do to reform them. Hence thoſe ſpecious arts, that ſhow of friendſhip, that appearance of diſintereſtedneſs, with which the profligate ſeducer endeavours to lure the unwary youth; and at the ſame time, yielding to his inclinations, ſeems to follow rather than to lead him. Many are the arts of theſe corrupters; but their principal art is ridicule. By this they endeavour to laugh out of countenance all the better principles of their wavering proſelyte; and make him think contemptibly of thoſe, whom he formerly reſpected; by this they ſtifle the ingenuous bluſh, and finally deſtroy all ſenſe of ſhame. Their cauſe is below argument. They aim not therefore at reaſoning. Raillery is the weapon they employ; and who is there, that hath the ſteadineſs to hear perſons and things, whatever reverence he may have had for them, the ſubject of continual ridicule, without loſing that reverence by degrees?

Having thus conſidered what principally makes bad company dangerous, I ſhall juſt add, that even were your morals in no danger from ſuch intercourſe, your characters would infallibly ſuffer. The world will always judge of you by your companions: and nobody will ſuppoſe, that a youth of virtuous principles himſelf, can poſſibly form a connection with a profligate.

In reply to the danger ſuppoſed to ariſe from bad company, perhaps the youth may ſay, he is ſo firm in his own opinions, ſo ſteady in his principles, that he thinks himſelf ſecure; and need not reſtrain himſelf from the moſt unreſerved converſation.

Alas! this ſecurity is the very brink of the precipice: nor hath vice in her whole train a more dangerous enemy to you, than preſumption. Caution, ever awake to danger, is a guard againſt it. But ſecurity lays every guard aſleep. "Let him who thinketh he "ſtandeth," ſaith the apoſtle, "take heed, "leſt he fall." Even an apoſtle himſelf did fall, by thinking that he ſtood ſecure. "Though I ſhould die with thee," ſaid St. Peter to his maſter, "yet will I not deny thee." That very night, notwithſtanding this boaſted ſecurity, he repeated the crime three ſeveral times. And can we ſuppoſe, that preſumption, which occaſioned an apoſtle's fall, ſhall not ruin an unexperienced youth? The ſtory is recorded for our inſtruction; and ſhould be a ſtanding leſſon againſt preſuming upon our own ſtrength.

In concluſion, ſuch as the dangers are, which ariſe from bad company, ſuch are the advantages, which accrue from good. We imitate, and catch the manners and ſenti-

ments

ments of good men, as we do of bad. Cuſtom, which renders vice leſs a deformity, renders virtue more lovely. Good examples have a force beyond inſtruction, and warm us into emulation beyond precept; while the countenance and converſation of virtuous men encourage, and draw out into action every kindred diſpoſition of our hearts.

Beſides, as a ſenſe of ſhame often prevents our doing a right thing in bad company; it operates in the ſame way in preventing our doing a wrong one in good. Our character becomes a pledge; and we cannot, without a kind of diſhonour, draw back.

It is not poſſible, indeed, for a youth, yet unfurniſhed with knowledge (which fits him for good company) to chuſe his companions as he pleaſes. A youth muſt have ſomething peculiarly attractive, to qualify him for the acquaintance of men of eſtabliſhed reputation. What he has to do, is, at all events, to avoid bad company; and to endeavour, by improving his mind and morals, to qualify himſelf for the beſt.

Happy is that youth, who, upon his entrance into the world, can chuſe his company with diſcretion. There is often in vice, a gaiety, an unreſerve, a freedom of manners, which are apt at ſight to engage the unwary: while virtue, on the other hand, is often modeſt, reſerved, diffident, backward, and eaſily diſconcerted. That freedom of manners, however engaging, may cover a very corrupt heart: and this aukwardneſs, however unpleaſing, may veil a thouſand virtues. Suffer not your mind, therefore, to be eaſily either engaged, or diſguſted at firſt ſight. Form your intimacies with reſerve: and if drawn unawares into an acquaintance you diſapprove, immediately retreat. Open not your hearts to every profeſſion of friendſhip. They, whoſe friendſhip is worth accepting, are, as you ought to be, reſerved in offering it. Chuſe your companions, not merely for the ſake of a few outward accompliſhments—for the idle pleaſure of ſpending an agreeable hour; but mark their diſpoſition to virtue or vice; and, as much as poſſible, chuſe thoſe for your companions, whom you ſee others reſpect: always remembering, that upon the choice of your company depends in a great meaſure the ſucceſs of all you have learned; the hopes of your friends; your future characters in life; and, what you ought above all other things to value, the purity of your hearts. *Gilpin.*

§ 39. *On Honour.*

Every principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, ſince men are of ſo different a make, that the ſame principle does not work equally upon all minds. What ſome men are prompted to by conſcience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the ſame thing, others are prompted to by honour.

The ſenſe of honour is of ſo fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in ſuch as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This eſſay therefore is chiefly deſigned for thoſe, who by means of any of theſe advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

But as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is miſunderſtood, I ſhall conſider honour with reſpect to three ſorts of men. Firſt of all, with regard to thoſe who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to thoſe who have a miſtaken notion of it. And thirdly, with regard to thoſe who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

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In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the Divine Being: the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares "that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature."

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the part of young Juba:

> Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
> The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
> That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
> And imitates her actions where she is not;
> It ought not to be sported with. CATO.

In the second place, we are to consider those, who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lye, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

Timogenes was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesmen's families who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but, like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

In the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it; as there is more hope of an heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old

old Syphax in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakespeare's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic, that comes in competition with their present interest; and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare to stand up, in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

Guardian.

§ 40. *On Modesty.*

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations, which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good-breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again: A man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man, truly modest, is as much so when he is alone as in company; and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be, The faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world; but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural

consequence

consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned possessed both those qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express, when we say, a modest assurance; by which we understand, the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villainies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill, even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes; and is sometimes attended with both. *Spectator.*

§ 41. *The Choice of Hercules.*

When Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on the state of life he should chuse, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the

figure

figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

"My dear Hercules," says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chuse: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewel for ever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name: to which she answered, "My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed the young hero in a very different manner:—"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you, because I know you are descended from the Gods, and give proofs of that descent, by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you; and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The Gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it: in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse: "You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy." "Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirst, sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's-self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures; while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse, for old age.

"As for me, I am the friend of Gods, and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them, who are not invited by hunger and thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings chearful. My young men have

have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and, after the close of their labours, honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the justice to approve his choice. *Tatler.*

CATECHETICAL LECTURES.

§ 42. *Introduction to the Catechism.*

The Catechism begins with a recital of our baptismal vow, as a kind of preface to the whole. It then lays down the great christian principle of faith; and leaving all mysterious inquiries, in which this subject is involved, it passes on to the rules of practice. Having briefly recited these, it concludes with a simple, and a very intelligible explanation of baptism, and the Lord's Supper.

The chatechism then begins very properly, with a recital of our baptismal vow, as the best preface to that belief, and those rules of practice, in which that vow engaged us.—But before we examine the vow itself, two appendages of it require explanation—the use of sponsors—and the addition of a name.

With regard to the sponsor, the church probably imitates the appointment of the legal guardian, making the best provision it can for the pious education of orphans, and deserted children. The temporal and the spiritual guardian may equally betray their trust: both are culpable: both accountable: but surely the latter breaks the more sacred engagement.

As to promising and vowing in the name of another (which seems to carry so harsh a sound) the sponsor only engages for the child, as any one would engage for another, in a matter which is manifestly for his advantage: and on a supposition, that the child hereafter will see it to be so—that is, he promises, as he takes it for granted, the child itself would have promised, if it had been able.

With regard to the name, it is no part of the sacrament; nor pretends to scriptural authority. It rests merely on ancient usage. A custom had generally obtained, of giving a new name, upon adopting a new member into a family. We find it common among the Greeks, the Romans, and the Jews; nay, we read that even God himself, when he received Abram into covenant, giving an early sanction to this usage, changed his name to Abraham. In imitation of this common practice, the old christians gave baptismal names to their children, which were intended to point out their heavenly adoption, as their surnames distinguished their temporal alliance.

From considering the use of sponsors, and of the name in baptism, we proceed next to the vow itself, which is thus expressed, "My "godfathers did promise three things in my "name: 1st, That I should renounce the "devil, and all his works, the pomps and "vanities of this wicked world, and all the "sinful lusts of the flesh. 2dly, That I should "believe all the articles of the christian faith; "and 3dly, That I should keep God's holy "will, and commandments, and walk in the "same all the days of my life."

First then, we promise to "renounce the "devil, and all his works, the pomps and va-"nities of this wicked world, and all the sin-"ful lusts of the flesh." "The devil, the "world, and the flesh," is a comprehensive mode of expressing every species of sin; how-

ever

ever distinguished; and from whatever source derived: all which we not only engage to renounce as far as we are able; but also to take pains in tracing the labyrinths of our own hearts; and in removing the glosses of self-deceit. Without this, all renunciation of sin is pretence.

Being thus injoined to renounce our gross, habitual sins, and those bad inclinations, which lead us into them; we are required next to "believe all the articles of the christian faith." This is a natural progression. When we are thoroughly convinced of the malignity of sin, we in course wish to avoid the ill consequences of it; and are prepared to give a fair hearing to the evidence of religion. There is a close connection between vice and infidelity. They mutually support each other. The same connection subsists between a well-disposed mind, and the truths of religion: and faith perhaps is not so involuntary an act, as many of our modern philosophers would persuade us.

After "believing the articles of the christian "faith," we are lastly injoined to "keep God's "holy will and commandments." Here too is the same natural progression. As the renunciation of sin prepares the way for faith, so does faith, lead directly to obedience. They seem related to each other, as the mean and the end. "The end of the commandment," saith the apostle, "is charity, out of a pure heart, "and good conscience, and faith, unfeigned." Faith (which is the act of believing upon rational evidence) is the great fountain, from which all christian virtues spring. No man will obey a law, till he hath informed himself whether it be properly authorized: or, in other words, till he believe in the jurisdiction that enacted it.—If our faith in Christ doth not lead us to obey him; it is what the scriptures call a dead faith, in opposition to a saving one.

To this inseparable connection between faith and obedience, St. Paul's doctrine may be objected, where he seems to lay the whole stress on faith, in opposition to works *.—But it is plain, that St. Paul's argument requires him to mean by faith, the whole system of the christian religion (which is indeed the meaning of the word in many other parts of scripture); and by works, which he sets in opposition to it, the moral law. So that in fact, the apostle's argument relates not to the present question; but tends only to establish the superiority of christianity. The moral law, argues the apostle, which claimed on the righteousness of works, makes no provision for the deficiencies of man. Christianity alone, by opening a door of mercy, gave him hopes of that salvation, which the other could not pretend to give.

Upon renouncing sin, believing the articles of the christian faith, and keeping God's holy commandments, as far as sinful man can keep them, we are intitled by promise to all the privileges of the gospel. We "become members "of Christ, children of God, and inheritors "of the kingdom of heaven." We are redeemed through the merits of Christ; pardoned through the mercies of God; and rewarded with a blessed immortality.

This account of our baptismal vow concludes with a question, leading us to acknowledge the necessity of observing this vow; and to declare our belief, that our only hope of keeping it rests upon the assistance of God.

Gilpin.

§ 43. *On the Creed—the Belief of God.*

The creed begins with a profession of our belief in "God the Father almighty, maker of heaven and earth."

* See Rom. iii. 28. and indeed great part of the epistle.

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The being of a God is one of those truths, which scarce require proof. A proof seems rather an injury, as it supposes doubt. However, as young minds, though not sceptical, are uninformed, it may not be improper to select out of the variety of arguments, which evince this great truth, two or three of the most simple.

The existence of a Deity, we prove from the light of nature. For his attributes, at least in any perfection, we must look into scripture.

A few plain and simple arguments drawn from the creation of the world—the preservation of it—and the general consent of mankind, strike us with more conviction, than all the subtilties of metaphysical deduction.

We prove the being of a God first from the creation of the world.

The world must have been produced either by design, or by chance. No other mode of origin can be supposed. Let us see then with which of these characters it is impressed.

The characteristic of the works of design, is a relation of parts, in order to produce an end—The characteristic of the works of chance is just the reverse.—When we see stones, answering each other, laid in the form of a regular building, we immediately say, they were put together by design: but when we seen them thrown about in a disorderly heap, we say as confidently, they have been thrown so by chance.

Now, in the world, and all its appendages, there is plainly this appearance of design. One part relates to another; and the whole together produces an end. The sun, for instance, is connected with the earth, by warming it into a proper heat, for the production of its fruits; and furnishing it with rain and dew. The earth again is connected with all the vegetables which it produces, by providing them with proper soils, and juices for their nourishment. These again are connected with animals, by supplying them with food. And the whole together produces the great end of sustaining the lives of innumerable creatures.

Nor is design shewn only in the grand fabric of the world, and all its relative appendages: it is equally shewn in every part. It is seen in every animal, adapted in all its peculiarities to its proper mode of life. It is seen in every vegetable, furnished with parts exactly suited to its situation. In the least, as well as in the greatest of nature's productions, it is every where apparent. The little creeper upon the wall, extending its tenacious fibres, draws nourishment from the crannies of the stones; and flourishes where no other plant could live.

If then the world, and every part of it, are thus marked with the characters of design, there can be no difficulty in acknowledging the author of such design—of such amazing contrivance and variety, to be a being of infinite wisdom and power. We call a man ingenious, who makes even a common globe, with all the parts of the earth delineated upon it. What shall we say then of the author of the great original itself, in all its grandeur, and furnished with all its various inhabitants?

The argument drawn from the preservation of the world, is indeed rather the last argument advanced a step farther.

If chance could be supposed to produce a regular form, yet it is certainly beyond the highest degree of credulity, to suppose, it could continue this regularity for any time. But we find it has been continued: we find, that near 6000 years have made no change in the order and harmony of the world. The sun's action upon the earth hath ever been regular. The production of trees, plants, and herbs,

herbs, hath ever been uniform. Every seed produces now the same fruit it ever did. Every species of animal life is still the same. Could chance continue this regular arrangement? Could any thing continue it, but the hand of an omnipotent God!

Lastly, we see this great truth, the being of a God, witnessed by the general consent of mankind. This general consent must arise either from tradition, or it must be the result of men's own reasoning. Upon either supposition, it is an argument equally strong. If the first supposition be allowed, it will be difficult to assign any source of this tradition, but God himself. If the second, it can scarce be supposed that all mankind, in different parts of the world, should agree in the belief of a thing, which never existed. For though doubts have arisen concerning this general belief, yet it is now pretty well ascertained, from the accounts of travellers, that no nation hath yet been discovered, among whom some traces of religious worship have not been found.

Be it so, says the objector; yet still we find single persons, even in civilized countries, and some of them men of enlarged capacities, who have not only had their doubts on this subject; but have proclaimed aloud their disbelief of a divine being.

We answer, that it is more than probable, no man's infidelity on this head was ever thoroughly settled. Bad men, rather endeavour to convince themselves, than are really convinced.—But even on a supposition, that a few such persons could be found, what is their testimony against so great a majority, as the rest of mankind? The light of the sun is universally acknowledged, though it happens, that, now and then, a man may be born blind.

But since, it seems, there are difficulties in supposing a divine creator, and preserver of the world, what system of things does the atheist suppose attended with fewer? He sees the world produced before him. He sees it hath been created; and is preserved. Some account of this matter must be given. If ours displease him; let us have his.

The experiment hath been tried. We have had many atheistical creeds: none of which hath stood the test of being handed down with any degree of credit into future times.

The atheist's great argument indeed against a Deity, is levelled at the apparent injustice of his government. It was an objection of ancient date; and might have had its weight in heathen times: but it is one of the blessings, which attends christianity, that it satisfies all our doubts on this head; and gives us a rational and easy solution of this poignant objection. What if we observe an inaccurate distribution of the things of this world? What if virtue be depressed, and vice triumphant? It is nothing, says the voice of religion, to him, who believes this life to be an inconsiderable part of his being; a point only in the expanse of eternity: who believes he is sent into this world, merely to prepare himself for a better. This world, he knows, is intended neither for reward, nor punishment. Happiness unquestionably attends virtue even here, and misery, vice: but it is not the happiness of a splendid station, but of a peaceful mind; nor is it the misery of low circumstances, but of a guilty conscience. The things of this world are not, in their own nature, connected either with happiness or misery. Attended sometimes by one, and sometimes by the other, they are merely the means of trial. One man is tempted with riches, and another with poverty; but God intends

intends neither an elevated, nor a depreſſed ſituation as the ultimate completion of his will.

Beſides, if worldly proſperity even was the indication of God's favour, yet good men may have failings and imprudencies enough about them to deſerve misfortune; and bad men virtues, which may deſerve ſucceſs. Why ſhould imprudence, though joined with virtue, partake of its reward? Or the generous purpoſe ſhare in the puniſhment, though connected with vice?

Thus then we ſee the being of a God is the univerſal creed of nature But though nature could inveſtigate the ſimple truth, ſhe could not preſerve it from error. Nature merely takes her notions from what ſhe ſees, and what ſhe hears, and hath ever moulded her gods in the likeneſs of things in heaven, and things on earth. Hence every part of the creation, animate and inanimate, hath, by turns, been an object of worſhip. And even the moſt refined nations, we know, had groſs conceptions on this head. The wiſeſt of them indeed, by obſerving the wonders of creation, could clothe the Deity with wiſdom and power: but they could go no farther. The virtues of their heroes afforded them the higheſt ideas of perfection: and with theſe they arrayed their gods; mixing alſo with their virtues, ſuch vices, as are found in the characters of the beſt of men.

For juſt notions of the Deity, we muſt have recourſe then to revelation alone. Revelation removes all theſe abſurdities. It diſpels the clouds of ignorance; and unveils the divine majeſty, as far as it can be the object of human contemplation. The lax notions of libertiniſm, on one hand, which make the Deity an inobſervant governor; and the gloomy ideas of ſuperſtition, on the other, which ſuppoſe him to be a dark malignant being, are equally expoſed. Here we are informed of the omniſcience and omnipreſence of God. Here we learn, that his wiſdom and power are equalled by his goodneſs; and that his mercy is over all his works. In ſhort, we learn from revelation, that we are in the hands of a being, whoſe knowledge we cannot evade, and whoſe power we cannot reſiſt; who is merciful and good to all his creatures; and will be ever ready to aſſiſt and reward thoſe, who endeavour to conform themſelves to his will: but whoſe juſtice, at the ſame time, accompanying his mercy, will puniſh the bold and careleſs ſinner in proportion to his guilt. *Gilpin.*

§ 44. *On the Creed continued—the Belief of Jeſus Chriſt.*

After profeſſing our belief in God, the creed proceeds with a profeſſion of our belief "in Jeſus Chriſt, his ſon, our Lord."

A perſon celebrated as Jeſus Chriſt was, we may ſuppoſe, would naturally find a place in the profane hiſtory of his times. It may not be amiſs, therefore, to introduce the evidence we are about to collect, with the teſtimony of ſome of the more eminent of the heathen writers, who have mentioned him. They will at leaſt inform us, that ſuch a perſon lived at the time we aſſert; and that he was the author of a new religion.—I ſhall quote only Suetonius, Tacitus, and Pliny.

Suetonius *, tells us, that "the emperor Claudius drove all the Jews from Rome, who, at the inſtigation of one Chriſt, were continually making diſturbances."

Tacitus †, ſpeaking of the perſecution of chriſtians, tells us, "that the author of

* In vita Claud. Cæſ. † Lib. 15.

that name was Christ, who was put to death by Pontius Pilate, in the reign of Tiberius."

Pliny's * testimony is more large. It is contained in a letter, written to the emperor Trajan, desiring his instructions with regard to christians. He blames their obstinacy in refusing to sacrifice to the Roman deities—but from their own confession can draw nothing, but that they assemble, on a certain day, before sun-rise—that they pay divine honours to Christ as a God—that they bind themselves by a sacrament not to steal, nor to commit adultery, nor to deceive—and that, after the performance of these rites, they join in one common meal. Nay, he examined, he says, two of them by torture: yet still he finds nothing obnoxious in their behaviour, except their absurd superstitions. He thinks, however, the matter should be inquired into: for christianity had brought religion into great disuse. The markets were crowded with victims; and scarce a purchaser came near them.

These writers afford us sufficient testimony, that Jesus Christ lived at the time we assert; and that he was the author of a new religion. They had opportunities of being well informed; could have no interest in falsifying; were no converts to the new sect; but talk of Christ, only as they would of any singular person, whom they had occasion to mention. Their testimony therefore is beyond cavil.

Let us now proceed a step farther, and examine the scripture evidence of Christ, which proves not only his existence; but that he is our Lord, or the Messiah—and not only that he was the author of a new religion; but that this religion is true.

* Lib. 10.

Upon examining the grand scripture evidence on this head, we find the greatest stress laid upon miracles and prophecies: both of which are direct appeals to God, by a claim to supernatural power. And though both these modes of evidence are calculated as well for us who live in remoter times, as for those who lived in the earliest; yet the evidence from miracles seems more particularly addressed to them; as that from prophecy is to us. They were the eye-witnesses of the miracles of the gospel, of which we have only the evidence at second-hand. Whereas prophecy is a mode of evidence, which increases through every age. The early christians had it in part; but to us this amazing web is still more unfolded; and more of its wonderful texture displayed.—Let us examine each in its order.

Among the eye-witnesses of the gospel miracles, were many learned men, as well as unlearned. The former had opportunity and abilities to examine the works before them; to trace out fraud, if any such were latent; and did unquestionably receive them with all that circumspection which was due to such wonderful exhibitions, before they embraced the christian faith: while the most ignorant spectator was a competent judge of matter of fact; and many of our Saviour's miracles were such as could not possibly, from the nature of the facts themselves, be coloured with fraud.

It had a strange sound to the prejudices of mankind, that a crucified malefactor was the Saviour of the world; and we cannot suppose, that any man, much less that a multitude of men, would embrace such a belief without clear conviction: especially as no worldly advantage lay on the side of this belief; and the convert even renounced the world,

world, and embraced a life of perſecution.—Let us conſider the ſingle miracle of Chriſt's reſurrection. Jeſus had frequently mentioned it before his death; and the thing was ſo far in general credited, that the ſepulchre was ſealed, and an armed guard appointed to watch it. We may well ſuppoſe, therefore, that his favourers would naturally, upon this occaſion, reaſon thus: "Jeſus hath now put his pretenſions upon a fair iſſue. He hath told us, he will ariſe from the dead on the third day:—here then let us ſuſpend our judgment, and wait the reſult. Three days will determine whether he be an impoſtor, or the real Meſſiah."—It is very natural to ſuppoſe, that the favourers of Jeſus would reaſon, after his death, in a manner like this: and it is beyond credibility, that any of them would have continued his diſciples, had they found him falſifying in this point. But we know they did continue his diſciples after this. We know alſo, that many proſelytes, convinced by this very event, embraced the chriſtian religion.—We have all the reaſon in the world therefore to believe, that they were fully ſatisfied. His miracles were to them a ſufficient proof of his pretenſions. All candid men would have acquieſced, as they did; and in their belief we have a very ſtrong foundation for our own.

Again, with regard to prophecy, we obſerve, that the writers of the Old Teſtament ſeem, in various parts, to characterize ſome extraordinary perſon, who was in proceſs of time to make his appearance in the world. The marks are peculiar, and can neither be miſtaken nor miſapplied. "He was to be born of a virgin—he was to turn the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—though dignified with the characters of a prince, he was to be a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief—though deſcribed to be without ſin, he was to be numbered with tranſgreſſors——his hands and his feet were to be pierced—he was to be made an offering for ſin—and was never to ſee corruption."—Theſe prophecies were publiſhed many hundred years before the birth of Chriſt; and had been all along in the hands, not only of the Jews, but of all men of letters.—The Old Teſtament had been early tranſlated into the Greek language; and received into the politeſt libraries of thoſe times.

With theſe ideas, let us open the New Teſtament, and it is obvious that no picture can be more like its original, than theſe prophecies of Chriſt in one Teſtament, are to his hiſtory in the other. Here we ſee that extraordinary virgin-birth unravelled.—Here we ſee a life ſpent in turning the hearts of the diſobedient to the wiſdom of the juſt—Here we find the prince of his people, a man of ſorrows, and acquainted with grief.——Here we ſee the Lord of righteouſneſs numbered with tranſgreſſors—we ſee his hands and his feet pierced—we ſee him made an offering for ſin—and we ſee realized that extraordinary idea of death without corruption.

It were an eaſy matter to carry this compariſon through a more minute detail of circumſtances: but I mean only to trace the outlines of this great reſemblance. To compleat the picture would be a copious work.

Beſides theſe predictions, which related immediately to the life and death of Chriſt; there were many others, which deſerve notice. Among theſe the two great leading prophecies were thoſe of the calling of the Gentiles, and of the diſperſion of the Jews.

The calling of the Gentiles was one of the earlieſt prophecies of the Old Teſtament. The Jews were diſtinguiſhed in appearance,

as the favourite people of God; and they were sufficiently elated upon that distinction. But if they had attended closely to their prophets, they might have discovered, that all the prophecies, which described the happy state of the church, had evidently a more distant prospect, than to them. Those early promises, in particular, which were repeated to the patriarchs, were not merely confined to their posterity; but included "all the nations of the earth *."—And when the later prophets, as the great event approached, spoke a plainer, and a more intelligible language, the whole nation might have understood, as Simeon, and some of the wisest and most intelligible of them did understand, that "a light was sprung up to lighten the Gentiles."

The prophecy of the dispersion of the Jewish nation is also very antient, being attributed by Moses to the patriarch Jacob. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, until Shiloh come." Whatever may be the precise meaning of the word 'sceptre' in the original; and though it may not perhaps properly signify that idea of regal power, which it conveys to our ears; yet it certainly means some badge of authority, that implies a formed and settled government. And as to the word 'Shiloh,' all commentators, jewish as well as christian, explain it to mean the Messiah—The sense therefore of the prophecy is plainly this—that the Jews should continue in the form of a society, till the time of the Messiah. Accordingly we find that, soon after Christ's death, the sceptre did depart from Judah; the Jews lost all form of a political society; and are a singular instance of a people, scattered over the whole earth, preserved to this day separate from all other people, and yet without a settlement any where.

Our Saviour's prophecy of the growth of his church, is likewise among the more remarkable predictions. He told his disciples, that "his religion was like a grain of mustard-seed, which was the least of all seeds; but when it grew up, it should become a great tree, and the fowls of the air should lodge in the branches of it." He told them also, that "the gates of hell should never prevail against it."

The Jewish religion was continually enforced by the idea of a jealous God, watching over it, and threatening judgments from heaven upon every transgression. The divine authority was stamped openly upon it. The people trembled, and worshipped.

When the impostor Mahomet set up for a reformer, he could not indeed enforce his religion by divine judgments; but he did it by temporal. He drew his sword, and held it to the breasts of his opposers; while he promised to the obedient a full gratification of their passions.

But in the christian religion, nothing of this kind appeared. No temporal judgments threatened on one hand: no sensual indulgences allured on the other. A few desponding ignorant mechanics, the disciples of a person crucified as a common malefactor, were all the parade, with which this religion was ushered into the world; and all the human assistance which it had to boast.——And yet this religion, which opposed the strongest prejudices, and was opposed by the greatest princes, made its way in a few years, from a remote corner, through the whole Roman empire.——Thus was our Saviour's prophecy, in opposition to all human calculation,

* See Gen. xii. 3. xviii. 8. xxii. 18. xxvi. 4.

tion, exactly fulfilled. The least of all seeds became a spreading tree; and a church was established, which could not be destroyed by all the powers of hell.

But although the church of Christ could not be destroyed, it was corrupted; and in a course of years fell from its genuine purity. This corrupt state of it—the delusions of popery—the efforts of reformation, and various other circumstances relating to it, are not unreasonably supposed to be held forth, in the prophetic parts of the New Testament.

But I forbear to dwell upon prophecies, which are not obvious enough to carry general conviction; though many of them have been well explained by those *, who are versed in the histories to which they allude. Future times will, in all probability, reflect a stronger light upon them. Some of the great prophecies, which we have just considered, shone but with a feeble ray, during the times they were fulfilling, though they now strike us in so forcible a manner. *Gilpin.*

§ 45. *The Creed continued—Conception and Birth of Christ, &c.*

We have now shewn upon what foundation we believe the second article of our creed; let us next consider the remaining articles—the history of Christ, as delivered in scripture, and the benefits which he procured for us—the assistance of the Holy Spirit—the remission of our sins—and everlasting life.

First, then, we believe that Christ was "conceived of the Holy Ghost, and born of the virgin Mary." The manner of this miraculous conception we inquire not into. It is a point not only beyond the limits of human inquiry; but to us at least a point very unimportant. We believe just the Scripture-account of it, and assure ourselves, that if it had concerned us, it would have been more plainly revealed.—One thing, however, we may observe on this head, that nothing is said in Scripture of paying divine honours to the virgin Mary. Those rites are totally of popish origin.

We farther believe, that Christ "suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried; and that he descended into hell," ——that is, we declare our belief of the Scripture-account of the circumstances and the reality of Christ's death.

To make an action clear, it is necessary, first, to establish its date. This is usually done by ranging it under the magistrate who then presided, the time of whose government is always registered in some public record.—Thus we believe that Christ's death happened when Pontius Pilate was governor of Judea. We believe also, with regard to the manner of his death, that he was crucified; that he died as really as any mortal ever did; and that he was buried in the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea *.

The "descent into hell" is undoubtedly a more obscure expression than might be wished in a creed, and was not indeed added till many ages after the creed was first composed †. But as creeds are human compositions, we believe this, and every other difficulty, only as consistent with Scripture. Now the sense which seems most agreeable to Scrip-

* See Bishop Newton's Dissertations; and Bishop Hurd's sermons on prophecy.

* Isaiah foretold he should "make his grave with the rich." And St. Matthew tells us, that ὀψιας γενομενες, ηλθεν ανθρωπος πλουσιος. Matt. xxvii. 57. Isaiah liii. 9.

† See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iii. c. 3.

ture, is, that his ſoul remained till his reſurrection in that place (whatever that place is) where the ſpirits of the bleſſed reſt: and the expreſſion ſeems to have been added, only that we may the more ſtrongly expreſs our belief of the reality of his death. This we do, when we expreſs our belief of the ſeparation of his ſoul and body. "He was buried,"—and "deſcended into hell." The firſt expreſſion relates to his body, which was laid in the grave; the ſecond to his ſoul, which paſſed into the place of departed ſpirits.

We farther believe, that "on the third day he roſe again from the dead." The reſurrection of Chriſt from the dead is a point of the utmoſt importance to chriſtians. On the certainty of Chriſt's reſurrection depend all hopes of our own. On this article, therefore, we ſhall be more large.

And, in the firſt place, what is there in it that need ſhock our reaſon? It was a wonderful event: but is not nature full of wonderful events? When we ſeriouſly weigh the matter, is it leſs ſtrange, that a grain of corn thrown into the ground ſhould die, and riſe again with new vegetation, than that a human body, in the ſame circumſtances, ſhould aſſume new life? The commonneſs of the former makes it familiar to us, but not in any degree leſs unaccountable. Are we at all more acquainted with the manner in which grain germinates, than with the manner in which a body is raiſed from the dead? And is it not obviouſly ſtriking, that the ſame power which can effect the one, may effect the other alſo?—But analogy, though it tend to convince, is no proof. Let us proceed then to matter of fact.

That the body was dead, and ſafely lodged in the tomb, and afterwards conveyed out of it, was agreed on, both by thoſe who oppoſed, and by thoſe who favoured the reſurrection. In the circumſtances of the latter fact, they differ widely.

The diſciples tell their ſtory—a very plain and ſimple one—that, ſcarce expecting the event, notwithſtanding their maſter had himſelf foretold it, they were ſurpriſed with an account that the body was gone—that they found afterwards, to their great aſtoniſhment, that their maſter was again alive—that they had been ſeveral times with him; and appealed for the truth of what they ſaid to great numbers, who, as well as themſelves, had ſeen him after his reſurrection.

The chief prieſts, on the other ſide, declared the whole to be a forgery; aſſerting, that the plain matter of fact was, the diſciples came by night, and ſtole the body away, while the ſoldiers ſlept.

Such a tale, unſupported by evidence, would be liſtened to in no court of juſtice. It has not even the air of probability. Can it be ſuppoſed, that the diſciples, who had fled with terror when they might have reſcued their maſter's life; would venture, in the face of an armed guard, to carry off his dead body?—Or is it more probable, that they found the whole guard aſleep; when we know, that the vigilance of centinels is ſecured by the ſtricteſt diſcipline?—Beſides, what advantage could ariſe from ſuch an attempt? If they miſcarried, it was certain ruin, both to them and their cauſe. If they ſucceeded, it is difficult to ſay what uſe they could make of their ſucceſs. Unleſs they could have produced their dead body alive, the ſecond error would be worſe than the firſt. Their maſter's prophecy of his own reſurrection was an unhappy circumſtance; yet ſtill it was wrapped in a veil of obſcurity.

But

But if his disciples endeavoured to prove its completion, its was their business to look well to the event. A detection would be such a comment upon their master's text, as would never be forgotten.—When a cause depends on falsehood, every body knows, the less it is moved the better.

This was the case of the other side. Obscurity there was wanted. If the chief priests had any proof, why did they not produce it? Why were not the disciples taken up, and examined upon the fact? They never absconded. Why were they not judicially tried? Why was not the trial made public? and why were not authentic memorials of the fraud handed down to posterity; as authentic memorials were of the fact, recorded at the very time, and place, where it happened? Christianity never wanted enemies to propagate its disparagement.—But nothing of this kind was done. No proof was attempted—except indeed the testimony of men asleep. The disciples were never questioned upon the fact; and the chief priests rested satisfied with spreading an inconsistent rumour among the people, impressed merely by their own authority.

Whatever records of heathen origin remain, evince the truth of the resurrection. One is very remarkable. Pontius Pilate sent the emperor Tiberius a relation of the death and resurrection of Christ; which were recorded at Rome, as usual, among other provincial matters. This intelligence made so great an impression, it seems, upon the emperor, that he referred it to the senate, whether Jesus Christ of Judea should not be taken into the number of the Roman gods?—Our belief of this fact is chiefly founded upon the testimony of Justin Martyr, and Tertullian, two learned heathens, in the age succeeding Christ, who became christians from this very evidence, among others, in favour of christianity. In their apologies *, still extant, one of which was made to the senate of Rome, the other to a Roman governor, they both appeal to these records of Pontius Pilate, as then generally known; which we cannot conceive such able apologists would have done, if no such records had ever existed †.

Having seen what was of old objected to the resurrection of Christ, it may be proper also to see the objections of modern disbelievers.

And, first, we have the stale objection, that nothing is more common among the propagators of every new religion, than to delude their ignorant proselytes with idle stories. What a variety of inconsistent tales did the votaries of heathenism believe! What absurdities are adopted into the Mahometan creed! To what strange facts do the vulgar papists give credit! And can we suppose better of the resurrection of Christ, than that it was

* Just. Mart. Apol. ad Anton. P.——Tertull. Apol. cap. 15.

† The acts of Pilate, as they are called, are often treated with contempt; for no reason, that I know. I never met with any thing against them of more authority than a sneer. Probable they certainly were; and a bare probability, when nothing opposes it, has its weight. But here the probability is strengthened by no small degree of positive evidence; which, if the reader wishes to see collected in one point of view, I refer him to the article of "Christ's suffering under Pontius Pilate," in Bishop Pearson's exposition of the Creed.

Among other authorities, that of the learned commentator on Eusebius, is worth remarking: "Fuere genuina Pilati acta; ad quæ provocabant primi christiani, tanquam ad certissima fidei monumenta."

one of those pious frauds, intended merely to impose upon the people, and advance the credit of the new sect?

This is just as easily said, as that his disciples stole him away, while the guard slept. Both are assertions without proof.

Others have objected Christ's partial discovery of himself, after his resurrection. If he had boldly shewn himself to the chief priests; or publickly to all the people; we might have had a more rational foundation for our belief. But as he had only for his witnesses, upon this occasion, a few of his chosen companions, the thing has certainly a more secret appearance than might be wished.

This insinuation is founded upon a passage in the acts of the apostles, in which it is said, that "God shewed him openly, not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God." The question is, what is meant by witnesses chosen before of God? Certainly nothing more than persons expressly, and by particular designation, intended to be the witnesses of this event. Others might see him if they pleased; but these were not the people, to whom God shewed him openly: this particular designation was confined to the "chosen witnesses."—And is there any thing more in this, than we see daily in all legal proceedings? Does not every body wish to have the fact, about which he is concerned, authenticated by indubitable records; or by living testimony, if it can be had? Do we not procure the hands of witnesses, appointed to this purpose, in all our deeds and writings?—Let us not, however, answer the objection by an arbitrary explanation of the text; but let us compare this explanation with the matter of fact.

On the morning of the resurrection, the apostles, who ran to the sepulchre to make themselves acquainted with what they had heard, received a message from their master, injoining them to meet him in Galilee. It does not appear, that this message was conveyed with any secrecy: it is rather probable it was not; and that the disciples told it to as many as they met. The women, it is expressly said, told it "to the eleven, and all the rest." Who the rest were, does not appear: but it is plain, from the sequel, that the thing was generally known; and that as many as chose either to satisfy their faith, or gratify their curiosity, repaired for that purpose to Galilee. And thus we find St. Peter making a distinction between the voluntary and the chosen witnesses—between those "who had companied with the apostles all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, from his baptism till his ascension," and those who "were ordained to be the witnesses of his resurrection *."

St. Paul goes farther, and in express words tells us, that Christ was seen † "after his resurrection of above five hundred brethren at once:" and it is probable, from the expression, "at once," that he was seen, at different times, by many more.

If then Christ thus appeared in Galilee to as many as chose to see him; or even if he appeared only to five hundred people, of whom St. Paul tells us the greatest part were still alive, when he wrote this epistle, there can surely be no reasonable cause of offence at his appearing, besides these, to a few of his chosen companions, who attended by express appointment, as persons designed to record the event.

In fact, if the same method be pursued in this inquiry, which is usual in all others, the

* Acts i. 21. † 1 Cor. xv.

evidence

evidence of these chosen companions is all that is necessary. Here are twelve men produced (in general three or four men are thought sufficient) on whose evidence the fact depends. Are they competent witnesses? Have they those marks about them, which characterize men of integrity? Can they be challenged on any one ground of rational exception? If not, their evidence is as strictly legal, as full, and as satisfactory, as any reasonable man can require.——But in this great cause, we see the evidence is carried still farther. Here are five hundred persons waiting without, ready to add their testimony, if any one should require it, to what has already been more than legally proved. So that the argument even addresses itself to that absurd distinction, which we often find in the cavils of infidelity, between *rem certam*, and *rem certissimam*.

Upon the whole, then, we may affirm boldly, that this great event of the resurrection of Christ is founded upon evidence equal to the importance of it. If we expect still more, our answer is upon record: "If ye believe not Moses and the prophets," God's ordinary means of salvation, "neither will ye be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."—There must be bounds in all human evidence; and he who will believe nothing, unless he have every possible mode of proof, must be an infidel in almost every transaction of life. With such persons there is no reasoning. They who are not satisfied, because Christ did not appear in open parade at Jerusalem; would farther have asked, if he had appeared in the manner they expected, why did he not appear to every nation upon earth? Or, perhaps, why he did not shew himself to every individual?

To these objections may be added a scruple, taken from a passage of Scripture, in which it is said that "Christ should lie three days and three nights in the heart of the earth;" whereas, in fact, he only lay two nights, one whole day, and a part of two others.

But no figure in speech is more common than that of putting a part for the whole. In the Hebrew language perhaps this licence is more admissible, than in any other. A day and a night complete one whole day: and as our Saviour lay in the ground a part of every one of these three portions of time, he might be said, by an easy liberty of speech, to have lain the whole. *Gilpin.*

§ 46. *Creed continued.—Christ's Ascension.—Belief in the Holy Ghost.*

We believe farther, that Christ "ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right-hand of God."

Christ's ascension into heaven rests on the same kind of proof, as his resurrection. Both of them are events, which the apostles were "ordained to witness." But though their testimony in this case, as well as in the resurrection, is certainly the most legal, and authentic proof, and fully sufficient for any reasonable man; yet this does not exclude the voluntary testimony of others. It is evident, that the apostles were not the sole eye-witnesses of this event: for when St. Peter called together the first assembly of the church to chuse a successor to Judas Iscariot, he tells them, they must necessarily chuse one, out of those men, who had been witnesses of all that Christ did, from his baptism "till his ascension:" and we find, there were in that meeting an hundred and twenty persons *, thus qualified.

Be it however as it will, if this article

* See Acts i. 15.

ſhould reſt on a leſs formal proof, than the reſurrection, it is of no great conſequence: for if the reſurrection be fully proved, nobody can well deny the aſcenſion. If the teſtimony of the evangeliſts be allowed to prove the one; their word may be taken to eſtabliſh the other.

With regard to "the right hand of God," it is a ſcriptural expreſſion uſed merely in conformity to our groſs conceptions; and is not intended to imply any diſtinction of parts, but merely the idea of pre-eminence.

We believe farther, that "Chriſt ſhall come to judge the quick and the dead."

This article contains the moſt ſerious truth, that ever was revealed to mankind. In part it was an article of the heathen creed. To unenlightened nature it ſeemed probable, that, as we had reaſon given us for a guide, we ſhould hereafter be accountable for its abuſe: and the poets, who were the prophets of early days, and durſt deliver thoſe truths under the veil of fable, which the philoſopher kept more to himſelf, give us many traits of the popular belief on this ſubject *. But the goſpel alone threw a full light upon this awful truth.

In examining this great article, the curioſity of human nature, ever delighting to explore unbeaten regions, hath often been tempted, beyond its limits, into fruitleſs inquiries; ſcrutinizing the time of this event; and ſettling, with vain preciſion, the circumſtances of it. All curioſity of this kind is idle at leaſt, if not preſumptuous. When the Almighty hath thrown a veil over any part of his diſpenſation, it is the folly of man to endeavour to draw it aſide.

* See particularly the 6th Book of Virgil's Æn.

Let us then leave all fruitleſs inquiries about this great event; and employ our thoughts chiefly upon ſuch circumſtances of it as moſt concern us.—Let us animate our hopes with the ſoothing reflection, that we have our ſentence, in a manner, in our own power,—that the ſame gracious goſpel, which directs our lives, ſhall direct the judgment we receive,—that the ſame gracious perſon ſhall be our judge, who died for our ſins—and that his goodneſs, we are aſſured, will ſtill operate towards us; and make the kindeſt allowances for all our infirmities.

But leſt our hopes ſhould be too buoyant, let us conſider, on the other hand, what an awful detail againſt us will then appear. The ſubject of that grand enquiry will be all our tranſgreſſions of known duty—all our omiſſions of knowing better—our ſecret intentions—our indulged evil thoughts—the bad motives, which often accompany our moſt plauſible actions—and, we are told, even our idle words.—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."—Then ſhall it be known, whether we have anſwered the great ends of life?—Whether we have made this world ſubſervient to a better?—Whether we have prepared ourſelves for a ſtate of happineſs in heaven, by endeavouring to communicate happineſs to our fellow-creatures upon earth? Whether we have reſtrained our appetites, and paſſions; and reduced them within the bounds of reaſon and religion? Or, whether we have given ourſelves up to pleaſure, gain, or ambition; and formed ſuch attachments to this world, as fit us for nothing elſe; and leave us no hopes either of gaining, or of enjoying a better? It will be happy for us, if on all theſe heads of inquiry, we can anſwer without diſmay.—Worldly diſtinctions, we know, will then be of no avail. The proudeſt of them

them will be then confounded. "Naked came we into the world; and naked muſt we return." We can carry nothing beyond the grave, but our virtues, and our vices.

I ſhall conclude what hath been ſaid on the laſt judgment with a collection of paſſages on this head from Scripture; where only our ideas of it can be obtained. And though moſt of theſe paſſages are figurative; yet as figures are intended to illuſtrate realities, and are indeed the only illuſtrations of which this ſubject is capable, we may take it for granted, that theſe figurative expreſſions are intended to convey a juſt idea of the truth.—With a view to make the more impreſſion upon you, I ſhall place theſe paſſages in a regular ſeries, though collected from various parts.

"The Lord himſelf ſhall deſcend from heaven with his holy angels—The trumpet ſhall ſound; and all that are in the grave ſhall hear his voice, and come forth—Then ſhall he ſit upon the throne of his glory; and all nations ſhall be gathered before him—the books ſhall be opened; and men ſhall be judged according to their works.—They who have ſinned without law, ſhall periſh, (that is, be judged) without law; and they who have ſinned in the law, ſhall be judged by the law.—Unto whomſoever much is given, of him ſhall be much required.—Then ſhall he ſay to them on his right hand, Come, ye bleſſed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you. And to them on his left, Depart from me, ye curſed, into everlaſting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.—Then ſhall the righteous ſhine forth in the preſence of their Father; while the wicked ſhall go into everlaſting puniſhment: there ſhall be wailing and gnaſhing of teeth.—What manner of perſons ought we then to be in all holy converſation, and godlineſs? looking for, and haſtening unto, the day of our Lord; when the heavens being on fire, ſhall be diſſolved, and the elements ſhall melt with fervent heat.—Wherefore, beloved, ſeeing that we look for ſuch things, let us be diligent, that we may be found of him in peace, without ſpot, and blameleſs; that each of us may receive that bleſſed ſentence, "Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant: thou haſt been faithful over a little, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

We believe, farther, in "the Holy Ghoſt;" that is, we believe every thing which the Scriptures tell us of the Holy Spirit of God.—We enquire not into the nature of its union with the Godhead. We take it for granted, that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghoſt, have ſome kind of union, and ſome kind of diſtinction; becauſe both this union, and this diſtinction are plainly pointed out in Scripture; but how they exiſt we enquire not; concluding here, as in other points of difficulty, that if a clearer information had been neceſſary, it would have been afforded.

With regard to the operations of the Holy Spirit of God, (beſides which, little more on this head is revealed) we believe, that it directed the apoſtles, and enabled them to propagate the goſpel—and that it will aſſiſt all good men in the conſcientious diſcharge of a pious life.

The Scripture doctrine, with regard to the aſſiſtance we receive from the Holy Spirit of God (which is the moſt eſſential part of this article) is briefly this:

Our beſt endeavours are inſufficient. We are unprofitable ſervants, after all; and cannot pleaſe God, unleſs ſanctified and aſſiſted by his Holy Spirit. Hence the life of a good man hath been ſometimes called a ſtanding mi-

racle; something beyond the common course of nature. To attain any degree of goodness, we must be supernaturally assisted.

At the same time, we are assured of this assistance, if we strive to obtain it by fervent prayer, and a pious life. If we trust in ourselves, we shall fail. If we trust in God, without doing all we can ourselves, we shall fail likewise. And if we continue obstinate in our perverseness, we may at length totally incapacitate ourselves from being the temples of the Holy Ghost,

And indeed what is there in all this, which common life does not daily illustrate? Is any thing more common, than for the intellect of one man to assist that of another? Is not the whole scheme of education an effusion of knowledge and virtue not our own? Is it not evident too, that nothing of this kind can be communicated without application on the part of the learner? Are not the efforts of the teacher in a manner necessarily proportioned to this application? If the learner becomes languid in his pursuits, are not the endeavours of the teacher of course discouraged? And will they not at length wholly fail, if it be found in the end they answer no purpose?—In a manner analogous to this, the Holy Spirit of God co-operates with the endeavours of man. Our endeavours are necessary to obtain God's assistance: and the more earnestly these endeavours are exerted, the measure of this grace will of course be greater.

But, on the other hand, if these endeavours languish, the assistance of Heaven will lessen in proportion; and if we behave with obstinate perverseness, it will by degrees wholly fail. It will not always strive with man; but will leave him a melancholy prey to his own vicious inclinations.

As to the manner, in which this spiritual assistance is conveyed, we make no inquiry. We can as little comprehend it, as we can the action of our souls upon our bodies. We are sensible, that our souls do act upon our bodies; and it is a belief equally consonant to reason, that the divine influence may act upon our souls. The advocate for natural religion need not be reminded, that among the heathens a divine influence was a received opinion. The priests of every oracle were supposed to be inspired by their gods; and the heroes of antiquity were universally believed to act under the influence of a supernatural assistance; by which it was conceived they performed actions beyond human power.—This shews, at least, that there is nothing in this doctrine repugnant to reason. *Gilpin.*

§ 47. *Creed continued.—The Holy Catholic Church, &c.*

We believe, farther, in the "holy catholic church," and the "communion of saints."

"I believe in the holy catholic church," is certainly a very obscure expression to a protestant; as it is very capable of a popish construction, implying our trust in the infallibility of the church; whereas we attribute infallibility to no church upon earth. The most obvious sense, therefore, in which it can be considered as a protestant article of our belief, is this, that we call no particular society of christians a holy catholic church; but believe, that all true and sincere christians, of whatever communion, or particular opinion, shall be the objects of God's mercy. The patriarchal covenant was confined to a few. The Jewish church stood also on a very narrow basis. But the christian church, we believe, is truly catholic: its gracious offers are made to all mankind;

mankind; and God through Christ will take out of every nation such as shall be saved.'

The "communion of saints,' is an expression equally obscure: and whatever might have been the original meaning of it, it certainly does not resolve itself into a very obvious one to us. If we say we mean by it, that good christians living together on earth, should exercise all offices of charity among themselves, no one will contradict the article; but many perhaps may ask, Why is it made an article of faith? It relates not so much to faith, as to practice: and the ten commandments might just as well be introduced as articles of our belief.

To this I can only suggest that it may have a place among the articles of our creed, as a test of our enlarged ideas of christianity, and as opposed to the narrow-mindedness of some christians, who harbour very uncharitable opinions against all who are not of their own church; and scruple not to shew their opinions by uncharitable actions. The papists particularly deny salvation to any but those of their own communion, and persecute those of other persuasions where they have the power.—In opposition to this, we profess our belief of the great christian law of charity. We believe we ought to think charitably of good christians of all denominations; and ought to practise a free and unrestrained communion of charitable offices towards them.

In this light the second part of the article depends upon the first. By the "holy catholic church," we mean all sincere christians, of whatever church, or peculiarity of opinion; and by "the communion of saints." A kind and charitable behaviour towards them.

Though it is probable this was not the original meaning of the article, yet as the reformers of the liturgy did not think it proper to make an alteration, we are led to seek such a sense as appears most consistent with scripture.

—We are assured, that this article, as well as the "descent into hell," is not of the same antiquity as the rest of the creed *.

We profess our belief farther in the "forgiveness of sins."—The Scripture-doctrine of sin, and of the guilt, which arises from it, is this:

Man was originally created in a state of innocence, yet liable to fall. Had he persevered in his obedience, he might have enjoyed that happiness, which is the consequence of perfect virtue. But when this happy state was lost, his passions and appetites became disordered, and prone to evil. Since that time we have all been, more or less, involved in sin, and are all therefore, in the Scripture-language, "under the curse;" that is, we are naturally in a state of unpardoned guilt.

In this mournful exigence, what was to be done? In a state of nature, it is true, we might be sorry for our sins. Nature too might dictate repentance. But sorrow and repentance, though they may put us on our guard, for the future, can make no atonement for sins already committed. A resolution to run no more into debt may make us cautious; but can never discharge a debt already contracted †.

* See Bingham's Antiquities, vol. iv. chap. 3.

† Thus Mr. Jenyns expresses the same thing: "The punishment of vice is a debt due to justice, "which cannot be remitted without compensation: "repentance can be no compensation. It may "change a wicked man's dispositions, and prevent "his offending for the future; but can lay no "claim to pardon for what is past. If any one "by profligacy and extravagance contracts a debt, "repentance may make him wiser, and hinder "him from running into farther distresses, but "can never pay off his old bonds, for which he "must be ever accountable, unless they are discharged by himself, or some other in his stead."

View of the Intern. Evid. p. 112.

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In this diſtreſs of nature, Jeſus Chriſt came into the world. He threw a light upon the gloom that ſurrounded us.—He ſhewed us, that in this world we were loſt—that the law of nature could not ſave us—that the tenor of that law was perfect obedience, with which we could not comply—but that God—thro' his mediation, offered us a method of regaining happineſs—that he came to make that atonement for us, which we could not make for ourſelves—and to redeem us from that guilt, which would otherwiſe overwhelm us—that faith and obedience were, on our parts, the conditions required in this gracious covenant—and that God promiſed us, on his, the pardon of our ſins, and everlaſting life—that we were firſt therefore to be made holy through the goſpel of Chriſt, and then we might expect ſalvation through his death: "Us, who were dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, would he quicken. Chriſt would redeem us from the curſe of the law. By grace we ſhould be ſaved thro' faith; and that not of ourſelves: it was the gift of God. Not of works, leſt any man ſhould boaſt." *Gilpin.*

§ 48. *Creed continued—Reſurrection of the Body.*

We believe farther "in the reſurrection of the body."—This article preſumes our belief in the immortality of the ſoul.

What that principle of life is, which we call the ſoul; how it is diſtinguiſhed from mere animal life; how it is connected with the body; and in what ſtate it ſubſiſts, when its bodily functions ceaſe; are among thoſe indiſſoluble queſtions, with which nature every where abounds. But notwithſtanding the difficulties, which attend the diſcuſſion of theſe queſtions, the truth itſelf hath in all ages of the world been the popular creed. Men believed their ſouls were immortal from their own feelings, ſo impreſſed with an expectation of immortality—from obſerving the progreſſive ſtate of the ſoul, capable, even after the body had attained its full ſtrength, of ſtill higher improvements both in knowledge, and in habits of virtue—from the analogy of all nature, dying and reviving in every part—from their ſituation here ſo apparently incomplete in itſelf; and from a variety of other topics, which the reaſon of man was able to ſuggeſt.—But though nature could obſcurely ſuggeſt this great truth; yet Chriſtianity alone threw a clear light upon it, and impreſſed it with a full degree of conviction upon our minds.

But the article before us proceeds a ſtep farther. It not only implies the immortality of the ſoul; but aſſerts the reſurrection of the body—Nor was this doctrine wholly new to nature. In its conceptions of a future life, we always find the ſoul in an imbodied ſtate. It was airy indeed, and bloodleſs; but ſtill it had the parts of a human body, and could perform all its operations.

In theſe particulars the Scripture does not gratify our curioſity. From various paſſages we are led to believe, that the body ſhall certainly riſe again: but in what manner, or of what ſubſtance, we pretend not to examine. We learn "that it is ſown in corruption, and raiſed in incorruption; that it is ſown in diſhonour, and raiſed in glory; that it is ſown a natural body, and raiſed a ſpiritual body:" from all which we gather, that whatever ſameneſs our bodies may have, they will hereafter take a more ſpiritualized nature; and will not be ſubject to thoſe infirmities, to which they were ſubject on earth. Farther on this head, it behoves us not to inquire.

Inſtead, therefore, of entering into any metaphyſical

taphyſical diſquiſitions of identity, or any other curious points in which this deep ſubject might engage us, all which, as they are founded upon uncertainty, muſt end in doubt, it is better to draw this doctrine, as well as all others, into practical uſe: and the uſe we ought to make of it is, to pay that regard to our bodies, which is due to them—not vainly to adorn—not luxuriouſly to pamper them; but to keep them as much as poſſible from the pollutions of the world; and to lay them down in the grave undefiled, there to be ſealed up in expectation of a bleſſed reſurrection.

Laſtly, we believe "in the life everlaſting:" in which article we expreſs our faith in the eternity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments.

This article is nearly related to the laſt, and is involved in the ſame obſcurity. In what the reward of the virtuous will conſiſt, after death, our reaſon gives us no information. Conjecture indeed it will, in a matter which ſo nearly concerns us; and it hath conjectured in all ages: but information it hath none, except from the word of God; and even there, our limited capacities can receive it only in general and figurative expreſſions. We are told, "there will then reign fulneſs of joy, and pleaſures for evermore—that the righteous ſhall have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away—where they ſhall ſhine forth, as the ſun, in the preſence of their father—where error, and ſin, and miſery ſhall be no more—where ſhall be aſſembled an innumerable company of angels, the general aſſembly of the church, the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect—that they ſhall neither hunger nor thirſt any more—that all tears ſhall be wiped from their eyes—that there ſhall be neither death, nor ſorrow, nor pain."

From theſe, and ſuch expreſſions as theſe, though we cannot collect the entire nature of a future ſtate of happineſs, yet we can eaſily gather a few circumſtances, which muſt of courſe attend it; as, that it will be very great—that it will laſt for ever—that it will be of a nature entirely different from the happineſs of this world—that, as in this world, our paſſions and appetites prevail; in the next, reaſon and virtue will have the ſuperiority—"hunger and thirſt, tears and ſorrow," we read, "will be no more"—that is, all uneaſy paſſions and appetites will then be annihilated—all vain fears will be then removed—all anxious and intruding cares—and we ſhall feel ourſelves compleat and perfect; and our happineſs, not dependent, as here, upon a thouſand precarious circumſtances, both within and without ourſelves, but conſiſtent, uniform, and ſtable.

On the other hand, we pretend not to inquire in what the puniſhment of the wicked conſiſts. In the Scripture we find many expreſſions, from which we gather, that it will be very great. It is there called, "an everlaſting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels—where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where ſhall be weeping, and gnaſhing of teeth—where the wicked ſhall drink of the wrath of God, poured without mixture into the cup of his indignation—where they ſhall have no reſt, neither by day nor night."

Though it becomes us certainly to put our interpretations with the greateſt caution and humility upon ſuch paſſages as theſe; yet "the worm that never dieth," and "the fire that is never quenched," are ſtrong expreſſions, and hardly to be evaded by any refinements of verbal criticiſm. Let the deiſt bravely argue down his fears, by demonſtrating the abſurdity of conſuming a ſpirit in material fire. Let him fully explain the nature of future puniſhment; and convince us, that where

where it cannot reform, it must be unjust.—But let us, with more modesty, lay our hands humbly upon our breasts, confess our ignorance; revere the appointments of God, whatever they may be; and prepare to meet them with holy hope, and trembling joy, and awful submission to his righteous will.

To the unenlightened heathen the eternity of future punishments appeared no such unreasonable doctrine. Their state of the damned was of eternal duration. A vulture for ever tore those entrails, which were for ever renewed *.

Of one thing, however, we may be well assured (which may set us entirely at rest in all our enquiries on this deep subject), that every thing will, in the end, be right—that a just and merciful God must act agreably to justice and mercy—and that the first of these attributes will most assuredly be tempered with the latter.

From the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, the great and most convincing practical truth which arises, is, that we cannot exert too much pains in qualifying ourselves for the happiness of a future world. As this happiness will last for ever, how beneficial will be the exchange—this world, "which is but for a moment, for that everlasting weight of glory which fadeth not away!"

Vice, on the other hand, receives the greatest discouragement from this doctrine, as every sin we commit in this world may be considered as an addition to an everlasting account in the next. *Gilpin.*

§ 49. *On the Ten Commaudments.*

Having considered the articles of our faith, we proceed to the rules of our practice. These, we know, are of such importance, that, let our faith be what it will, unless it influence our lives, it is of no value. At the same time, if it be what it ought to be, it will certainly have this influence.

On this head, the ten commandments are first placed before us; from which the composers of the catechism, as well as many other divines, have drawn a compleat system of christian duties. But this is perhaps rather too much †. Both Moses, in the law, and Christ in the gospel, seem to have enlarged greatly on morals: and each of them, especially the latter, to have added many practical rules, which do not obviously fall under any of the commandments.

But though we cannot call the decalogue a compleat rule of duty, we accept it with the utmost reverence, as the first great written

* ——Rostroque immanis vultur obunco
Immortale jecur tundens, fœcundaque pœnis
Viscera.——————
Æn. vi. 596.
——Sedet, æternumque sedebit
Infelix Theseus.——————
Ib. 616.

† In the fourth volume of Bishop Warburton's commentary on Pope's works, in the second satire of Dr. Donne, are these lines:

Of whose strange crimes no cannoniſt can tell
In which commandment's large contents they dwell.

"The original," says the bishop, "is more humorous.

In which commandment's large receipt they dwell;

"as if the ten commandments were so wide, as "to stand ready to receive every thing, which "either the law of nature, or the gospel com-"mands. A just ridicule on those practical com-"mentators, as they are called, who include all "moral and religious duties within them."

law

law that ever God communicated to man. We consider it as an eternal monument, inscribed by the finger of God himself, with a few strong, indelible characters; not defining the minutiæ of morals, but injoining those great duties only, which have the most particular influence upon the happiness of society; and prohibiting those enormous crimes, which are the greatest sources of its distress.

The ten commandments are divided into two parts, from their being originally written upon two tables. From hence one table is supposed to contain our duty to God; the other our duty to man. But this seems to be an unauthorized division; and hath a tendency to a verbal mistake; as if some duties were owing to God; and others to man: whereas in fact we know that all duties are equally owing to God.—However, if we avoid this misconception, the division into our duty to God, and our duty to man, may be a convenient one.—The four first commandments are contained in the first table: the remaining six in the second.

At the head of them stands a prohibition to acknowledge more than one God.

The second commandment bears a near relation to the first. The former forbids polytheism; the latter idolatry: and with this belief, and practice, which generally accompanied each other, all the nations of the earth were tainted, when these commandments were given: especially those nations, by whom the Jews were surrounded.

The third commandment injoins reverence to God's name. This is a strong religious restraint in private life; and as a solemn oath is the strictest obligation among men, nothing can be of greater service to society, than to hold it in general respect.

The fourth commands the observance of the sabbath; as one of the best means of preserving a sense of God, and of religion in the minds of men.

The second table begins with injoining obedience to parents; a duty in a peculiar manner adapted to the Jewish state, before any regular government was erected. The temporal promise, which guards it, and which can relate only to the Jews, may either mean a promise of long life to each individual, who observed the precept: or, of stability to the whole nation upon the general observance of it: which is perhaps a better interpretation.

The five next commandments are prohibitions of the most capital crimes, which pollute the heart of man, and injure the peace of society.

The first of them forbids murder, which is the greatest injury that one man can do another; as of all crimes the damage in this is the most irreparable.

The seventh commandment forbids adultery. The black infidelity, and injury which accompany this crime; the confusion in families, which often succeeds it; and the general tendency it hath to destroy all the domestic happiness of society, stain it with a very high degree of guilt.

The security of our property is the object of the eighth commandment.

The security of our characters, is the object of the ninth.

The tenth restrains us not only from the actual commission of sin; but from those bad inclinations, which give it birth.

After the commandments follows a commentary upon them, intitled, "our duty to God," and "our duty to our neighbour;" the latter of which might more properly be intitled, "Our duty to our neighbour and ourselves."

ourselves."—These seem intended as an explanation of the commandments upon Christian principles; with the addition of other duties, which do not properly fall under any of them. On these we shall be more large.

The first part of our duty to God, is, "to "believe in him;" which is the foundation of all religion, and therefore offers itself first to our consideration. But this great point hath been already considered.

The next branch of our duty to God, is to fear him. The fear of God is impressed equally upon the righteous man, and the sinner. But the fear of the sinner consists only in the dread of punishment. It is the necessary consequence of guilt; and is not that fear, which we consider as a duty. The fear of God here meant, consists in that reverential awe, that constant apprehension of his presence, which secures us from offending him. —When we are before our superiors, we naturally feel a respect, which prevents our doing any thing indecent in their sight. Such (only in a higher degree) should be our reverence of God, in whose sight, we know, we always stand. If a sense of the divine presence hath such an influence over us, as to check the bad tendency of our thoughts, words, and actions; we may properly be said to be impressed with the fear of God.—If not, we neglect one of the best means of checking vice, which the whole circle of religious restraint affords.

Some people go a step farther; and say, that as every degree of light behaviour, though short of an indecency, is improper before our superiors; so is it likewise in the presence of Almighty God, who is so much superior to every thing that can be called great on earth.

But this is the language of superstition. Mirth, within the bounds of innocence, cannot be offensive to God. He is offended only with vice. Vice, in the lowest degree, is hateful to him: but a formal set behaviour can be necessary only to preserve human distinctions.

The next duty to God is that of love, which is founded upon his goodness to his creatures. Even this world, mixed as it is with evil, exhibits various marks of the goodness of the Deity. Most men indeed place their affections too much upon it, and rate it at too high a value: but in the opinion even of wise men, it deserves some estimation. The acquisition of knowledge, in all its branches; the intercourse of society; the contemplation of the wonderful works of God, and all the beauteous scenes of nature; nay, even the low inclinations of animal life, when indulged with sobriety and moderation, furnish various modes of pleasure and enjoyment.

Let this world however go for little. In contemplating a future life, the enjoyments of this are lost. It is in the contemplation of futurity, that the christian views the goodness of God in the fullest light. When he sees the Deity engaging himself by covenant to make our short abode here a preparation for our eternal happiness hereafter—when he is assured that this happiness is not only eternal, but of the purest and most perfect kind—when he sees God, as a father, opening all his stores of love and kindness, to bring back to himself a race of creatures fallen from their original perfection, and totally lost through their own folly, perverseness, and wickedness; then it is that the evils of life seem as atoms in the sun-beam; the divine nature appears overflowing with goodness to mankind, and calls

calls forth every exertion of our gratitude and love.

That the enjoyments of a future ſtate, in whatever thoſe enjoyments conſiſt, are the gift of God, is ſufficiently obvious: but with regard to the government of this world, there is often among men a ſort of infidelity, which aſcribes all events to their own prudence and induſtry. Things appear to run in a ſtated courſe; and the finger of God, which acts unſeen, is never ſuppoſed.

And, no doubt, our own induſtry and prudence have a great ſhare in procuring for us the bleſſings of life. God hath annexed them as the reward of ſuch exertions. But can we ſuppoſe, that ſuch exertions will be of any ſervice to us, unleſs the providence of God throw opportunities in our way? All the means of worldly happineſs are ſurely no other than the means of his government. Moſes ſaw among the Jews a kind of infidelity like this, when he forbad the people to ſay in their hearts, "My power, and the might of my hands hath gotten me this wealth," whereas, he adds, they ought to remember, "That it is the Lord who giveth power to get wealth."

Others again have objected to the goodneſs of God, his permiſſion of evil. A good God, ſay they, would have prevented it; and have placed his creatures in a ſituation beyond the diſtreſſes of life.

With regard to man, there ſeems to be no great difficulty in this matter. It is enough, ſurely, that God has put the means of comfort in our power. In the natural world, he hath given us remedies againſt hunger, cold, and diſeaſe; and in the moral world, againſt the miſchief of ſin. Even death itſelf, the laſt great evil, he hath ſhewn us how we may change into the moſt conſummate bleſſing. A ſtate of trial, therefore, and a future world, ſeem eaſily to ſet things to rights on this head.

The miſery of the brute creation is indeed more unaccountable. But have we not the modeſty to ſuppoſe, that this difficulty may be owing to our ignorance? And that on the ſtrength of what we know of the wiſdom of God, we may venture to truſt him for thoſe parts which we cannot comprehend?

One truth, after all, is very apparent, that if we ſhould argue ourſelves into atheiſm, by the untractableneſs of theſe ſubjects, we ſhould be ſo far from getting rid of our difficulties, that, if we reaſon juſtly, ten thouſand greater would ariſe, either from conſidering the world under no ruler, or under one of our own imagining.

There remains one farther conſideration with regard to the love of God, and that is, the meaſure of it. We are told we ought to love him "with all our heart, with all our ſoul, and with all our ſtrength." Theſe are ſtrong expreſſions, and ſeem to imply a greater warmth of affection, than many people may perhaps find they can exert. The affections of ſome are naturally cool, and little excited by any objects. The guilty perſon, is he, whoſe affections are warm in every thing but religion.—The obvious meaning therefore of the expreſſion is, that whether our affections are cool or warm, we ſhould make God our chief good—that we ſhould ſet our affections more upon him, than upon any thing elſe—and that, for his ſake, and for the ſake of his laws, we ſhould be ready to reſign every thing we have, and even life itſelf. So that the words ſeem nearly of the ſame import with thoſe of the apoſtle, "Set your affections on things above, and not on things on the earth." *Gilpin.*

§ 50.

§ 50. *Worship and Honour of God.*

Our next duty to God is, to worship him, to give him thanks, to put our whole trust in him, and to call upon him.

Since the observance of the sabbath is founded upon many wise and just reasons, what have they to answer for, who not only neglect this institution themselves, but bring it by their example into contempt with others? I speak not to those who make it a day of common diversion; who, laying aside all decency, and breaking through all civil and religious regulations; spend it in the most licentious amusements: such people are past all reproof: but I speak to those, who in other things profess themselves to be serious people; and, one might hope, would act right, when they were convinced what was so.

But our prayers, whether in public, or in private, are only an idle parade, unless we put our trust in God.

By putting our trust in God, is meant depending upon him, as our happiness, and our refuge.

Human nature is always endeavouring either to remove pain; or, if ease be obtained, to acquire happiness. And those things are certainly the most eligible, which in these respects are the most effectual. The world, it is true, makes us flattering promises: but who can say that it will keep them? We consist of two parts, a body, and a soul. Both of these want the means of happiness, as well as the removal of evil. But the world cannot even afford them to the body. Its means of happiness, to those who depend upon them as such, are, in a thousand instances, unsatisfying. Even, at best, they will fail us in the end. While pain, diseases, and death, shew us, that the world can afford no refuge against bodily distress. And if it cannot afford the means of happiness, and of security, to the body, how much less can we suppose it able to afford them to the soul?

Nothing then, we see, in this world, is a sufficient foundation for trust: nor indeed can any thing be but Almighty God, who affords us the only means of happiness, and is our only real refuge in distress. On him, the more we trust, the greater we shall feel our security; and that man who has, on just religious motives, confirmed in himself this trust, wants nothing else to secure his happiness. The world may wear what aspect it will: it is not on it that he depends. As far as prudence goes, he endeavours to avoid the evils of life; but when they fall to his share (as sooner or later we must all share them) he resigns himself into the hands of that God who made him, and who knows best how to dispose of him. On him he thoroughly depends, and with him he has a constant intercourse by prayer; trusting, that whatever happens is agreeable to that just government, which God has established; and that, of consequence, it must be best.

We are injoined next "to honour God's holy name."

The name of God is accompanied with such ideas of greatness and reverence, that it should never pass our lips without suggesting those ideas. Indeed it should never be mentioned, but with a kind of awful hesitation, and on the most solemn occasions; either in serious discourse, or, when we invoke God in prayer, or when we swear by his name.

In this last light we are here particularly injoined to honour the name of God. A solemn oath is an appeal to God himself; and is intitled to our utmost respect, were it only in a political light; as in all human concerns it

it is the ſtrongeſt teſt of veracity; and has been approved as ſuch by the wiſdom of all nations.

Some religioniſts have diſapproved the uſe of oaths, under the idea of prophaneneſs. The language of the ſacred writers conveys a different idea. One of them ſays, "An oath for confirmation is an end of all ſtrife:" another, "I take God for record upon my ſoul:" and a third, "God is my witneſs."

To the uſe of oaths, others have objected, that they are nugatory. The good man will ſpeak the truth without an oath; and the bad man cannot be held by one. And this would be true, if mankind were divided into good and bad: but as they are generally of a mixed character, we may well ſuppoſe, that many would venture a ſimple falſehood, who would yet be ſtartled at the idea of perjury *.

As an oath therefore taken in a ſolemn manner, and on a proper occaſion, may be conſidered as one of the higheſt acts of religion; ſo perjury, or falſe ſwearing, is certainly one of the higheſt acts of impiety; and the greateſt diſhonour we can poſſibly ſhew to the name of God. It is, in effect, either denying our belief in a God, or his power to puniſh. Other crimes wiſh to eſcape the notice of Heaven; this is daring the Almighty to his face.

After perjury, the name of God is moſt diſhonoured by the horrid practice of curſing. Its effects in ſociety, it is true, are not ſo miſchievous as thoſe of perjury; nor is it ſo deliberate an act: but yet it conveys a ſtill more horrid idea. Indeed if there be one wicked practice more peculiarly diabolical, than another, it is this: for no employment can be conceived more ſuitable to infernal ſpirits, than that of ſpending their rage and impotence in curſes, and execrations. If this ſhocking vice were not ſo dreadfully familiar to our ears, it could not fail to ſtrike us with the utmoſt horror.

We next conſider common ſwearing; a ſin ſo univerſally practiſed, that one would imagine ſome great advantage, in the way either of pleaſure or profit, attended it. The wages of iniquity afford ſome temptation: but to commit ſin without any wages, is a ſtrange ſpecies of infatuation.—May we then aſk the common ſwearer, what the advantages are, which ariſe from this practice?

It will be difficult to point out one.—Perhaps it may be ſaid, that it adds ſtrength to an affirmation. But if a man commonly ſtrengthen his affirmations in this way, we may venture to aſſert, that the practice will tend rather to leſſen, than confirm his credit. It ſhews plainly what he himſelf thinks of his own veracity. We never prop a building, till it becomes ruinous.

Some forward youth may think, that an oath adds an air and ſpirit to his diſcourſe; that it is manly and important; and gives him conſequence. We may whiſper one ſecret in his ear, which he may be aſſured is a truth—Theſe airs of manlineſs give him conſequence with thoſe only, whoſe commendation is diſgrace; others he only convinces, at how early an age he wiſhes to be thought profligate.

Perhaps he may imagine, that an oath gives force and terror to his threatenings—In this he may be right; and the more horribly wicked he grows, the greater object of terror he may make himſelf. On this plan, the devil affords him a complete pattern for imitation.

Paltry

* They who attend our courts of juſtice, often ſee inſtances among the common people of their aſſerting roundly what they will either refuſe to ſwear; or, when ſworn, will not aſſert.

Paltry as these apologies are, I should suppose, the practice of common swearing has little more to say for itself.—Those however, who can argue in favour of this sin, I should fear, there is little chance to reclaim.—But it is probable, that the greater part of such as are addicted to it, act rather from habit, than principle. To deter such persons from indulging so pernicious a habit, and to shew them, that it is worth their while to be at some pains to conquer it, let us now see what arguments may be produced on the other side.

In the first place, common swearing leads to perjury. He who is addicted to swear on every trifling occasion, cannot but often, I had almost said unavoidably, give the sanction of an oath to an untruth. And though I should hope such perjury is not a sin of so heinous a nature, as what, in judicial matters, is called wilful and corrupt; yet it is certainly stained with a very great degree of guilt.

But secondly, common swearing is a large stride towards wilful and corrupt perjury, inasmuch as it makes a solemn oath to be received with less reverence. If nobody dared to take an oath, but on proper occasions, an oath would be received with respect; but when we are accustomed to hear swearing the common language of our streets, it is no wonder that people make light of oaths on every occasion; and that judicial, commercial, and official oaths, are all treated with so much indifference.

Thirdly, common swearing may be considered as an act of great irreverence to God; and as such, implying also a great indifference to religion. If it would disgrace a chief magistrate to suffer appeals on every trifling, or ludicrous occasion; we may at least think it as disrespectful to the Almighty. —If we lose our reverence for God, it is impossible we can retain it for his laws. You scarce remember a common swearer, who was in other respects an exact christian.

But, above all, we should be deterred from common swearing by the positive command of our Saviour, which is founded unquestionably upon the wickedness of the practice: "You have heard," saith Christ, "that it hath been said by them of old time, thou shalt not forswear thyself: but I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne, neither by the earth, for it is his footstool: but let your communication" (that is, your ordinary conversation) "be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."—St. James also, with great emphasis pressing his master's words, says, "Above all things, my brethren, swear not; neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay, lest you fall into condemnation."

I shall just add, before I conclude this subject, that two things are to be avoided, which are very nearly allied to swearing.

The first is, the use of light exclamations, and invocations upon God, on every trivial occasion. We cannot have much reverence for God himself, when we treat his name in so familiar a manner; and may assure ourselves, that we are indulging a practice, which must weaken impressions, that ought to be preserved as strong as possible.

Secondly, such light expressions, and wanton phrases, as sound like swearing are to be avoided; and are often therefore indulged by silly people, for the sake of the sound; who think (if they think at all) that they add to their discourse the spirit of swearing without the

the guilt of it. Such people had better lay aside, together with swearing, every appearance of it. These appearances may both offend, and mislead others; and with regard to themselves, may end in realities. At least, they shew an inclination to swearing: and an inclination to vice indulged, is really vice. *Gilpin.*

§ 51. *Honour due to God's Word—what it is to serve God truly, &c.*

As we are injoined to honour God's holy name, so are we injoined also "to honour his holy word."

By God's holy word we mean, the Old Testament and the New.

The books of the Old Testament open with the earliest accounts of time, earlier than any human records reach; and yet, in many instances, they are strengthened by human records. The heathen mythology is often grounded upon remnants of the sacred story, and many of the Bible events are recorded, however imperfectly, in prophane history. The very face of nature bears witness to the deluge.

In the history of the patriarchs is exhibited a most beautiful picture of the simplicity of ancient manners; and of genuine nature unadorned indeed by science, but impressed strongly with a sense of religion. This gives an air of greatness and dignity to all the sentiments and actions of these exalted characters.

The patriarchal history is followed by the Jewish. Here we have the principal events of that peculiar nation, which lived under a theocracy, and was set apart to preserve and propagate * the knowledge of the true God through those ages of ignorance antecedent to Christ. Here too we find those types, and representations, which the apostle to the Hebrews calls the shadows of good things to come.

To those books, which contain the legislation and history of the Jews, succeed the prophetic writings. As the time of the promise drew still nearer, the notices of its approach became stronger. The kingdom of the Messiah, which was but obscurely shadowed by the ceremonies of the Jewish law, was marked in stronger lines by the prophets, and proclaimed in a more intelligible language. The office of the Messiah, his ministry, his life, his actions, his death, and his resurrection, are all very distinctly held out. It is true, the Jews, explaining the warm figures of the prophetic language too literally, and applying to a temporal dominion those expressions, which were intended only as descriptive of a spiritual, were offended at the meanness of Christ's appearance on earth; and would not own him for that Messiah, whom their prophets had foretold; though these very prophets, when they used a less figurative language, had described him, as he really was, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

To these books are added several others, poetical and moral, which administer much instruction, and matter of meditation to devout minds.

The New Testament contains first the simple history of Christ, as recorded in the four gospels. In this history also are delivered those excellent instructions, which our Saviour occasionally gave his disciples; the precepts and the example blended together.

To the gospels succeeds an account of the lives and actions of some of the principle apostles;

* See the subject very learnedly treated in one of the first Chapters of Jenkins's Reasonableness of Christianity.

apoſtles; together with the early ſtate of the chriſtian church.

The epiſtles of ſeveral of the apoſtles, particularly of St. Paul, to ſome of the new eſtabliſhed churches, make another part. Our Saviour had promiſed to endow his diſciples with power from on high to complete the great work of publiſhing the goſpel: and in the epiſtles that work is completed. The truths and doctrines of the chriſtian religion are here ſtill more unfolded, and inforced: as the great ſcheme of our redemption was now finiſhed by the death of Chriſt.

The ſacred volume is concluded with the revelations of St. John; which are ſuppoſed to contain a prophetic deſcription of the future ſtate of the church. Some of theſe prophecies, it is thought on very good grounds, are already fulfilled; and others, which now, as ſublime deſcriptions only, amuſe the imagination, will probably, in the future ages of the church, be the objects of the underſtanding alſo.

The laſt part of our duty to God is, "to ſerve him truly all the days of our life."

"To ſerve God truly all the days of our life," implies two things: firſt, the mode of this ſervice; and ſecondly, the term of it.

Firſt, we muſt ſerve God truly. We muſt not reſt ſatisfied with the outward action; but muſt take care that every action be founded on a proper motive. It is the motive alone that makes an action acceptable to God. The hypocrite "may faſt twice in the week, and give alms of all that he poſſeſſes:" nay, he may faſt the whole week, if he be able, and give all he has in alms; but if his faſts and his alms are intended as a matter of oſtentation only, neither the one, nor the other, is that true ſervice which God requires. God requires the heart: he requires that an earneſt deſire of acting agreeably to his will, ſhould be the general ſpring of our actions; and this will give even an indifferent action a value in his ſight.

As we are injoined to ſerve God truly, ſo are we injoined to ſerve him "all the days of our life." As far as human frailties will permit, we ſhould perſevere in a conſtant tenor of obedience. That lax behaviour, which inſtead of making a ſteady progreſs, is continually relapſing into former errors, and running the ſame round of ſinning and repenting, is rather the life of an irreſolute ſinner, than of a pious chriſtian. Human errors, and frailties, we know, God will not treat with too ſevere an eye; but he who, in the general tenor of his life, does not keep advancing towards chriſtian perfection; but ſuffers himſelf, at intervals, entirely to loſe ſight of his calling, cannot be really ſerious in his profeſſion: he is at a great diſtance from ſerving God truly all the days of his life; and has no ſcriptural ground to hope much from the mercy of God.

That man, whether placed in high eſtate, or low, has reached the ſummit of human happineſs, who is truly ſerious in the ſervice of his great Maſter. The things of this world may engage, but cannot engroſs, his attention; its ſorrows and its joys may affect, but cannot diſconcert him. No man, he knows, can faithfully ſerve two maſters. He hath hired himſelf to one—that great Maſter, whoſe commands he reveres, whoſe favour he ſeeks, whoſe diſpleaſure alone is the real object of his fears; and whoſe rewards alone are the real objects of his hope. Every thing elſe is trivial in his ſight. The world may ſooth; or it may threaten him: he perſeveres ſteadily in the ſervice of his God; and in that perſeverance

perſeverence feels his happineſs every day the more eſtabliſhed. *Gilpin.*

§ 52. *Duties owing to particular perſons—duty of children to parents—reſpect and obedience—in what the former conſiſts—in what the latter—ſuccouring a parent—brotherly affection—obedience to law—founded on the advantages of ſociety.*

From the two grand principles of "loving our neighbour as ourſelves; and of doing to others, as we would have them do to us," which regulate our ſocial intercourſe in general, we proceed to thoſe more confined duties, which ariſe from particular relations, connections, and ſtations in life.

Among theſe, we are firſt taught, as indeed the order of nature directs, to conſider the great duty of children to parents.

The two points to be inſiſted on, are reſpect and obedience. Both theſe ſhould naturally ſpring from love; to which parents have the higheſt claim. And indeed parents, in general, behave to their children, in a manner both to deſerve and to obtain their love.

But if the kindneſs of the parent be not ſuch as to work upon the affections of the child, yet ſtill the parent has a title to reſpect and obedience, on the principle of duty; a principle, which the voice of nature dictates; which reaſon inculcates; which human laws, and human cuſtoms, all join to inforce; and which the word of God ſtrictly commands.

The child will ſhew reſpect to his parent, by treating him, at all times, with deference. He will conſult his parent's inclination, and ſhew a readineſs, in a thouſand nameleſs trifles, to conform himſelf to it. He will never peeviſhly contradict his parent; and when he offers a contrary opinion, he will offer it modeſtly. Reſpect will teach him alſo, not only to put the beſt colouring upon the infirmities of his parent; but even if thoſe infirmities be great, it will ſoften and ſcreen them, as much as poſſible, from the public eye.

Obedience goes a ſtep further, and ſuppoſes a poſitive command. In things unlawful indeed, the parental authority cannot bind: but this is a caſe that rarely happens. The great danger is on the other ſide, that children, through obſtinacy or ſullenneſs, ſhould refuſe their parents' lawful commands; to the obſervance of all which, however inconvenient to themſelves, they are tied by various motives; and above all, by the command of God, who in his ſacred denunciations againſt ſin, ranks diſobedience to parents among the worſt *.

They are farther bound, not only to obey the commands of their parents; but to obey them chearfully. He does but half his duty, who does it not from his heart.

There remains ſtill a third part of filial duty, which peculiarly belongs to children, when grown up. This the catechiſm calls ſuccouring or adminiſtering to the neceſſities of the parent; either in the way of managing his affairs, when he is leſs able to manage them himſelf; or in ſupplying his wants, ſhould he need aſſiſtance in that way. And this the child ſhould do, on the united principles of love, duty, and gratitude. The hypocritical Jew would ſometimes evade this duty, by dedicating to ſacred uſes what ſhould have been expended in aſſiſting his parent. Our Saviour ſharply rebukes this perverſion of duty; and gives him to underſtand, that no

* Rom. i. 30.

pretence of serving God, can cover the neglect of assisting a parent. And if no pretence of serving God can do it, surely every other pretence must still be more unnatural.

Under this head also we may consider that attention, and love, which are due to other relations, especially that mutual affection which should subsist between brothers. The name of brother expresses the highest degree of tenderness; and is generally used in scripture, as a term of peculiar endearment, to call men to the practice of social virtue. It reminds them of every kindness, which man can shew to man. If then we ought to treat all mankind with the affection of brothers, in what light must they appear, who being really such, are ever at variance with each other; continually doing spiteful actions, and shewing, upon every occasion, not only a want of brotherly kindness, but even of common regard?

The next part of our duty is "to honour and obey the king, and all that are put in authority under him."

By the "king, and all that are put in authority under him," is meant the various parts of the government we live under, of which the king is the head: and the meaning of the precept is, that we ought to live in dutiful submission to legal authority.

Government and society are united. We cannot have one without the other; and we submit to the inconveniences, for the sake of the advantages.

The end of society is mutual safety and convenience. Without it, even safety could in no degree be obtained: the good would become a prey to the bad; nay, the very human species to the beasts of the field.

Still less could we obtain the conveniences of life; which cannot be had without the labour of many. If every man depended upon himself for what he enjoyed, how destitute would be the situation of human affairs!

But even safety and convenience are not the only fruits of society. Man, living merely by himself, would be an ignorant unpolished savage. It is the intercourse of society which cultivates the human mind. One man's knowledge and experience is built upon another's; and so the great edifice of science and polished life is reared.

To enjoy these advantages, therefore, men joined in society; and hence it became necessary, that government should be established. Magistrates were created; laws made; taxes submitted to; and every one, instead of righting himself (except in mere self-defence) is injoined to appeal to the laws he lives under, as the best security of his life and property. *Gilpin.*

§ 53. *Duty to our teachers and instructors—arising from the great importance of knowledge and religion—and the great necessity of gaining habits of attention, and of virtue, in our youth—analogy of youth and manhood to this world and the next.*

We are next injoined "to submit ourselves to all our governors, teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters." Here another species of government is pointed out. The laws of society are meant to govern our riper years: the instructions of our teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters, are meant to guide our youth.

By our "teachers, spiritual pastors, and masters," are meant all those who have the care of our education, and of our instruction in religion; whom we are to obey, and listen to, with humility and attention, as the means of our advancement in knowledge and religion.

religion. The inſtructions we receive from them are unqueſtionably ſubject to our own judgment in future life; for by his own judgment every man muſt ſtand or fall. But, during our youth, it is highly proper for us to pay a dutiful ſubmiſſion to their inſtructions, as we cannot yet be ſuppoſed to have formed any judgment of our own. At that early age it ſhould be our endeavour to acquire knowledge; and afterwards unprejudiced to form our opinions.

The duty which young people owe to their inſtructors, cannot be ſhewn better, than in the effect which the inſtructions they receive have upon them. They would do well, therefore, to conſider the advantages of an early attention to theſe two things, both of great importance, knowledge, and religion.

The great uſe of knowledge in all its various branches (to which the learned languages are generally conſidered as an introduction) is to free the mind from the prejudices of ignorance; and to give it juſter, and more enlarged conceptions, than are the mere growth of rude nature. By reading, you add the experience of others to your own. It is the improvement of the mind chiefly, that makes the difference between man and man; and gives one man a real ſuperiority over another.

Beſides, the mind muſt be employed. The lower orders of men have their attention much ingroſſed by thoſe employments in which the neceſſities of life engage them: and it is happy that they have. Labour ſtands in the room of education; and fills up thoſe vacancies of mind, which, in a ſtate of idleneſs, would be ingroſſed by vice. And if they, who have more leiſure, do not ſubſtitute ſomething in the room of this, their minds alſo will become the prey of vice; and the more ſo, as they have the means to indulge it more in their power. A vacant mind is exactly that houſe mentioned in the goſpel, which the devil found empty. In he entered; and taking with him ſeven other ſpirits more wicked than himſelf, they took poſſeſſion. It is an undoubted truth, that one vice indulged, introduces others; and that each ſucceeding vice becomes more depraved—If then the mind muſt be employed, what can fill up its vacuities more rationally than the acquiſition of knowledge? Let us therefore thank God for the opportunities he hath afforded us; and not turn into a curſe thoſe means of leiſure, which might become ſo great a bleſſing.

But however neceſſary to us knowledge may be, religion, we know, is infinitely more ſo. The one adorns a man, and gives him, it is true, ſuperiority, and rank in life: but the other is abſolutely eſſential to his happineſs.

In the midſt of youth, health, and abundance, the world is apt to appear a very gay and pleaſing ſcene; it engages our deſires; and in a degree ſatisfies them alſo. But it is wiſdom to conſider, that a time will come, when youth, health, and fortune, will all fail us; and if diſappointment and vexation do not ſour our taſte for pleaſure, at leaſt ſickneſs and infirmities will deſtroy it. In theſe gloomy ſeaſons, and above all, at the approach of death, what will become of us without religion? When this world fails, where ſhall we fly, if we expect no refuge in another? Without holy hope in God, and reſignation to his will, and truſt in him for deliverance, what is there that can ſecure us againſt the evils of life?

The great utility therefore of knowledge and religion being thus apparent, it is highly incumbent upon us to pay a ſtudious at-

tention to them in our youth. If we do not, it is more than probable that we shall never do it: that we shall grow old in ignorance, by neglecting the one; and old in vice by nelecting the other.

For improvement in knowledge, youth is certainly the fittest season. The mind is then ready to receive any impression. It is free from all that care and attention which, in riper age, the affairs of life bring with them. The memory too is then stronger and better able to acquire the rudiments of knowledge; and as the mind is then void of ideas, it is more suited to those parts of learning which are conversant in words. Besides, there is sometimes in youth a modesty and ductility, which in advanced years, if those years especially have been left a prey to ignorance, become self-sufficiency and prejudice; and these effectually bar up all the inlets to knowledge.—But, above all, unless habits of attention and application are early gained, we shall scarce acquire them afterwards.—The inconsiderate youth seldom reflects upon this; nor knows his loss, till he knows also that it cannot be retrieved.

Nor is youth more the season to acquire knowledge, than to form religious habits. It is a great point to get habit on the side of virtue. It will make every thing smooth and easy. The earliest principles are generally the most lasting; and those of a religious cast are seldom wholly lost. Though the temptations of the world may, now and then, draw the well-principled youth aside; yet his principles being continually at war with his practice, there is hope, that in the end the better part may overcome the worse, and bring on a reformation. Whereas he, who has suffered habits of vice to get possession of his youth, has little chance of being brought back to a sense of religion. In a common course of things it can rarely happen. Some calamity must rouse him. He must be awakened by a storm, or sleep for ever.—How much better is it then to make that easy to us, which we know is best! And to form those habits now, which hereafter we shall wish we had formed!

There are, who would restrain youth from imbibing any religious principles, till they can judge for themselves; lest they should imbibe prejudice for truth. But why should not the same caution be used in science also; and the minds of youth left void of all impressions? The experiment, I fear, in both cases would be dangerous. If the mind were left uncultivated during so long a period, though nothing else should find entrance, vice certainly would: and it would make the larger shoots, as the soil would be vacant. A boy had better receive knowledge and religion mixed with error, than none at all. For when the mind is set a thinking, it may deposit its prejudices by degrees, and get right at last: but in a state of stagnation it will infallibly become foul.

To conclude, our youth bears the same proportion to our more advanced life, as this world does to the next. In this life we must form and cultivate those habits of virtue, which must qualify us for a better state. If we neglect them here, and contract habits of an opposite kind, instead of gaining that exalted state, which is promised to our improvement, we shall of course sink into that state, which is adapted to the habits we have formed.

Exactly thus is youth introductory to manhood: to which it is, properly speaking, a state of preparation. During this season we must

muſt qualify ourſelves for the parts we are to act hereafter. In manhood we bear the fruit, which has in youth been planted. If we have ſauntered away our youth, we muſt expect to be ignorant men. If indolence and inattention have taken an early poſſeſſion of us, they will probably increaſe as we advance in life; and make us a burden to ourſelves, and uſeleſs to ſociety. If again, we ſuffer ourſelves to be miſled by vicious inclinations, they will daily get new ſtrength, and end in diſſolute lives. But if we cultivate our minds in our youth, attain habits of attention and induſtry, of virtue and ſobriety, we ſhall find ourſelves well prepared to act our future parts in life; and what above all things ought to be our care, by gaining this command over ourſelves, we ſhall be more able, as we get forward in the world, to reſiſt every new temptation, as it ariſes. *Gilpin.*

§ 54. *Behaviour to Superiors.*

We are next injoined "to order ourſelves lowly and reverently to all our betters."

By our betters are meant they who are in a ſuperior ſtation of life to our own; and by "ordering ourſelves lowly and reverently towards them," is meant paying them that reſpect which is due to their ſtation.

The word 'betters' indeed includes two kinds of perſons, to whom our reſpect is due—thoſe who have a natural claim to it: and thoſe who have an acquired one; that is, a claim ariſing from ſome particular ſituation in life.

Among the firſt, are all our ſuperior relations; not only parents, but all other relations who are in a line above us. All theſe have a natural claim to our reſpect.—There is a reſpect alſo due from youth to age; which is always becoming, and tends to keep youth within the bounds of modeſty.

To others, reſpect is due from thoſe particular ſtations which ariſe from ſociety and government. Fear God, ſays the text; and it adds, "honour the king."

It is due alſo from many other ſituations in life. Employments, honours, and even wealth, will exact it; and all may juſtly exact it, in a proper degree.

But it may here perhaps be enquired, why God ſhould permit this latter diſtinction among men? That ſome ſhould have more authority than others, we can eaſily ſee, is abſolutely neceſſary in government; but among men, who are all born equal, why ſhould the goods of life be diſtributed in ſo unequal a proportion?

To this inquiry, it may be anſwered, that, in the firſt place, we ſee nothing in this, but what is common in all the works of God. A gradation is every where obſervable. Beauty, ſtrength, ſwiftneſs, and other qualities, are varied through the creation in numberleſs degrees. In the ſame manner likewiſe are varied the gifts of fortune, as they are called. Why therefore ſhould one man's being richer than another ſurprize us more than his being ſtronger than another, or more prudent?

Though we can but very inadequately trace the wiſdom of God in his works, yet very wiſe reaſons appear for this variety in the gifts of fortune. It ſeems neceſſary both in a civil, and in a moral light.

In a civil light, it is the neceſſary accompaniment of various employments; on which depend all the advantages of ſociety. Like the ſtones of a regular building, ſome muſt range higher, and ſome lower; ſome muſt ſupport, and others be ſupported; ſome will form the ſtrength of the building, and others

its ornament; but all unite in producing one regular and proportioned whole. If then different employments are neceſſary, of courſe different degrees of wealth, honour, and conſequence, muſt follow; a variety of diſtinctions and obligations; in ſhort, different ranks, and a ſubordination muſt take place.

Again, in a moral light, the diſproportion of wealth, and other worldly adjuncts, gives a range to the more extenſive exerciſe of virtue. Some virtues could but faintly exiſt upon the plan of an equality. If ſome did not abound, there were little room for temperance: if ſome did not ſuffer need, there were as little for patience. Other virtues again could hardly exiſt at all. Who could practice generoſity, where there was no object of it? Who humility, where all ambitious deſires were excluded?

Since then Providence, in ſcattering theſe various gifts, propoſes ultimately the good of man, it is our duty to acquieſce in this order, and "to behave ourſelves lowly and reverently" (not with ſervility, but with a decent reſpect) "to all our ſuperiors."

Before I conclude this ſubject, it may be proper to obſerve, in vindication of the ways of Providence, that we are not to ſuppoſe happineſs and miſery neceſſarily connected with riches and poverty. Each condition hath its particular ſources both of pleaſure and pain, unknown to the other. Thoſe in elevated ſtations have a thouſand latent pangs, of which their inferiors have no idea; while their inferiors again have as many pleaſures, which the others cannot taſte. I ſpeak only of ſuch modes of happineſs or miſery as ariſe immediately from different ſtations. Of miſery, indeed, from a variety of other cauſes, all men of every ſtation are equal heirs, either when God lays his hand upon us in ſickneſs, or misfortune; or when, by our own follies and vices, we become the miniſters of our own diſtreſs.

Who then would build his happineſs upon an elevated ſtation? Or who would envy the poſſeſſion of ſuch happineſs in another? We know not with what various diſtreſſes that ſtation, which is the object of our envy, may be attended.—Beſides, as we are accountable for all we poſſeſs, it may be happy for us that we poſſeſs ſo little. The means of happineſs, as far as ſtation can procure them, are commonly in our own power, if we are not wanting to ourſelves.

Let each of us then do his duty in that ſtation which Providence has aſſigned him; ever remembering, that the next world will ſoon deſtroy all earthly diſtinctions.—One diſtinction only will remain among the ſons of men at that time—the diſtinction between good and bad; and this diſtinction it is worth all our pains and all our ambition to acquire.

Gilpin.

§ 55. *Againſt wronging our neighbour by injurious words.*

We are next inſtructed "to hurt nobody by word or deed—to be true and juſt in all our dealings—to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts—to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing—our tongues from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering."

The duties comprehended in theſe words are a little tranſpoſed. What ſhould claſs under one head is brought under another. "To hurt nobody by word or deed," is the general propoſition. The under parts ſhould follow: Firſt, "to keep the tongue from evil ſpeaking, lying, and ſlandering;" which is, "to hurt nobody by word." Secondly, "to be true and juſt in all our dealings;" and "to keep

keep our hands from picking and ſtealing;" which is, "to hurt nobody by deed." As to the injunction, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts," it belongs properly to neither of theſe heads; but is a diſtinct one by itſelf. The duties being thus ſeparated, I ſhall proceed to explain them.

And, firſt, of injuring our neighbour by our "words." This may be done, we find, in three ways; by "evil-ſpeaking, by lying, and by ſlandering."

By "evil-ſpeaking," is meant ſpeaking ill of our neighbour; but upon a ſuppoſition, that this ill is the truth. In ſome circumſtances it is certainly right to ſpeak ill of our neighbour; as when we are called upon in a court of juſtice to give our evidence; or, when we can ſet any one right in his opinion of a perſon, in whom he is about to put an improper confidence. Nor can there be any harm in ſpeaking of a bad action, which has been determined in a court of juſtice, or is otherwiſe become notorious.

But on the other hand, it is highly diſallowable to ſpeak wantonly of the characters of others from common fame; becauſe, in a thouſand inſtances, we find that ſtories, which have no better foundation, are miſrepreſented. They are perhaps only half-told—they have been heard through the medium of malice or envy—ſome favourable circumſtance hath been omitted—ſome foreign circumſtance hath been added—ſome trifling circumſtance hath been exaggerated—the motive, the provocation, or perhaps the reparation hath been concealed—in ſhort, the repreſentation of the fact is, ſome way or other totally different from the fact itſelf.

But even, when we have the beſt evidence of a bad action, with all its circumſtances before us, we ſurely indulge a very ill-natured pleaſure in ſpreading the ſhame of an offending brother. We can do no good; and we may do harm: we may weaken his good reſolutions by expoſing him: we may harden him againſt the world. Perhaps it may be his firſt bad action. Perhaps nobody is privy to it but ourſelves. Let us give him at leaſt one trial. Let us not caſt the firſt ſtone. Which of our lives could ſtand ſo ſtrict a ſcrutiny? He only who is without ſin himſelf can have any excuſe for treating his brother with ſeverity.

Let us next conſider "lying;" which is an intention to deceive by falſehood in our words. —To warn us againſt lying, we ſhould do well to conſider the folly, the meanneſs, and the wickedneſs of it.

The folly of lying conſiſts in its defeating its own purpoſe. A habit of lying is generally in the end detected; and, after detection, the lyar, inſtead of deceiving, will not even be believed when he happens to ſpeak the truth. Nay, every ſingle lye is attended with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, which lead to a detection, that it is often diſcovered. The uſe generally made of a lye, is to cover a fault; but as the end is ſeldom anſwered, we only aggravate what we wiſh to conceal. In point even of prudence, an honeſt confeſſion would ſerve us better.

The meanneſs of lying ariſes from the cowardice which it implies. We dare not boldly and nobly ſpeak the truth; but have recourſe to low ſubterfuges, which always argue a ſordid and diſengenuous mind. Hence it is, that in the faſhionable world, the word lyar is always conſidered as a term of peculiar reproach.

The wickedneſs of lying conſiſts in its perverting one of the greateſt bleſſings of God, the uſe of ſpeech, in making that a miſchief

to mankind, which was intended for a benefit. Truth is the great bond of ſociety. Falſehood, of courſe, tends to its diſſolution. If one man may lye, why not another? And if there is no mutual truſt among men, there is an end of all intercourſe and dealing.

An equivocation is nearly related to a lye. It is an intention to deceive under words of a double meaning, or words which, literally ſpeaking, are true; and is equally criminal with the moſt downright breach of truth. When St. Peter aſked Sapphira (in the 5th chapter of the Acts) "whether her huſband had ſold the land for ſo much?" She anſwered, he had: and literally ſhe ſpoke the truth; for he had ſold it for that ſum, included in a larger. But having an intention to deceive, we find the apoſtle conſidered the equivocation as a lye.

In ſhort, it is the intention to deceive, which is criminal: the mode of deception, like the vehicle in which poiſon is conveyed, is of no conſequence. A nod, or ſign, may convey a lye as effectually as the moſt deceitful language.

Under the head of lying may be mentioned a breach of promiſe. While a reſolution remains in our own breaſts, it is ſubject to our own review: but when we make another perſon a party with us, an engagement is made; and every engagement, though only of the lighteſt kind, ſhould be punctually obſerved. If we have added to this engagement a ſolemn promiſe, the obligation is ſo much the ſtronger: and he who does not think himſelf bound by ſuch an obligation, has no pretenſions to the character of an honeſt man. A breach of promiſe is ſtill worſe than a lye. A lye is ſimply a breach of truth; but a breach of promiſe is a breach both of truth and truſt.

Forgetfulneſs is a weak excuſe: it only ſhews how little we are affected by ſo ſolemn an engagement. Should we forget to call for a ſum of money, of which we were in want, at an appointed time? Or do we think a ſolemn promiſe of leſs value than a ſum of money?

Having conſidered evil ſpeaking and lying, let us next conſider ſlandering. By ſlandering, we mean, injuring our neighbour's character by falſehood. Here we ſtill riſe higher in the ſcale of injurious words. Slandering our neighbour is the greateſt injury, which words can do him; and is, therefore, worſe than either evil-ſpeaking or lying. The miſchief of this ſin depends on the value of our characters. All men, unleſs they be paſt feeling, deſire naturally to be thought well of by their fellow-creatures: a good character is one of the principal means of being ſerviceable either to ourſelves or others; and among numbers, the very bread they eat depends upon it. What aggravated injury, therefore, do we bring upon every man, whoſe name we ſlander? And, what is ſtill worſe, the injury is irreparable. If you defraud a man; reſtore what you took, and the injury is repaired. But, if you ſlander him, it is not in your power to ſhut up all the ears, and all the mouths, to which your tale may have acceſs. The evil ſpreads, like the winged ſeeds of ſome noxious plants, which ſcatter miſchief on a breath of air, and diſperſe it on every ſide, and beyond prevention.

Before we conclude this ſubject, it may juſt be mentioned, that a ſlander may be ſpread, as a lye may be told, in various ways. We may do it by an inſinuation, as well as in a direct manner; we may ſpread it in a ſecret; or propagate it under the colour of friendſhip.

I may

I may add alſo, that it is a ſpecies of ſlander, and often a very malignant one, to leſſen the merits or exaggerate the failings of others; as it is likewiſe to omit defending a miſrepreſented character, or to let others bear the blame of our offences. *Gilpin.*

§ 56. *Againſt wronging our Neighbour by injurious Actions.*

Having thus conſidered injurious words, let us next conſider injurious actions. On this head we are injoined "to keep our hands from picking and ſtealing, and to be true and juſt in all our dealings."

As to theft, it is a crime of ſo odious and vile a nature, that one would imagine no perſon, who hath had the leaſt tincture of a virtuous education, even though driven to neceſſity, could be led into it.—I ſhall not, therefore, enter into a diſſuaſive from this crime; but go on with the explanation of the other part of the injunction, and ſee what it is to be true and juſt in all our dealings.

Juſtice is even ſtill more, if poſſible, the ſupport of ſociety, than truth: inaſmuch as a man may be more injurious by his actions, than by his words. It is for this reaſon, that the whole force of human law is bent to reſtrain injuſtice; and the happineſs of every ſociety will increaſe in proportion to this reſtraint.

We very much err, however, if we ſuppoſe, that every thing within the bounds of law is juſtice. The law was intended only for bad men; and it is impoſſible to make the meſhes of it ſo ſtrait, but that many very great enormities will eſcape. The well-meaning man, therefore, knowing that the law was not made for him, conſults a better guide—his own conſcience, informed by religion. And, indeed, the great difference between the good and the bad man conſiſts in this: the good man will do nothing, but what his conſcience will allow; the bad man will do any thing which the law cannot reach.

It would indeed, be endleſs to deſcribe the various ways, in which a man may be diſhoneſt within the limits of law. They are as various as our intercourſe with mankind. Some of the moſt obvious of them I ſhall curſorily mention.

In matters of commerce the knave has many opportunities. The different qualities of the ſame commodity—the different modes of adulteration—the ſpecious arts of vending—the frequent ignorance in purchaſing; and a variety of other circumſtances, open an endleſs field to the ingenuity of fraud. The honeſt fair dealer, in the mean time, has only one rule, which is, that all arts, however common in buſineſs, which are intended to deceive, are utterly unlawful. It may be added, upon this head, that if any one, conſcious of having been a tranſgreſſor, is deſirous of repairing his fault, reſtitution is by all means neceſſary: till that be done, he continues in a courſe of injuſtice.

Again, in matters of contract, a man has many opportunities of being diſhoneſt within the bounds of law. He may be ſtrict in obſerving the letter of an agreement, when the equitable meaning requires a laxer interpretation: or, he can take the laxer interpretation, when it ſerves his purpoſe; and at the loop-hole of ſome ambiguous expreſſion exclude the literal meaning, though it be undoubtedly the true one.

The ſame iniquity appears in with-holding from another his juſt right; or in putting him to expence in recovering it. The movements of the law are ſlow; and in many caſes cannot be otherwiſe; but he who takes the

vantage of this to injure his neighbour, proves himself an undoubted knave.

It is a species of the same kind of injustice to withhold a debt, when we have ability to pay; or to run into debt, when we have not that ability. The former can proceed only from a bad disposition; the latter, from suffering our desires to exceed our station. Some are excused, on this head, as men of generous principles, which they cannot confine. But what is their generosity? They assist one man by injuring another. And what good arises to society from hence? Such persons cannot act on principle; and we need not hesitate to rank them with those, who run into debt to gratify their own selfish inclinations. One man desires the elegancies of life; another desires what he thinks an equal good, the reputation of generosity.

Oppression is another species of injustice; by which, in a thousand ways, under the cover of law, we may take the advantage of the superiority of our power, either to crush an inferior, or humble him to our designs.

Ingratitude is another. A loan, we know, claims a legal return. And is the obligation less, if, instead of a loan, you receive a kindness? The law, indeed, says nothing on this point of immorality, but an honest conscience will be very loud in the condemnation of it.

We may be unjust also in our resentment; by carrying it beyond what reason and religion prescribe.

But it would be endless to describe the various ways, in which injustice discovers itself. In truth, almost every omission of duty may be resolved into injustice.

The next precept is, "to bear no malice nor hatred in our hearts."

The malice and hatred of our hearts arise, in the first place, from injurious treatment; and surely no man, when he is injured, can at first help feeling that he is so. But Christianity requires, that we should subdue these feelings, as soon as possible; "and not suffer the sun to go down upon our wrath." Various are the passages of scripture, which inculcate the forgiveness of injuries. Indeed, no point is more laboured than this; and with reason, because no temper is more productive of evil, both to ourselves and others, than a malicious one. The sensations of a mind burning with revenge are beyond description; and as we are at these seasons very unable to judge coolly, and of course liable to carry our resentment too far, the consequence is, that, in our rage, we may do a thousand things, which can never be atoned for, and of which we may repent as long as we live.

Besides, one act draws on another; and retaliation keeps the quarrel alive. The gospel, therefore, ever gracious and kind to man, in all its precepts enjoins us to check all those violent emotions, and to leave our cause in the hands of God. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;" and he who, in opposition to this precept, takes vengeance into his own hands, and cherishes the malice and hatred of his heart, may assure himself that he has not yet learned to be a Christian. These precepts, perhaps, may not entirely agree with modern principles of honour: but let the man of honour see to that. The maxims of the world cannot change the truth of the gospel.

Nay, even in recovering our just right, or in pursuing a criminal to justice, we should take care that it be not done in the spirit of retaliation and revenge. If these be our motives,

tives, though we make the law our inſtrument, we are equally guilty.

But beſides injurious treatment, the malice and hatred of our hearts have often another ſource, and that is envy: and thus in the litany; "envy, malice, and hatred," are all joined together with great propriety. The emotions of envy are generally cooler, and leſs violent, than thoſe which ariſe from the reſentment of injury; ſo that envy is ſeldom ſo miſchievous in its effects as revenge: but with regard to ourſelves, it is altogether as bad, and full as deſtructive of the ſpirit of chriſtianity. What is the religion of that man, who inſtead of thanking Heaven for the bleſſings he receives, is fretting himſelf continually with a diſagreeable compariſon between himſelf and ſome other? He cannot enjoy what he has, becauſe another has more wealth, a fairer fame, or perhaps more merit, than himſelf. He is miſerable, becauſe others are happy.

But to omit the wickedneſs of envy, how abſurd and fooliſh is it, in a world where we muſt neceſſarily expect much real miſery, to be perniciouſly inventive in producing it!

Beſides, what ignorance! We ſee only the glaring outſide of things. Under all that envied glare, many unſeen diſtreſſes may lurk, from which our ſtation may be free: for our merciful Creator ſeems to have beſtowed happineſs, as far as ſtation is concerned, with great equality among all his creatures.

In concluſion, therefore, let it be the great object of our attention, and the ſubject of our prayers, to rid our minds of all this curſed intruſion of evil thoughts—whether they proceed from malice, or from an envious temper. Let all our malicious thoughts ſoften into charity and benevolence; and let us "forgive one another, as God, for Chriſt's ſake, has forgiven us." As for our envious thoughts, as far as they relate to externals, let them ſubſide in humility, acquieſcence, and ſubmiſſion to the will of God. And when we are tempted to envy the good qualities of others, let us ſpurn ſo baſe a conception, and change it into a generous emulation—into an endeavour to raiſe ourſelves to an equality with our rival, not to depreſs him to a level with us. *Gilpin.*

§ 57. *Duties to ourſelves.*

Thus far the duties we have conſidered come moſt properly under the head of thoſe which we owe to our neighbour; what follows, relates rather to ourſelves. On this head, we are inſtructed "to keep our bodies in temperance, ſoberneſs, and chaſtity."

Though our ſouls ſhould be our great concern, yet, as they are nearly connected with our bodies, and as the impurity of the one contaminates the other, a great degree of moral attention is, of courſe, due to our bodies alſo.

As our firſt ſtation is in this world, to which our bodies particularly belong, they are formed with ſuch appetites as are requiſite to our commodious living in it; and the rule given us is, "to uſe the world ſo as not to abuſe it." St. Paul, by a beautiful alluſion, calls our bodies the "temples of the Holy Ghoſt;" by which he means to impreſs us with a ſtrong idea of their dignity; and to deter us from debaſing by low pleaſures, what ſhould be the ſeat of ſo much purity. To youth theſe cautions are above meaſure neceſſary, becauſe their paſſions and appetites are ſtrong; their reaſon and judgment weak. They are prone to pleaſure, and void of reflection. How, therefore, theſe young adventurers in life may beſt ſteer their courſe,

and uſe this ſinful world ſo as not to abuſe it, is a conſideration well worth their attention. Let us then ſee under what regulations their appetites ſhould be reſtrained.

By keeping our bodies in temperance is meant avoiding exceſs in eating, with regard both to the quantity and quality of our food. We ſhould neither eat more than our ſtomachs can well bear; nor be nice and delicate in our eating.

To preſerve the body in health is the end of eating; and they who regulate themſelves merely by this end, who eat without choice or diſtinction, paying no regard to the pleaſure of eating, obſerve perhaps the beſt rule of temperance. They go rather indeed beyond temperance, and may be called abſtemious. A man may be temperate, and yet allow himſelf a little more indulgence. Great care, however, is here neceſſary; and the more, as perhaps no preciſe rule can be affixed, after we have paſſed the firſt great limit, and let the palate looſe among variety *. Our own diſcretion muſt be our guide, which ſhould be conſtantly kept awake by conſidering the many bad conſequences which attend a breach of temperance.—Young men, in the full vigour of health, do not conſider theſe things; but as age comes on, and different maladies begin to appear, they may perhaps repent they did not a little earlier practiſe the rules of temperance.

In a moral and religious light, the conſequences of intemperance are ſtill worſe. To enjoy a comfortable meal, when it comes before us is allowable: but he who ſuffers his mind to dwell upon the pleaſures of eating, and makes them the employment of his thoughts, has at leaſt opened one ſource of mental corruption †.

After all, he who would moſt perfectly enjoy the pleaſures of the table, ſuch as they are, muſt look for them within the rules of temperance. The palate, accuſtomed to ſatiety, hath loſt its tone; and the greateſt ſenſualiſts have been brought to confeſs, that the coarſeſt fare, with an appetite kept in order by temperance, affords a more delicious repaſt, than the moſt luxurious meal without it.

As temperance relates chiefly to eating, ſoberneſs or ſobriety relates properly to drinking. And here the ſame obſervations recur. The ſtricteſt, and perhaps the beſt rule, is merely to ſatisfy the end of drinking. But if a little more indulgence be taken, it ought to be taken with the greateſt circumſpection.

With regard to youth indeed, I ſhould be inclined to great ſtrictneſs on this head. In eating, if they eat of proper and ſimple food, they cannot eaſily err. Their growing limbs, and ſtrong exerciſe, require larger ſupplies than full grown bodies, which muſt be kept in order by a more rigid temperance. But if more indulgence be allowed them in eating, leſs, ſurely, ſhould in drinking. With ſtrong liquors of every kind they have nothing to do; and if they ſhould totally abſtain on this head, it were ſo much the better. The languor

* ——————Nam variæ res,
Ut noceant homini, credas memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ ſimplex olim tibi ſederit. At ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita.—— Hor.

† ——————Corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis, animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulum auræ.
Hor. Sat.

which

which attends age*, requires perhaps, now and then, some aids; but the spirits of youth want no recruits: a little rest is sufficient.

As to the bad consequences derived from excessive drinking, besides filling the blood with bloated and vicious humours, and debauching the purity of the mind, as in the case of intemperate eating, it is attended with this peculiar evil, the loss of our senses. Hence follow frequent inconveniences and mortifications. We expose our follies—we betray our secrets—we are often imposed upon—we quarrel with our friends—we lay ourselves open to our enemies; and, in short, make ourselves the objects of contempt, and the topics of ridicule to all our acquaintance.—Nor is it only the act of intoxication which deprives us of our reason during the prevalence of it; the habit of drunkenness soon besots and impairs the understanding, and renders us at all times less fit for the offices of life.

We are next injoined "to keep our bodies in chastity." "Flee youthful lusts," says the apostle, "which war against the soul." And there is surely nothing which carries on a war against the soul more successfully. Wherever we have a catalogue in scripture (and we have many such catalogues) of those sins which in a peculiar manner debauch the mind, these youthful lusts have always, under some denomination, a place among them. ——To keep ourselves free from all contagion of this kind, let us endeavour to preserve a purity in our thoughts—our words—and our actions.

First, let us preserve a purity in our thoughts.

* ——————Ubive
Accedant anni, et tractari mollius ætas
Imbecilla volet. Hor. Sat.

These dark recesses, which the eye of the world cannot reach, are the receptacles of these youthful lusts. Here they find their first encouragement. The entrance of such impure ideas perhaps we cannot always prevent. We may always however prevent cherishing them; we may always prevent their making an impression upon us: the devil may be cast out as soon as discovered.

Let us always keep in mind, that even into these dark abodes the eye of Heaven can penetrate: that every thought of our hearts is open to that God, before whom we must one day stand; and that however secretly we may indulge these impure ideas, at the great day of account they will certainly appear in an awful detail against us.

Let us remember again, that if our bodies be the temples of the Holy Ghost, our minds are the very sanctuaries of those temples: and if there be any weight in the apostle's argument against polluting our bodies, it urges with double force against polluting our minds.

But, above all other considerations, it behoves us most to keep our thoughts pure, because they are the fountains from which our words and actions flow. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Obscene words and actions are only bad thoughts matured, and spring as naturally from them as the plant from its seed. It is the same vicious depravity carried a step farther; and only shews a more confirmed and a more mischievous degree of guilt. While we keep our impurities in our thoughts, they debauch only ourselves: bad enough, it is true. But when we proceed to words and actions, we let our impurities loose: we spread the contagion, and become the corrupters of others.

Let it be our first care, therefore, to keep our

our thoughts pure. If we do this, our words and actions will be pure of course. And that we may be the better enabled to do it, let us use such helps as reason and religion prescribe. Let us avoid all company, and all books, that have a tendency to corrupt our minds; and every thing that can inflame our passions. He who allows himself in these things, holds a parley with vice; which will infallibly debauch him in the end, if he do not take the alarm in time, and break off such dalliance.

One thing ought to be our particular care, and that is, never to be unemployed. Ingenious amusements are of great use in filling up the vacuities of our time. Idle we should never be. A vacant mind is an invitation to vice. *Gilpin.*

§ 58. *On coveting and desiring other men's goods.*

We are forbidden, next, "to covet, or desire other men's goods."

There are two great paths of vice, into which bad men commonly strike; that of unlawful pleasure, and that of unlawful gain. —The path of unlawful pleasure we have just examined; and have seen the danger of obeying the headstrong impulse of our appetites. —We have considered also an immoderate love of gain, and have seen dishonesty and fraud in a variety of shapes. But we have yet viewed them only as they relate to society. We have viewed only the outward action. The rule before us, "We must not covet, nor desire other men's goods," comes a step nearer home, and considers the motive which governs the action.

Covetousness, or the love of money, is called in scripture "the root of all evil;" and it is called so for two reasons; because it makes us wicked, and because it makes us miserable.

First, it makes us wicked. When it once gets possession of the heart, it will let no good principle flourish near it. Most vices have their fits; and when the violence of the passion is spent, there is some interval of calm. The vicious appetite cannot always run riot. It is fatigued at least by its own impetuosity: and it is possible, that in this moment of tranquillity, a whisper from virtue may be heard. But in avarice, there is rarely intermission. It hangs like a dead weight upon the soul, always pulling it to earth. We might as well expect to see a plant grow upon a flint, as a virtue in the heart of a miser.

It makes us miserable as well as wicked. The cares and the fears of avarice are proverbial; and it must needs be, that he, who depends for happiness on what is liable to a thousand accidents, must of course feel as many distresses, and almost as many disappointments. The good man depends for happiness on something more permanent: and if his worldly affairs go ill, his great dependance is still left*. But as wealth is the god which the covetous man worships (for "covetousness," we are told, "is idolatry,") a disappointment here is a disappointment indeed. Be he ever so prosperous, his wealth cannot secure him against the evils of mortality; against that time, when he must give up all he values; when his bargains of advantage will be over, and nothing left but tears and despair.

But even a desiring frame of mind, though it be not carried to such a length, is always productive of misery. It cannot be otherwise.

* Sæviat, atque novos moveat fortuna tumultus;
Quantum hinc imminuet?——— Hor. Sat.

While we suffer ourselves to be continually in quest of what we have not, it is impossible that we should be happy with what we have. In a word, to abridge our wants as much as possible, not to increase them, is the truest happiness.

We are much mistaken, however, if we think the man who hoards up his money is the only covetous man. The prodigal, though he differ in his end, may be as avaricious in his means *. The former denies himself every comfort; the latter grasps at every pleasure. Both characters are equally bad in differents extremes. The miser is more detestable in the eyes of the world, because he enters into none of its joys; but it is a question, which is more wretched in himself, or more pernicious to society.

As covetousness is esteemed the vice of age, every appearance of it among young persons ought particularly to be discouraged; because if it gets ground at this early period, nobody can tell how far it may not afterwards proceed. And yet, on the other side, there may be great danger of encouraging the opposite extreme. As it is certainly right, under proper restrictions, both to save our money, and to spend it, it would be highly useful to fix the due bounds on each side. But nothing is more difficult than to raise these nice limits between extremes. Every man's case, in a thousand circumstances, differs from his neighbour's: and as no rule can be fixed for all, every man of course, in these disquisitions, must be left to his own conscience. We are indeed very ready to give our opinions how others ought to act. We can adjust with great nicety what is proper for them to do; and point out their mistakes with much precision; while nothing is necessary to us, but to act as properly as we can ourselves; observing as just a mean as possible between prodigality and avarice; and applying, in all our difficulties, to the word of God, where these great landmarks of morality are the most accurately fixed.

We have now taken a view of what is prohibited in our commerce with mankind: let us next see what is enjoined. (We are still proceeding with those duties which we owe to ourselves). Instead of spending our fortune therefore in unlawful pleasure, or increasing it by unlawful gain; we are required "to learn, and labour truly (that is honestly) to get our own living, and to do our duty in that state of life, unto which it shall please God to call us."—These words will be sufficiently explained by considering, first, that we all have some station in life—some particular duties to discharge; and secondly, in what manner we ought to discharge them.

First, that man was not born to be idle, may be inferred from the active spirit that appears in every part of nature. Every thing is alive; every thing contributes to the general good: even the very inanimate parts of the creation, plants, stones, metals, cannot be called totally inactive, but bear their part likewise in the general usefulness. If then every part, even of inanimate nature, be thus employed, surely we cannot suppose it was the intention of the Almighty Father, that man, who is the most capable of employing himself properly, should be the only creature without employment.

Again, that man was born for active life, is plain from the necessity of labour. If it had not been necessary, God would not originally have imposed it. But without it, the body would become enervated, and the mind corrupted. Idleness, therefore, is justly esteemed the origin both of disease and vice.

So

* Alieni appetens, sui profusus. SAL. de Catal.

So that if labour and employment, either of body or mind, had no use, but what respected ourselves, they would be highly proper: but they have farther use.

The necessity of them is plain, from the want that all men have of the assistance of others. If so, this assistance should be mutual; every man should contribute his part. We have already seen, that it is proper there should be different stations in the world—that some should be placed high in life, and others low. The lowest, we know, cannot be exempt from labour; and the highest ought not: though their labour, according to their station, will be of a different kind. Some, we see, "must labour (as the catechism phrases it) to get their own living; and others should do their duty in that state of life, whatever that state is, unto which it hath pleased God to call them." All are assisted: all should assist. God distributes, we read, various talents among men; to some he gives five talents, to others two, and to others one: but it is expected, we find, that notwithstanding this inequality, each should employ the talent that is given to the best advantage: and he who received five talents was under the same obligation of improving them, as he who had received only one; and would, if he had hid his talents in the earth, have been punished, in proportion to the abuse. Every man, even in the highest station, may find a proper employment, both for his time and fortune, if he please: and he may assure himself that God, by placing him in that station, never meant to exempt him from the common obligations of society, and give him a licence to spend his life in ease and pleasure. God meant assuredly, that he should bear his part in the general commerce of life—that he should consider himself not as an individual, but as a member of the community; the interests of which he is under an obligation to support with all his power;—and that his elevated station gives him no other pre-eminence than that of being the more extensively useful.

Having thus seen, that we have all some station in life to support—some particular duties to discharge; let us now see in what manner we ought to discharge them.

We have an easy rule given us in scripture on this head; that all our duties in life should be performed "as to the Lord, and not unto man:" that is, we should consider our stations in life as trusts reposed in us by our Maker; and as such should discharge the duties of them. What, though no worldly trust be reposed? What, though we are accountable to nobody upon earth? Can we therefore suppose ourselves in reality less accountable? Can we suppose that God, for no reason that we can divine, has singled us out, and given us a large proportion of the things of this world (while others around us are in need) for no other purpose than to squander it away upon ourselves? To God undoubtedly we are accountable for every blessing we enjoy. What mean, in scripture, the talents given, and the use assigned; but the conscientious discharge of the duties of life, according to the advantages, with which they are attended?

It matters not whether these advantages be an inheritance, or an acquisition: still they are the gift of God. Agreeably to their rank in life, it is true, all men should live: human distinctions require it; and in doing this properly, every one around will be benefited. Utility should be considered in all our expences. Even the very amusements of a man of fortune should be founded in it.

In short, it is the constant injunction of scripture,

ſcripture, in whatever ſtation we are placed, to conſider ourſelves as God's ſervants, and as acting immediately under his eye, not expecting our reward among men but from our great Maſter who is in heaven. This ſanctifies, in a manner, all our actions: it places the little difficulties of our ſtation in the light of God's appointments; and turns the moſt common duties of life into acts of religion. *Gilpin.*

§ 59. *On the Sacrament of Baptiſm.*

The ſacrament of baptiſm is next conſidered; in which, if we conſider the inward grace, we ſhall ſee how aptly the ſign repreſents it.—The inward grace, or thing ſignified, we are told, is "a death unto ſin, and a new birth unto righteouſneſs:" by which is meant that great renovation of nature, that purity of heart, which the chriſtian religion is intended to produce. And ſurely there cannot be a more ſignificant ſign of this than water, on account of its cleanſing nature. As water refreſhes the body, and purifies it from all contracted filth; it aptly repreſents that renovation of nature, which cleanſes the ſoul from the impurities of ſin. Water indeed, among the ancients, was more adapted to the thing ſignified, than it is at preſent among us. They uſed immerſion in baptiſing: ſo that the child being dipped into the water, and raiſed out again, baptiſm with them was more ſignificant of a new birth unto righteouſneſs. But though we, in theſe colder climates, think immerſion an unſafe practice; yet the original meaning is ſtill ſuppoſed.

It is next aſked, What is required of thoſe who are baptiſed? To this we anſwer, "Repentance, whereby they forſake ſin; and faith, whereby they ſtedfaſtly believe the promiſes of God, made to them in that ſacrament."

The primitive church was extremely ſtrict on this head. In thoſe times, before chriſtianity was eſtabliſhed, when adults offered themſelves to baptiſm, no one was admitted, till he had given a very ſatisfactory evidence of his repentance; and till, on good grounds, he could profeſs his faith in Chriſt: and it was afterwards expected from him, that he ſhould prove his faith and repentance, by a regular obedience during the future part of his life.

If faith and repentance are expected at baptiſm; it is a very natural queſtion, Why then are infants baptiſed, when, by reaſon of their tender age, they can give no evidence of either?

Whether infants ſhould be admitted to baptiſm, or whether that ſacrament ſhould be deferred till years of diſcretion; is a queſtion in the chriſtian church, which hath been agitated with ſome animoſity. Our church by no means looks upon baptiſm as neceſſary to the infant's ſalvation *. No man acquainted with the ſpirit of chriſtianity can conceive, that God will leave the ſalvation of ſo many innocent ſouls in the hands of others. But the practice is conſidered as founded upon the uſage of the earlieſt times: and the church obſerving, that circumciſion was the introductory rite to the Jewiſh covenant; and that baptiſm was intended to ſucceed circumciſion; it naturally ſuppoſes, that baptiſm ſhould be adminiſtered to infants, as circumciſion was. The church, however, in this caſe, hath provided

* The catechiſm aſſerts the ſacraments to be only generally neceſſary to ſalvation, excepting particular caſes. Where the uſe of them is intentionally rejected, it is certainly criminal.—The Quakers indeed reject them on principle: but though we may wonder both at their logic and divinity, we ſhould be ſorry to include them in an anathema.

vided ſponſors, who make a profeſſion of obedience in the child's name. But the nature and office of this proxy hath been already examined, under the head of our baptiſmal vow. *Gilpin.*

§ 60. *On the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.*

The firſt queſtion is an enquiry into the original of the inſtitution: "Why was the ſacrament of the Lord's ſupper ordained?"

It was ordained, we are informed,—"for the continual remembrance of the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; and of the benefits which we receive thereby."

In examining a ſacrament in general, we have already ſeen, that both baptiſm, and the Lord's ſupper, were originally inſtituted as the "means of receiving the grace of God; and as pledges to aſſure us thereof."

But beſides theſe primary ends, they have each a ſecondary one; in repreſenting the two moſt important truths of religion; which gives them more force and influence. Baptiſm, we have ſeen, repreſents that renovation of our ſinful nature, which the goſpel was intended to introduce: and the peculiar end, which the Lord's ſupper had in view, was the ſacrifice of the death of Chriſt; with all the benefits which ariſe from it—the remiſſion of our ſins—and the reconciliation of the world to God. "This do," ſaid our Saviour (alluding to the paſſover, which the Lord's ſupper was deſigned to ſuperſede) not as hitherto, in memory of your deliverance from Egypt; but in memory of that greater deliverance, of which the other was only a type: "Do it in remembrance of me."

The outward part, or ſign of the Lord's ſupper, is "bread and wine"—the things ſignified are the "body and blood of Chriſt."—In examining the ſacrament of baptiſm, I endeavoured to ſhew, how very apt a ſymbol water is in that ceremony. Bread and wine alſo are ſymbols equally apt in repreſenting the body and blood of Chriſt: and in the uſe of theſe particular ſymbols, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that our Saviour had an eye to the Jewiſh paſſover; in which it was a cuſtom to drink wine, and to eat bread. He might have inſtituted any other apt ſymbols for the ſame purpoſe; but it was his uſual practice, through the whole ſyſtem of his inſtitution, to make it, in every part, as familiar as poſſible: and for this reaſon he ſeems to have choſen ſuch ſymbols as were then in uſe; that he might give as little offence as poſſible in a matter of indifference.

As our Saviour, in the inſtitution of his ſupper, ordered both the bread and the wine to be received; it is certainly a great error in papiſts, to deny the cup to the laity. They ſay, indeed, that, as both fleſh and blood are united in the ſubſtance of the human body; ſo are they in the ſacramental bread; which, according to them, is changed, or, as they phraſe it, tranſubſtantiated into the real body of Chriſt. If they have no other reaſon, why do they adminiſter wine to the clergy? The clergy might participate equally of both in the bread.—But the plain truth is, they are deſirous, by this invention, to add an air of myſtery to the ſacrament, and a ſuperſtitious reverence to the prieſt, as if he, being endowed with ſome peculiar holineſs, might be allowed the uſe of both.

There is a difficulty in this part of the catechiſm, which ſhould not be paſſed over. We are told, that "the body and blood of Chriſt are verily and indeed taken, and received by the faithful in the Lord's ſupper." This expreſſion ſounds very like the popiſh doctrine,

doctrine, just mentioned, of transubstantiation. The true sense of the words undoubtedly is, that the faithful believer only, verily and indeed receives the benefit of the sacrament; but the expression must be allowed to be inaccurate, as it is capable of an interpretation so entirely opposite to that which the church of England hath always professed.—I would not willingly suppose, as some have done, that the compilers of the catechism meant to manage the affair of transubstantiation with the papists. It is one thing to shew a liberality of sentiment in matters of indifference; and another to speak timidly and ambiguously, where essentials are concerned.

It is next asked, What benefits we receive from the Lord's supper? To which it is answered, "The strengthening and refreshing of our souls by the body and blood of Christ, as our bodies are by the bread and wine." As our bodies are strengthened and refreshed, in a natural way, by bread and wine; so should our souls be, in a spiritual way, by a devout commemoration of the passion of Christ. By gratefully remembering what he suffered for us, we should be excited to a greater abhorrence of sin, which was the cause of his sufferings. Every time we partake of this sacrament, like faithful soldiers, we take a fresh oath to our leader; and should be animated anew, by his example, to persevere in the spiritual conflict in which, under him, we are engaged.

It is lastly asked, "What is required of them who come to the Lord's supper?" To which we answer, "That we should examine ourselves, whether we repent us truly of our former sins—stedfastly purposing to lead a new life—have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ—with a thankful remembrance of his death; and to be in charity with all men."

That pious frame of mind is here, in very few words, pointed out, which a christian ought to cherish and cultivate in himself at all times; but especially, upon the performance of any solemn act of religion. Very little indeed is said in scripture, of any particular frame of mind, which should accompany the performance of this duty; but it may easily be inferred from the nature of the duty itself.

In the first place, "we should repent us truly of our former sins; stedfastly purposing to lead a new life." He who performs a religious exercise, without being earnest in this point; adds only a pharisaical hypocrisy to his other sins. Unless he seriously resolve to lead a good life, he had better be all of a piece; and not pretend, by receiving the sacrament, to a piety which he does not feel.

These "stedfast purposes of leading a new life," form a very becoming exercise to christians. The lives even of the best of men afford only a mortifying retrospect. Though they may have conquered some of their worst propensities; yet the triumphs of sin over them, at the various periods of their lives, will always be remembered with sorrow; and may always be remembered with advantage; keeping them on their guard for the future, and strengthening them more and more in all their good resolutions of obedience.—And when can these meditations arise more properly, than when we are performing a rite, instituted on purpose to commemorate the great atonement for sin?

To our repentance, and resolutions of obedience, we are required to add "a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ; with a thankful

ful remembrance of his death." We should impress ourselves with the deepest sense of humility—totally rejecting every idea of our own merit—hoping for God's favour only through the merits of our great Redeemer—and with hearts full of gratitude, trusting only to his all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lastly, we are required, at the cebration of this great rite, to be "in charity with all men." It commemorates the greatest instance of love that can be conceived; and should therefore raise in us correspondent affections. It should excite in us that constant flow of benevolence, in which the spirit of religion consists; and without which indeed we can have no religion at all. Love is the very distinguishing badge of christianity: "By this," said our great Master, "shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

One species of charity should, at this time, never be forgotten; and that is, the forgiveness of others. No acceptable gift can be offered at this altar, but in the spirit of reconciliation.—Hence it was, that the ancient christians instituted, at the celebration of the Lord's supper, what they called love-feasts. They thought, they could not give a better instance of their being in perfect charity with each other, than by joining all ranks together in one common meal.—By degrees, indeed, this well-meant custom degenerated; and it may not be amiss to observe here, that the passages * in which these enormities are rebuked, have been variously misconstrued; and have frightened many well meaning persons from the sacrament. Whereas what the apostle here says, hath no other relation to this rite, than as it was attended by a particular abuse in receiving it; and as this is a mode of abuse which doth not now exist, the apostle's reproof seems not to affect the christians of this age.

What the primary, and what the secondary ends in the two sacraments were, I have endeavoured to explain. But there might be others.

God might intend them as trials of our faith. The divine truths of the gospel speak for themselves: but the performance of a positive duty rests only on faith.

These institutions are also strong arguments for the truth of christianity. We trace the observance of them into the very earliest times of the gospel. We can trace no other origin than what the scriptures give us. These rites therefore greatly tend to corroborate the scriptures.

God also, who knows what is in man, might condescend so far to his weakness, as to give him these external badges of religion, to keep the spirit of it more alive. And it is indeed probable, that nothing has contributed more than these ceremonies to preserve a sense of religion among mankind. It is a melancholy proof of this, that no contentions in the christian church have been more violent, nor carried on with more acrimony, and unchristian zeal, than the contentions about baptism and the Lord's supper; as if the very essence of religion consisted in this or that mode of observing these rites.—But this is the abuse of them.

Let us be better taught: let us receive these sacraments, for the gracious purposes for which our Lord injoined them, with gratitude, and with reverence. But let us not lay a greater stress upon them than our Lord intended. Heaven, we doubt not, may be gained, when there have been the means of receiving neither the one sacrament nor the other. But unless our affections are right, and

* See 1 Cor. xi.

and our lives anſwerable to them, we can never pleaſe God, though we perform the externals of religion with ever ſo much exactneſs. We may err in our notions about the ſacraments: the world has long been divided on theſe ſubjects; and a gracious God, it may be hoped, will pardon our errors. But in matters of practice we have no apology for error. The great lines of our duty are drawn ſo ſtrong, that a deviation here is not error, but guilt.

Let us then, to conclude from the whole, make it our principal care to purify our hearts in the ſight of God. Let us beſeech him to increaſe the influence of his Holy Spirit within us, that our faith may be of that kind "which worketh by love;" that all our affections, and from them our actions, may flow in a ſteady courſe of obedience; that each day may correct the laſt by a ſincere repentance of our miſtakes in life; and that we may continue gradually to approach nearer the idea of chriſtian perfection. Let us do this, diſclaiming, after all, any merits of our own; and not truſting in outward obſervances; but truſting in the merits of Chriſt to make up our deficiencies; and we need not fear our acceptance with God. *Gilpin.*

§ 61. *Of the Scriptures, as the Rule of Life.*

As you advance in years and underſtanding, I hope you will be able to examine for yourſelf the evidences of the Chriſtian religion; and that you will be convinced, on rational grounds, of its divine authority. At preſent, ſuch enquiries would demand more ſtudy, and greater powers of reaſoning, than your age admits of. It is your part, therefore, till you are capable of underſtanding the proofs, to believe your parents and teachers, that the holy Scriptures are writings inſpired by God, containing a true hiſtory of facts, in which we are deeply concerned—a true recital of the laws given by God to Moſes, and of the precepts of our bleſſed Lord and Saviour, delivered from his own mouth to his diſciples, and repeated and enlarged upon in the edifying epiſtles of his apoſtles—who were men choſen from amongſt thoſe who had the advantage of converſing with our Lord, to bear witneſs of his miracles and reſurrection—and who, after his aſcenſion, were aſſiſted and inſpired by the Holy Ghoſt. This ſacred volume muſt be the rule of your life. In it you will find all truths neceſſary to be believed; and plain and eaſy directions for the practice of every duty. Your Bible, then, muſt be your chief ſtudy and delight: but, as it contains many various kinds of writing—ſome parts obſcure and difficult of interpretation, others plain and intelligible to the meaneſt capacity—I would chiefly recommend to your frequent peruſal ſuch parts of the ſacred writings as are moſt adapted to your underſtanding, and moſt neceſſary for your inſtruction. Our Saviour's precepts were ſpoken to the common people amongſt the Jews; and were therefore given in a manner eaſy to be underſtood, and equally ſtriking and inſtructive to the learned and unlearned: for the moſt ignorant may comprehend them, whilſt the wiſeſt muſt be charmed and awed by the beautiful and majeſtic ſimplicity with which they are expreſſed. Of the ſame kind are the Ten Commandments, delivered by God to Moſes; which, as they were deſigned for univerſal laws, are worded in the moſt conciſe and ſimple manner, yet with a majeſty which commands our utmoſt reverence.

I think you will receive great pleaſure, as well as improvement, from the hiſtorical books of the Old Teſtament—provided you read

read them as an history, in a regular course, and keep the thread of it in your mind as you go on. I know of none, true or fictitious, that is equally wonderful, interesting, and affecting; or that is told in so short and simple a manner as this, which is, of all histories, the most authentic.

I shall give you some brief directions, concerning the method and course I wish you to pursue, in reading the Holy Scriptures. May you be enabled to make the best use of this most precious gift of God—this sacred treasure of knowledge!—May you read the Bible, not as a task, nor as the dull employment of that day only, in which you are forbidden more lively entertainments—but with a sincere and ardent desire of instruction: with that love and delight in God's word, which the holy Psalmist so pathetically felt and described, and which is the natural consequence of loving God and virtue! Though I speak this of the Bible in general, I would not be understood to mean, that every part of the volume is equally interesting. I have already said that it consists of various matter, and various kinds of books, which must be read with different views and sentiments. The having some general notion of what you are to expect from each book, may possibly help you to understand them, and will heighten your relish of them. I shall treat you as if you were perfectly new to the whole; for so I wish you to consider yourself; because the time and manner in which children usually read the Bible, are very ill calculated to make them really acquainted with it; and too many people, who have read it thus, without understanding it, in their youth, satisfy themselves that they know enough of it, and never afterwards study it with attention, when they come to a maturer age.

If the feelings of your heart, whilst you read, correspond with those of mine, whilst I write, I shall not be without the advantage of your partial affection, to give weight to my advice; for, believe me, my heart and eyes overflow with tenderness, when I tell you how warm and earnest my prayers are for your happiness here and hereafter.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 62. *Of Genesis.*

I now proceed to give you some short sketches of the matter contained in the different books of the Bible, and of the course in which they ought to be read.

The first book, Genesis, contains the most grand, and, to us, the most interesting events, that ever happened in the universe:—The creation of the world, and of man:—The deplorable fall of man, from his first state of excellence and bliss, to the distressed condition in which we see all his descendants continue:—The sentence of death pronounced on Adam, and on all his race—with the reviving promise of that deliverance which has since been wrought for us by our blessed Saviour:—The account of the early state of the world:—Of the universal deluge:—The division of mankind into different nations and languages:—The story of Abraham, the founder of the Jewish people; whose unshaken faith and obedience, under the severest trial human nature could sustain, obtained such favour in the sight of God, that he vouchsafed to style him his friend, and promised to make of his posterity a great nation, and that in his seed—that is, in one of his descendants—all the kingdoms of the earth should be blessed. This, you will easily see, refers to the Messiah, who was to be the blessing and deliverance of all nations.—It is amazing that the Jews,

Jews, poſſeſſing this prophecy, among many others, ſhould have been ſo blinded by prejudice, as to have expected, from this great perſonage, only a temporal deliverance of their own nation from the ſubjection to which they were reduced under the Romans: It is equally amazing, that ſome Chriſtians ſhould, even now, confine the bleſſed effects of his appearance upon earth, to this or that particular ſect or profeſſion, when he is ſo clearly and emphatically deſcribed as the Saviour of the whole world.—The ſtory of Abraham's proceeding to ſacrifice his only ſon, at the command of God, is affecting in the higheſt degree; and ſets forth a pattern of unlimited reſignation, that every one ought to imitate, in thoſe trials of obedience under temptation, or of acquieſcence under afflicting diſpenſations, which fall to their lot. Of this we may be aſſured, that our trials will be always proportioned to the powers afforded us: if we have not Abraham's ſtrength of mind, neither ſhall we be called upon to lift the bloody knife againſt the boſom of an only child; but if the almighty arm ſhould be lifted up againſt him, we muſt be ready to reſign him, and all we hold dear, to the divine will.—This action of Abraham has been cenſured by ſome, who do not attend to the diſtinction between obedience to a ſpecial command, and the deteſtably cruel ſacrifices of the Heathens, who ſometimes voluntarily, and without any divine injunctions, offered up their own children, under the notion of appeaſing the anger of their gods. An abſolute command from God himſelf—as in the caſe of Abraham—entirely alters the moral nature of the action; ſince he, and he only, has a perfect right over the lives of his creatures, and may appoint whom he will, either angel or man, to be his inſtrument of deſtruction. That it was really the voice of God which pronounced the command, and not a deluſion, might be made certain to Abraham's mind, by means we do not comprehend, but which we know to be within the power of him who made our ſouls as well as bodies, and who can controul and direct every faculty of the human mind: and we may be aſſured, that if he was pleaſed to reveal himſelf ſo miraculouſly, he would not leave a poſſibility of doubting whether it was a real or an imaginary revelation. Thus the ſacrifice of Abraham appears to be clear of all ſuperſtition: and remains the nobleſt inſtance of religious faith and ſubmiſſion that was ever given by a mere man: we cannot wonder that the bleſſings beſtowed on him for it ſhould have been extended to his poſterity.—This book proceeds with the hiſtory of Iſaac, which becomes very intereſting to us, from the touching ſcene I have mentioned—and ſtill more ſo, if we conſider him as the type of our Saviour. It recounts his marriage with Rebecca—the birth and hiſtory of his two ſons, Jacob, the father of the twelve tribes, and Eſau, the father of the Edomites, or Idumeans—the exquiſitely affecting ſtory of Joſeph and his brethren—and of his tranſplanting the Iſraelites into Egypt, who there multiplied to a great nation.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 63. *Of Exodus.*

In Exodus, you read of a ſeries of wonders, wrought by the Almighty to reſcue the oppreſſed Iſraelites from the cruel tyranny of the Egyptians, who, having firſt received them as gueſts, by degrees reduced them to a ſtate of ſlavery. By the moſt peculiar mercies and exertions in their favour, God prepared his choſen people to receive, with reverent and obedient hearts, the ſolemn reſtitution of thoſe primitive laws, which probably he had revealed

vealed to Adam and his immediate descendants, or which, at least, he had made known by the dictates of conscience; but which time, and the degeneracy of mankind, had much obscured. This important revelation was made to them in the Wilderness of Sinah; there, assembled before the burning mountain, surrounded "with blackness, and darkness, and tempest," they heard the awful voice of God pronounce the eternal law, impressing it on their hearts with circumstances of terror, but without those encouragements, and those excellent promises, which were afterwards offered to mankind by Jesus Christ. Thus were the great laws of morality restored to the Jews, and through them transmitted to other nations; and by that means a great restraint was opposed to the torrent of vice and impiety, which began to prevail over the world.

To those moral precepts, which are of perpetual and universal obligation, were superadded, by the ministration of Moses, many peculiar institutions, wisely adapted to different ends—either to fix the memory of those past deliverances, which were figurative of a future and far greater salvation—to place inviolable barriers between the Jews and the idolatrous nations by whom they were surrounded—or, to be the civil law by which the community was to be governed.

To conduct this series of events, and to establish these laws with his people, God raised up that great prophet Moses, whose faith and piety enabled him to undertake and execute the most arduous enterprizes; and to pursue, with unabated zeal, the welfare of his countrymen. Even in the hour of death, this generous ardour still prevailed: his last moments were employed in fervent prayers for their prosperity, and in rapturous gratitude for the glimpse vouchsafed him of a Saviour, far greater than himself, whom God would one day raise up to his people.

Thus did Moses, by the excellency of his faith, obtain a glorious pre-eminence among the saints and prophets in heaven; while, on earth, he will be ever revered as the first of those benefactors to mankind, whose labours for the public good have endeared their memory to all ages. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 64. *Of Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy.*

The next book is Leviticus, which contains little besides the laws for the peculiar ritual observance of the Jews, and therefore affords no great instruction to us now: you may pass it over entirely—and, for the same reason, you may omit the first eight chapters of Numbers. The rest of Numbers is chiefly a continuation of the history, with some ritual laws.

In Deuteronomy, Moses makes a recapitulation of the foregoing history, with zealous exhortations to the people, faithfully to worship and obey that God, who had worked such amazing wonders for them: he promises them the noblest temporal blessings, if they prove obedient; and adds the most awful and striking denunciations against them, if they rebel, or forsake the true God. I have before observed, that the sanctions of the Mosaic law were temporal rewards and punishments: those of the New Testament are eternal; these last, as they are so infinitely more forcible than the first, were reserved for the last, best gift to mankind—and were revealed by the Messiah, in the fullest and clearest manner. Moses, in this book, directs the method in which the Israelites were to deal with the seven nations, whom they were appointed to punish for their profligacy and idolatry, and whose land they were to possess, when they had driven out the old

old inhabitants. He gives them excellent laws, civil as well as religious, which were ever after the ſtanding municipal laws of that people.—This book concludes with Moſes's ſong and death. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 65. *Of Joſhua.*

The book of Joſhua contains the conqueſts of the Iſraelites over the ſeven nations, and their eſtabliſhment in the promiſed land.—Their treatment of theſe conquered nations muſt appear to you very cruel and unjuſt, if you conſider it as their own act, unauthoriſed by a poſitive command: but they had the moſt abſolute injunctions, not to ſpare theſe corrupt people—"to make no covenant with them, nor ſhew mercy to them, but utterly to deſtroy them:"—and the reaſon is given,—"leſt they ſhould turn away the Iſraelites from following the Lord, that they might ſerve other gods." The children of Iſrael are to be conſidered as inſtruments, in the hand of the Lord, to puniſh thoſe, whoſe idolatry and wickedneſs had deſervedly brought deſtruction on them: this example, therefore, cannot be pleaded in behalf of cruelty, or bring any imputation on the character of the Jews. With regard to other cities, which did not belong to theſe ſeven nations, they were directed to deal with them according to the common law of arms at that time. If the city ſubmitted, it became tributary, and the people were ſpared; if it reſiſted, the men were to be ſlain, but the women and children ſaved. Yet, though the crime of cruelty cannot be juſtly laid to their charge on this occaſion, you will obſerve, in the courſe of their hiſtory, many things recorded of them, very different from what you would expect from the choſen people of God, if you ſuppoſed them ſelected on account of their own merit: their national character was by no means amiable; and we are repeatedly told, that they were not choſen for their ſuperior righteouſneſs—"for they were a ſtiff-necked people, and provoked the Lord with their rebellions from the day they left Egypt."—"You have been rebellious againſt the Lord," ſays Moſes, "from the day that I knew you."—And he vehemently exhorts them, not to flatter themſelves that their ſucceſs was, in any degree, owing to their own merits. They were appointed to be the ſcourge of other nations, whoſe crimes rendered them fit objects of divine chaſtiſement. For the ſake of righteous Abraham, their founder, and perhaps for many other wiſe reaſons, undiſcovered to us, they were ſelected from a world over-run with idolatry, to preſerve upon earth the pure worſhip of the one only God, and to be honoured with the birth of the Meſſiah amongſt them. For this end they were precluded, by divine command, from mixing with any other people, and defended by a great number of peculiar rites and obſervances, from falling into the corrupt worſhip practiſed by their neighbours. *Ibid.*

§ 66. *Of Judges, Samuel, and Kings.*

The book of Judges, in which you will find the affecting ſtories of Sampſon and Jephtha, carries on the hiſtory from the Death of Joſhua, about two hundred and fifty years; but the facts are not told in the times in which they happened, which makes ſome confuſion; and it will be neceſſary to conſult the marginal dates and notes, as well as the index, in order to get any clear idea of the ſucceſſion of events during that period.

The hiſtory then proceeds regularly through the two books of Samuel, and thoſe of Kings; nothing can be more intereſting and entertaining than the reigns of Saul, David, and Solomon:

lomon: but, after the death of Solomon, when ten tribes revolted from his ſon Rehoboam, and became a ſeparate kingdom, you will find ſome difficulty in underſtanding diſtinctly the hiſtories of the two kingdoms of Iſrael and Judah, which are blended together; and by the likeneſs of the names, and other particulars, will be apt to confound your mind, without great attention to the different threads thus carried on together: the index here will be of great uſe to you. The ſecond book of Kings concludes with the Babyloniſh captivity, 588 years before Chriſt—till which time the kingdom of Judah had deſcended uninterruptedly in the line of David.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 67. *Of Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Eſther.*

The firſt book of Chronicles begins with a genealogy from Adam, through all the tribes of Iſrael and Judah; and the remainder is the ſame hiſtory which is contained in the books of Kings, with little or no variation, till the ſeparation of the ten tribes. From that period, it proceeds with the hiſtory of the kingdom of Judah alone, and gives therefore a more regular and clear account of the affairs of Judah than the book of Kings. You may paſs over the firſt book of Chronicles, and the nine firſt chapters of the ſecond book; but, by all means, read the remaining chapters, as they will give you more clear and diſtinct ideas of the hiſtory of Judah, than that you read in the ſecond book of Kings. The ſecond of Chronicles ends, like the ſecond of Kings, with the Babyloniſh captivity.

You muſt purſue the hiſtory in the book of Ezra, which gives an account of the return of ſome of the Jews on the edict of Cyrus, and of the rebuilding the Lord's temple.

Nehemiah carries on the hiſtory for about twelve years, when he himſelf was governor of Jeruſalem, with authority to rebuild the walls, &c.

The ſtory of Eſther is prior in time to that of Ezra and Nehemiah; as you will ſee by the marginal dates; however, as it happened during the ſeventy years captivity, and is a kind of epiſode, it may be read in its own place.

This is the laſt of the canonical books that is properly hiſtorical; and I would therefore adviſe, that you paſs over what follows, till you have continued the hiſtory through the apocryphal books. *Ibid.*

§ 68. *Of Job.*

The ſtory of Job is probably very ancient, though that is a point upon which learned men have differed: it is dated, however, 1520 years before Chriſt: I believe it is uncertain by whom it was written: many parts of it are obſcure; but it is well worth ſtudying, for the extreme beauty of the poetry, and for the noble and ſublime devotion it contains. The ſubject of the diſpute between Job and his pretended friends ſeems to be, whether the Providence of God diſtributes the rewards and puniſhments of this life in exact proportion to the merit or demerit of each individual. His antagoniſts ſuppoſe that it does; and therefore infer, from Job's uncommon calamities, that, notwithſtanding his apparent righteouſneſs, he was in reality a grievous ſinner. They aggravate his ſuppoſed guilt, by the imputation of hypocriſy, and call upon him to confeſs it, and to acknowledge the juſtice of his puniſhment. Job aſſerts his own innocence and virtue in the moſt pathetic manner, yet does not preſume to accuſe the Supreme Being of injuſtice. Elihu attempts

to

to arbitrate the matter, by alledging the impossibility that so frail and ignorant a creature as man should comprehend the ways of the Almighty; and therefore condemns the unjust and cruel inference the three friends had drawn from the sufferings of Job. He also blames Job for the presumption of acquitting himself of all iniquity, since the best of men are not pure in the sight of God—but all have something to repent of; and he advises him to make this use of his afflictions. At last, by a bold figure of poetry, the Supreme Being himself is introduced, speaking from the whirlwind, and silencing them all by the most sublime display of his own power, magnificence, and wisdom, and of the comparative littleness and ignorance of man.—This indeed is the only conclusion of the argument, which could be drawn at a time when life and immortality were not yet brought to light. A future retribution is the only satisfactory solution of the difficulty arising from the sufferings of good people in this life.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 69. *Of the Psalms.*

Next follow the Psalms, with which you cannot be too conversant. If you have any taste, either for poetry or devotion, they will be your delight, and will afford you a continual feast. The bible translation is far better than that used in the common-prayer book, and will often give you the sense, when the other is obscure. In this, as well as in all other parts of the scripture, you must be careful always to consult the margin, which gives you the corrections made since the last translation, and it is generally preferable to the words of the text. I would wish you to select some of the Psalms that please you best, and get them by heart: or, at least, make yourself master of the sentiments contained in them. Dr. Delany's Life of David will shew you the occasions on which several of them were composed, which add much to their beauty and propriety; and by comparing them with the events of David's life, you will greatly enhance your pleasure in them. Never did the spirit of true piety breathe more strongly than in these divine songs: which, being added to a rich vein of poetry, makes them more captivating to my heart and imagination, than any thing I ever read. You will consider how great disadvantages any poem must sustain from being rendered literally into prose, and then imagine how beautiful these must be in the original. May you be enabled, by reading them frequently, to transfuse into your own breast that holy flame which inspired the writer!—to delight in the Lord, and in his laws, like the Psalmist—to rejoice in him always, and to think "one day in his courts better than a thousand!"—But may you escape the heart-piercing sorrow of such repentance as that of David—by avoiding sin, which humbled this unhappy king to the dust—and which cost him such bitter anguish, as it is impossible to read of without being moved! Not all the pleasures of the most prosperous sinners would counterbalance the hundredth part of those sensations described in his penitential Psalms—and which must be the portion of every man, who has fallen from a religious state into such crimes, when once he recovers a sense of religion and virtue, and is brought to a real hatred of sin. However available such repentance may be to the safety and happiness of the soul after death, it is a state of such exquisite suffering here, that one cannot be enough surprized at the folly of those, who indulge sin, with the hope of living to make their

peace with God by repentance. Happy are they who preserve their innocence unsullied by any great or wilful crimes, and who have only the common failings of humanity to repent of; these are sufficiently mortifying to a heart deeply smitten with the love of virtue, and with the desire of perfection.—There are many very striking prophecies of the Messiah in these divine songs, particularly in Psalm xxii.—such may be found scattered up and down almost throughout the Old Testament. To bear testimony to *him*, is the great and ultimate end for which the spirit of prophecy was bestowed on the sacred writers;—but this will appear more plainly to you, when you enter on the study of prophecy, which you are now much too young to undertake.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 70. *Of the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Solomon's Song, the Prophecies, and Apocrypha.*

The Proverbs and Ecclesiastes are rich stores of wisdom, from which I wish you to adopt such maxims as may be of infinite use both to your temporal and eternal interest. But detached sentences are a kind of reading not proper to be continued long at a time; a few of them, well chosen and digested, will do you much more service, than to read half a dozen chapters together. In this respect, they are directly opposite to the historical books, which, if not read in continuation, can hardly be understood, or retained to any purpose.

The Song of Solomon is a fine poem—but its mystical reference to religion lies too deep for a common understanding: if you read it, therefore, it will be rather as matter of curiosity than of edification.

Next follow the Prophecies; which though highly deserving the greatest attention and study, I think you had better omit for some years, and then read them with a good exposition, as they are much too difficult for you to understand without assistance. Dr. Newton on the prophecies will help you much, whenever you undertake this study—which you should by all means do, when your understanding is ripe enough; because one of the main proofs of our religion rests on the testimony of the prophecies; and they are very frequently quoted, and referred to, in the New Testament; besides, the sublimity of the language and sentiments, through all the disadvantages of antiquity and translation, must, in very many passages, strike every person of taste; and the excellent moral and religious precepts found in them must be useful to all.

Though I have spoken of these books in the order in which they stand, I repeat, that they are not to be read in that order—but that the thread of the history is to be pursued, from Nehemiah to the first book of the Maccabees, in the Apocrypha; taking care to observe the chronology regularly, by referring to the index, which supplies the deficiencies of this history from Josephus's Antiquities of the Jews. The first of Maccabees carries on the story till within 195 years of our Lord's circumcision: the second book is the same narrative, written by a different hand, and does not bring the history so forward as the first; so that it may be entirely omitted, unless you have the curiosity to read some particulars of the heroic constancy of the Jews, under the tortures inflicted by their heathen conquerors, with a few other things not mentioned in the first book.

You must then connect the history by the help of the index, which will give you brief heads of the changes that happened in the state

ſtate of the Jews, from this time till the birth of the Meſſiah.

The other books of the Apocrypha, though not admitted as of ſacred authority, have many things well worth your attention: particularly the admirable book called Eccleſiaſticus, and the book of Wiſdom. But, in the courſe of reading which I adviſe, theſe muſt be omitted till after you have gone through the Goſpels and Acts, that you may not loſe the hiſtorical thread. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 71. *Of the New Teſtament, which is conſtantly to be referred to, as the Rule and Direction of our moral Conduct.*

We come now to that part of ſcripture, which is the moſt important of all, and which you muſt make your conſtant ſtudy, not only till you are thoroughly acquainted with it, but all your life long; becauſe, how often ſoever repeated, it is impoſſible to read the life and death of our bleſſed Saviour, without renewing and increaſing in our hearts that love and reverence, and gratitude towards him, which is ſo juſtly due for all he did and ſuffered for us! Every word that fell from his lips is more precious than all the treaſures of the earth; for his "are the words of eternal life!" They muſt therefore be laid up in your heart, and conſtantly referred to, on all occaſions, as the rule and direction of all your actions; particularly thoſe very comprehenſive moral precepts he has graciouſly left with us, which can never fail to direct us aright, if fairly and honeſtly applied: ſuch as, "whatſoever ye would that men ſhould do unto you, even ſo do unto them."—There is no occaſion, great or ſmall, on which you may not ſafely apply this rule for the direction of your conduct: and, whilſt your heart honeſtly adheres to it, you can never be guilty of any ſort of injuſtice or unkindneſs. The two great commandments, which contain the ſummary of our duty to God and man, are no leſs eaſily retained, and made a ſtandard by which to judge our own hearts—"To love the lord our God, with all our hearts, with all our minds, with all our ſtrength; and our neighbour (or fellow-creature) as ourſelves." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbour." Therefore if you have true benevolence, you will never do any thing injurious to individuals, or to ſociety. Now, all crimes whatever are (in their remoter conſequences at leaſt, if not immediately and apparently) injurious to the ſociety in which we live. It is impoſſible to love God without deſiring to pleaſe him, and, as far as we are able, to reſemble him; therefore the love of God muſt lead to every virtue in the higheſt degree; and, we may be ſure, we do not truly love him, if we content ourſelves with avoiding flagrant ſins, and do not ſtrive, in good earneſt, to reach the greateſt degree of perfection we are capable of. Thus do theſe few words direct us to the higheſt Chriſtian virtue. Indeed, the whole tenor of the Goſpel is to offer us every help, direction, and motive, that can enable us to attain that degree of perfection on which depends our eternal good. *Ibid.*

§ 72. *Of the Example ſet by our Saviour, and his Character.*

What an example is ſet before us in our bleſſed Maſter! How is his whole life, from earlieſt youth, dedicated to the purſuit of true wiſdom, and to the practice of the moſt exalted virtue! When you ſee him, at twelve years of age, in the temple amongſt the doctors, hearing them, and aſking them queſtions on the ſubject of religion, and aſto-

niſhing them all with his underſtanding and anſwers—you will ſay, perhaps, —— "Well "might the Son of God, even at thoſe years, "be far wiſer than the aged; but, can a "mortal child emulate ſuch heavenly wiſdom? "Can ſuch a pattern be propoſed to my imi- "tation?"—Yes, certainly;—remember that he has bequeathed to you his heavenly wiſdom, as far as concerns your own good. He has left you ſuch declarations of his will, and of the conſequences of your actions, as you are, even now, fully able to underſtand, if you will but attend to them. If, then, you will imitate his zeal for knowledge, if you will delight in gaining information and improvement; you may even now become "wiſe unto ſalvation."—Unmoved by the praiſe he acquired amongſt theſe learned men, you ſee him meekly return to the ſubjection of a child, under thoſe who appeared to be his parents, though he was in reality their Lord: you ſee him return to live with them, to work for them, and to be the joy and ſolace of their lives; till the time came, when he was to enter on that ſcene of public action, for which his heavenly Father had ſent him from his own right hand, to take upon him the form of a poor carpenter's ſon. What a leſſon of humility is this, and of obedience to parents!—When, having received the glorious teſtimony from heaven, of his being the beloved Son of the Moſt High, he enters on his public miniſtry, what an example does he give us, of the moſt extenſive and conſtant benevolence!—how are all his hours ſpent in doing good to the ſouls and bodies of men!—not the meaneſt ſinner is below his notice:—to reclaim and ſave them, he condeſcends to converſe familiarly with the moſt corrupt, as well as the moſt abject. All his miracles are wrought to benefit mankind: not one to puniſh and afflict them. Inſtead of uſing the almighty power, which accompanied him, to the purpoſe of exalting himſelf, and treading down his enemies, he makes no other uſe of it than to heal and to ſave.

When you come to read of his ſufferings and death, the ignominy and reproach, the ſorrow of mind, and torment of body, which he ſubmitted to—when you conſider that it was all for our ſakes—"that by his ſtripes we are healed"—and by his death we are raiſed from deſtruction to everlaſting life—what can I ſay, that can add any thing to the ſenſations you muſt then feel?—No power of language can make the ſcene more touching than it appears in the plain and ſimple narrations of the evangeliſts. The heart that is unmoved by it, can be ſcarcely human;—but the emotions of tenderneſs and compunction, which almoſt every one feels in reading this account, will be of no avail, unleſs applied to the true end—unleſs it inſpires you with a ſincere and warm affection towards your bleſſed Lord—with a firm reſolution to obey his commands;—to be his faithful diſciple—and ever to renounce and abhor thoſe ſins, which brought mankind under divine condemnation, and from which we have been redeemed at ſo dear a rate. Remember that the title of Chriſtian, or follower of Chriſt, implies a more than ordinary degree of holineſs and goodneſs. As our motives to virtue are ſtronger than thoſe which are afforded to the reſt of mankind, our guilt will be proportionably greater, if we depart from it.

Our Saviour appears to have had three great purpoſes, in deſcending from his glory, and dwelling amongſt men. The firſt, to teach them true virtue, both by his example and precepts. The ſecond, to give them the moſt forcible

forcible motives to the practice of it, by "bringing life and immortality to light;" by shewing them the certainty of a resurrection and judgment, and the absolute necessity of obedience to God's laws. The third, to sacrifice himself for us, to obtain, by his death, the remission of our sins, upon our repentance and reformation, and the power of bestowing on his sincere followers the inestimable gift of immortal happiness. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 73. *A comparative View of the Blessed and Cursed at the Last Day, and the Inference to be drawn from it.*

What a tremendous scene of the last day does the gospel place before our eyes!—of that day, when you and every one of us shall awake from the grave, and behold the Son of God, on his glorious tribunal, attended by millions of celestial beings, of whose superior excellence we can now form no adequate idea—when, in presence of all mankind, of those holy angels, and of the great Judge himself, you must give an account of your past life, and hear your final doom, from which there can be no appeal, and which must determine your fate to all eternity; then think—if for a moment you can bear the thought—what will be the desolation, shame, and anguish, of those wretched souls, who shall hear these dreadful words; —— "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."—Oh!—I cannot support even the idea of your becoming one of those undone, lost creatures!—I trust in God's mercy, that you will make a better use of that knowledge of his will, which he has vouchsafed you, and of those amiable dispositions he has given you. Let us therefore turn from this horrid, this insupportable view—and rather endeavour to imagine, as far as is possible, what will be the sensations of your soul, if you shall hear our Heavenly Judge address you in these transporting words—"Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world."—Think, what it must be, to become an object of the esteem and applause—not only of all mankind assembled together—but of all the host of heaven, of our blessed Lord himself—nay, of his and our Almighty Father:—to find your frail flesh changed, in a moment, into a glorious celestial body, endowed with perfect beauty, health, and agility:—to find your soul cleansed from all its faults, and infirmities; exalted to the purest and noblest affections; overflowing with divine love and rapturous gratitude!—to have your understanding enlightened and refined; your heart enlarged and purified; and every power and disposition of mind and body adapted to the highest relish of virtue and happiness!—Thus accomplished, to be admitted into the society of amiable and happy beings, all united in the most perfect peace and friendship, all breathing nothing but love to God, and to each other;—with them to dwell in scenes more delightful than the richest imagination can paint—free from every pain and care, and from all possibility of change or satiety:—but, above all, to enjoy the more immediate presence of God himself—to be able to comprehend and admire his adorable perfections in a high degree, though still far short of their infinity—to be conscious of his love and favour, and to rejoice in the light of his countenance!—But here all imagination fails:—we can form no idea of that bliss, which may be communicated to us by such a near approach to the Source of all beauty and all good:—we must content ourselves with believing,

"that it is what mortal eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." The crown of all our joys will be, to know that we are secure of possessing them for ever—what a transporting idea!

Can you reflect on all these things, and not feel the most earnest longings after immortality?—Do not all other views and desires seem mean and trifling, when compared with this?—And does not your inmost heart resolve, that this shall be the chief and constant object of its wishes and pursuit, through the whole course of your life?—If you are not insensible to that desire of happiness which seems woven into our nature, you cannot surely be unmoved by the prospect of such a transcendant degree of it; and that continued to all eternity—perhaps continually increasing. You cannot but dread the forfeiture of such an inheritance, as the most insupportable evil!—Remember then—remember the conditions on which alone it can be obtained. God will not give to vice, to carelessness, or sloth, the prize he has proposed to virtue. You have every help that can animate your endeavours:—You have written laws to direct you—the example of Christ and his disciples to encourage you—the most awakening motives to engage you—and you have besides, the comfortable promise of constant assistance from the Holy Spirit, if you diligently and sincerely pray for it.—O! let not all this mercy be lost upon you—but give your attention to this your only important concern, and accept, with profound gratitude, the inestimable advantages that are thus affectionately offered you.

Though the four Gospels are each of them a narration of the life, sayings, and death of Christ; yet as they are not exactly alike, but some circumstances and sayings, omitted in one, are recorded in another, you must make yourself perfectly master of them all.

The Acts of the holy Apostles, endowed with the Holy Ghost, and authorized by their divine Master, come next in order to be read.—Nothing can be more interesting and edifying, than the history of their actions—of the piety, zeal, and courage, with which they preached the glad tidings of salvation; and of the various exertions, of the wonderful powers conferred on them by the Holy Spirit, for the confirmation of their mission.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 74. *Character of St. Paul.*

The Character of St. Paul, and his miraculous conversion, demand your particular attention: most of the apostles were men of low birth and education; but St. Paul was a Roman citizen; that is, he possessed the privileges annexed to the freedom of the city of Rome, which was considered as a high distinction, in those countries that had been conquered by the Romans. He was educated amongst the most learned sect of the Jews, and by one of their principal doctors. He was a man of extraordinary eloquence, as appears not only in his writings, but in several speeches in his own defence, pronounced before governors and courts of justice, when he was called to account for the doctrines he taught.—He seems to have been of an uncommonly warm temper, and zealous in whatever religion he professed: this zeal, before his conversion, shewed itself in the most unjustifiable actions, by furiously persecuting the innocent Christians: but, tho' his actions were bad, we may be sure his intentions were good; otherwise we should not have seen a miracle employed to convince him of his mistake, and to bring him into the right way.

This

This example may assure us of the mercy of God towards mistaken consciences, and ought to inspire us with the most enlarged charity and good-will towards those whose erroneous principles mislead their conduct: instead of resentment and hatred against their persons, we ought only to feel an active wish of assisting them to find the truth; since we know not whether, if convinced, they might not prove, like St. Paul, chosen vessels to promote the honour of God, and of true religion. It is not now my intention to enter with you into any of the arguments for the truth of Christianity; otherwise it would be impossible wholly to pass over that, which arises from this remarkable conversion, and which has been so admirably illustrated by a noble writer, whose tract on this subject is in every body's hands. *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 75. *Of the Epistles.*

Next follow the Epistles, which make a very important part of the New Testament; and you cannot be too much employed in reading them. They contain the most excellent precepts and admonitions; and are of particular use in explaining more at large several doctrines of Christianity, which we could not so fully comprehend without them. There are, indeed, in the Epistles of St. Paul, many passages hard to be understood: such, in particular, are the first eleven chapters to the Romans; the greater part of his Epistles to the Corinthians and Galatians; and several chapters of that to the Hebrews. Instead of perplexing yourself with these more obscure passages of scripture, I would wish you to employ your attention chiefly on those that are plain; and to judge of the doctrines taught in the other parts, by comparing them with what you find in these. It is through the neglect of this rule, that many have been led to draw the most absurd doctrines from the holy scriptures.—Let me particularly recommend to your careful perusal the xii. xiii. xiv. and xv. chapters of the Epistle to the Romans. In the xiv. chapter St. Paul has in view the difference between the Jewish and Gentile (or Heathen) converts, at that time: the former were disposed to look with horror on the latter, for their impiety, in not paying the same regard to the distinctions of days and meats that they did; and the latter, on the contrary, were inclined to look with contempt on the former, for their weakness and superstition. Excellent is the advice which the Apostle gives to both parties: he exhorts the Jewish converts not to judge, and the Gentiles not to despise; remembering, that the kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.—Endeavour to conform yourself to this advice; to acquire a temper of universal candour and benevolence; and learn neither to despise nor condemn any persons on account of their particular modes of faith and worship; remembering always, that goodness is confined to no party—that there are wise and worthy men among all the sects of Christians—and that, to his own master, every one must stand or fall.

I will enter no farther into the several points discussed by St. Paul in his various epistles—most of them too intricate for your understanding at present, and many of them beyond my abilities to state clearly. I will only again recommend to you, to read those passages frequently, which, with so much fervour and energy, excite you to the practice of the most exalted piety and benevolence. If the effusions of a heart, warmed with the tenderest affection for the whole human race—if

precept, warning, encouragement, example, urged by an eloquence which such affection only could inspire, are capable of influencing your mind—you cannot fail to find, in such parts of his epistles as are adapted to your understanding, the strongest persuasives to every virtue that can adorn and improve your nature.

Mrs. Chapone.

§ 76. *The Epistle of St. James.*

The epistle of St. James is entirely practical, and exceedingly fine; you cannot study it too much. It seems particularly designed to guard Christians against misunderstanding some things in St. Paul's writings, which have been fatally perverted to the encouragement of a dependance on faith alone, without good works. But the more rational commentators will tell you, that, by the works of the law, which the apostle asserts to be incapable of justifying us, he means, not the works of moral righteousness, but the ceremonial works of the Mosaic law; on which the Jews laid the greatest stress, as necessary to salvation. But St. James tells us, that, "if "any man among us seem to be religious, "and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth "his own heart, that man's religion is vain;" —and that "pure religion, and undefiled "before God and the Father, is this, to visit "the fatherless and widow in their affliction, "and to keep himself unspotted from the "world." Faith in Christ, if it produce not these effects, he declareth is dead, or of no power. *Ibid.*

§ 77. *Epistles of St. Peter, and the first of St. John.*

The Epistles of St. Peter are also full of the best instructions and admonitions, concerning the relative duties of life; amongst which, are set forth the duties of women in general, and of wives in particular. Some part of his second Epistle is prophetical; warning the church of false teachers, and false doctrines, which should undermine morality, and disgrace the cause of Christianity.

The first of St. John is written in a highly figurative style, which makes it, in some parts, hard to be understood; but the spirit of divine love, which it so fervently expresses, renders it highly edifying and delightful.—That love of God and of man, which this beloved apostle so pathetically recommends, is in truth the essence of religion, as our Saviour himself informs us. *Ibid.*

§ 78. *Of the Revelations.*

The book of the Revelations contains a prophetical account of most of the great events relating to the Christian church, which were to happen from the time of the writer, St. John, to the end of the world. Many learned men have taken a great deal of pains to explain it; and they have done this, in many instances, very successfully: but I think it is yet too soon for you to study this part of scripture; some years hence, perhaps, there may be no objection to your attempting it, and taking into your hands the best expositions, to assist you in reading such of the most difficult parts of the New Testament, as you cannot now be supposed to understand.—May Heaven direct you in studying this sacred volume, and render it the means of making you wise unto salvation!—May you love and reverence, as it deserves, this blessed and invaluable book, which contains the best rule of life, the clearest declaration of the will and laws of the Deity, the reviving assurance of favour to true penitents, and the unspeakably joyful tidings of eternal life and happiness to all the truly virtuous,

tuous, through Jesus Christ the Saviour and Deliverer of the world! *Mrs. Chapone.*

§ 79. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Use of a School.*

Father of All! we return thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night season, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies, in the sweet repose of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpless age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and, without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard us from temptations to deceit, and grant that we may abhor a lye, both as a sin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us with an abhorrence of the loathsomeness of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant, at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of conscious purity, and wash our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning, as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and shine as lights in the world, by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies, and that whatever we read we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bless our parents, guardians, and instructors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make use of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may not disappoint their anxious expectations.

Assist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go through them chearfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, through the merits of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 80. *An Evening Prayer.*

O Almighty God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverent to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments, and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, attended with Christian charity, and that peculiar generosity of mind, which becomes a liberal scholar and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even though we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, though in the blindness of our hearts we should desire it.

Into thy hands we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest; hoping by thy mercy, to rise again with renewed spirits, to go through the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, through the merits and intercession of thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

§ 81. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father, which art in heaven; Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE
PROSE EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK II. CLASSICAL AND HISTORICAL.

§ 1. *Beneficial Effects of a Taste for the* BELLES LETTRES.

BELLES Lettres and criticism chiefly consider Man as a being endowed with those powers of taste and imagination, which were intended to embellish his mind, and to supply him with rational and useful entertainment. They open a field of investigation peculiar to themselves. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur, and elegance; all that can soothe the mind, gratify the fancy, or move the affections, belongs to their province. They present human nature under a different aspect from that which it assumes when viewed by other sciences. They bring to light various springs of action, which, without their aid, might have passed unobserved; and which, though of a delicate nature, frequently exert a powerful influence on several departments of human life.

Such studies have also this peculiar advantage, that they exercise our reason without fatiguing it. They lead to enquiries acute, but not painful; profound, but not dry nor abstruse. They strew flowers in the path of science; and, while they keep the mind bent, in some degree, and active, they relieve it at the same time from that more toilsome labour to which it must submit in the acquisition of necessary erudition, or the investigation of abstract truth. *Blair.*

§ 2. *Beneficial Effects of the Cultivation of* TASTE.

The cultivation of taste is further recommended by the happy effects which it naturally tends to produce on human life. The most busy man, in the most active sphere, cannot be always occupied by business. Men of serious professions cannot always be on the stretch of serious thought. Neither can the most gay and flourishing situations of fortune afford any man the power of filling all his hours with pleasure. Life must always languish in the hands of the idle. It will frequently languish even in the hands of the busy, if they have not some employment subsidiary to that which forms their main pursuit. How then shall these vacant spaces, those unemployed intervals, which, more or less, occur in the life of every one, be filled up? How can we contrive to dispose of them in any way that shall be more agreeable in itself,

or

or more consonant to the dignity of the human mind, than in the entertainments of taste, and the study of polite literature? He who is so happy as to have acquired a relish for these, has always at hand an innocent and irreproachable amusement for his leisure hours, to save him from the danger of many a pernicious passion. He is not in hazard of being a burden to himself: He is not obliged to fly to low company, or to court the riot of loose pleasures, in order to cure the tediousness of existence.

Providence seems plainly to have pointed out this useful purpose, to which the pleasures of taste may be applied, by interposing them in a middle station between the pleasures of sense, and those of pure intellect. We were not designed to grovel always among objects so low as the former; nor are we capable of dwelling constantly in so high a region as the latter. The pleasures of taste refresh the mind after the toils of the intellect, and the labours of abstract study; and they gradually raise it above the attachments of sense, and prepare it for the enjoyments of virtue.

So consonant is this to experience, that, in the education of youth, no object has in every age appeared more important to wise men than to tincture them early with a relish for the entertainments of taste. The transition is commonly made with ease from these to the discharge of the higher and more important duties of life. Good hopes may be entertained of those whose minds have this liberal and elegant turn. It is favourable to many virtues. Whereas to be entirely devoid of relish for eloquence, poetry, or any of the fine arts, is justly construed to be an unpromising symptom of youth; and raises suspicions of their being prone to low gratifications, or destined to drudge in the more vulgar and illiberal pursuits of life. *Blair.*

§ 3. *Improvement of* TASTE *connected with Improvement in* VIRTUE.

There are indeed few good dispositions of any kind with which the improvement of taste is not more or less connected. A cultivated taste increases sensibility to all the tender and humane passions, by giving them frequent exercise; while it tends to weaken the more violent and fierce emotions.

——Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros *.

The elevated sentiments and high examples which poetry, eloquence, and history are often bringing under our view, naturally tend to nourish in our minds public spirit, the love of glory, contempt of external fortune, and the admiration of what is truly illustrious and great.

I will not go so far as to say, that the improvement of taste and virtue is the same; or that they may always be expected to co-exist in an equal degree. More powerful correctives than taste can apply, are necessary for reforming the corrupt propensities which too frequently prevail among mankind. Elegant speculations are sometimes found to float on the surface of the mind, while bad passions possess the interior regions of the heart. At the same time this cannot but be admitted, that the exercise of taste is, in its native tendency, moral and purifying. From reading the most admired productions of genius, whether in poetry or prose, almost every one rises

* These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind,
Soften'd the rude, and calm'd the boist'rous mind.

with

with some good impressions left on his mind; and though these may not always be durable, they are at least to be ranked among the means of disposing the heart to virtue. One thing is certain, and I shall hereafter have occasion to illustrate it more fully, that, without possessing the virtuous affections in a strong degree, no man can attain eminence in the sublime parts of eloquence. He must feel what a good man feels, if he expects greatly to move or to interest mankind. They are the ardent sentiments of honour, virtue, magnanimity, and public spirit, that only can kindle that fire of genius, and call up into the mind those high ideas, which attract the admiration of ages; and if this spirit be necessary to produce the most distinguished efforts of eloquence, it must be necessary also to our relishing them with proper taste and feeling.

Blair.

§ 4. *On* Style.

It is not easy to give a precise idea of what is meant by Style. The best definition I can give of it is, the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions, by means of Language. It is different from mere Language or words. The words which an author employs, may be proper and faultless; and his Style may, nevertheless, have great faults; it may be dry, or stiff, or feeble, or affected. Style has always some reference to an author's manner of thinking. It is a picture of the ideas which rise in his mind, and of the manner in which they rise there; and hence, when we are examining an author's composition, it is, in many cases, extremely difficult to separate the Style from the sentiment. No wonder these two should be so intimately connected, as Style is nothing else, than that sort of expression which our thoughts most readily assume. Hence, different countries have been noted for peculiarities of Style, suited to their different temper and genius. The eastern nations animated their Style with the most strong and hyperbolical figures. The Athenians, a polished and acute people, formed a Style, accurate, clear, and neat. The Asiatics, gay and loose in their manners, affected a Style florid and diffuse. The like sort of characteristical differences are commonly remarked in the Style of the French, the English, and the Spaniards. In giving the general characters of Style, it is usual to talk of a nervous, a feeble, or a spirited Style; which are plainly the characters of a writer's manner of thinking, as well as of expressing himself: so difficult it is to separate these two things from one another. Of the general characters of Style, I am afterwards to discourse; but it will be necessary to begin with examining the more simple qualities of it; from the assemblage of which its more complex denominations, in a great measure, result.

All the qualities of a good Style may be ranged under two heads, Perspicuity and Ornament. For all that can possibly be required of Language is, to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and, at the same time, in such a dress, as, by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions which we seek to make. When both these ends are answered, we certainly accomplish every purpose for which we use Writing and Discourse. *Ibid.*

§ 5. *On* Perspicuity.

Perspicuity, it will be readily admitted, is the fundamental quality of Style*; a quality

* "Nobis prima sit virtus, perspicuitas, propriæ verba, rectus ordo, non in longum dilata conclusio; nihil neque desit, neque superfluat."

Quinctil. lib. viii.

so

so essential in every kind of writing, that for the want of it nothing can atone. Without this, the richest ornaments of Style only glimmer through the dark; and puzzle, instead of pleasing, the reader. This, therefore, must be our first object, to make our meaning clearly and fully understood, and understood without the least difficulty. "Oratio," says Quinctilian, "debet negligenter quoque audientibus esse aperta; ut in animum audientis, sicut sol in oculos, etiamsi in eum non intendatur, occurrat. Quare, non solum ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit non intelligere, curandum*." If we are obliged to follow a writer with much care, to pause, and to read over his sentences a second time, in order to comprehend them fully, he will never please us long. Mankind are too indolent to relish so much labour. They may pretend to admire the author's depth after they have discovered his meaning; but they will seldom be inclined to take up his work a second time.

Authors sometimes plead the difficulty of their subject as an excuse for the want of Perspicuity. But the excuse can rarely, if ever, be admitted. For whatever a man conceives clearly, that it is in his power, if he will be at the trouble, to put into distinct propositions, or to express clearly to others: and upon no subject ought any man to write, where he cannot think clearly. His ideas, indeed, may, very excusably, be on some subjects incomplete or inadequate; but still, as far as they go, they ought to be clear; and, wherever this is the case, Perspicuity in expressing them is always attainable. The obscurity which reigns so much among many metaphysical writers, is, for the most part, owing to the indistinctness of their own conceptions. They see the object but in a confused light; and, of course, can never exhibit it in a clear one to others.

Perspicuity in writing, is not to be considered as merely a sort of negative virtue, or freedom from defect. It has higher merit: it is a degree of positive beauty. We are pleased with an author, we consider him as deserving praise, who frees us from all fatigue of searching for his meaning; who carries us through his subject without any embarrassment or confusion? whose style flows always like a limpid stream, where we see to the very bottom. *Blair.*

§ 6. *On* Purity *and* Propriety.

Purity and Propriety of Language, are often used indiscriminately for each other; and, indeed, they are very nearly allied. A distinction however obtains between them. Purity, is the use of such words, and such constructions, as belong to the idiom of the Language which we speak; in opposition to words and phrases that are imported from other Languages, or that are obsolete or new-coined, or used without proper authority. Propriety is the selection of such words in the Language, as the best and most established usage has appropriated to those ideas which we intend to express by them. It implies the correct and happy application of them, according to that usage, in opposition to vulgarisms,

* "Discourse ought always to be obvious, even "to the most careless and negligent hearer; so "that the sense shall strike his mind, as the light "of the sun does our eyes, though they are not "directed upwards to it. We must study, not "only that every hearer may understand us, but "that it shall be impossible for him not to under-"stand us."

riſins, or low expreſſions; and to words and phraſes, which would be leſs ſignificant of the ideas that we mean to convey. Style may be pure, that is, it may all be ſtrictly Engliſh, without Scotticiſms or Galliciſms, or ungrammatical, irregular expreſſions of any kind, and may, nevertheleſs, be deficient in propriety. The words may be ill-chofen; not adapted to the ſubject, nor fully expreſſive of the author's ſenſe. He has taken all his words and phraſes from the general maſs of Engliſh Language; but he has made his ſelection among theſe words unhappily. Whereas Style cannot be proper without being alſo pure; and where both Purity and Propriety meet, beſides making Style perſpicuous, they alſo render it graceful. There is no ſtandard, either of Purity or of Propriety, but the practatice of the beſt writers and ſpeakers in the country.

When I mentioned obſolete or new-coined words as incongruous with Purity of Style, it will be eaſily underſtood, that ſome exceptions are to be made. On certain occaſions, they may have grace. Poetry admits of greater latitude than proſe, with reſpect to coining, or, at leaſt, new-compounding words; yet, even here, this liberty ſhould be uſed with a ſparing hand. In proſe, ſuch innovations are more hazardous, and have a worſe effect. They are apt to give Style an affected and conceited air; and ſhould never be ventured upon except by ſuch, whoſe eſtabliſhed reputation gives them ſome degree of dictatorial power over Language.

The introduction of foreign and learned words, unleſs where neceſſity requires them, ſhould always be avoided. Barren Languages may need ſuch aſſiſtances; but ours is not one of theſe. Dean Swift, one of our moſt correct writers, valued himſelf much on uſing no words but ſuch as were of native growth: and his language may, indeed, be conſidered as a ſtandard of the ſtricteſt Purity and Propriety in the choice of words. At preſent, we ſeem to be departing from this ſtandard. A multitude of Latin words have, of late, been poured in upon us. On ſome occaſions, they give an appearance of elevation and dignity to Style. But often, alſo, they render it ſtiff and forced: and, in general, a plain native Style, as it is more intelligible to all readers, ſo, by a proper management of words, it may be made equally ſtrong and expreſſive with this Latinized Engliſh.

Blair.

§ 7. *On* Precision.

The exact import of Preciſion may be drawn from the etymology of the word. It comes from "precidere," to cut off: it imports retrenching all ſuperfluities, and pruning the expreſſion ſo as to exhibit neither more nor leſs than an exact copy of his idea who uſes it. I obſerved before, that it is often difficult to ſeparate the qualities of Style from the qualities of Thought; and it is found ſo in this inſtance. For, in order to write with Preciſion, though this be properly a quality of Style, one muſt poſſeſs a very conſiderable degree of diſtinctneſs and accuracy in his manner of thinking.

The words, which a man uſes to expreſs his ideas, may be faulty in three reſpects: They may either not expreſs that idea which the author intends, but ſome other which only reſembles, or is a-kin to it; or, they may expreſs that idea, but not quite fully and completely; or, they may expreſs it, together with ſomething more than he intends. Preciſion ſtands oppoſed to all theſe three faults; but chiefly to the laſt. In an author's writing with

with propriety, his being free from the two former faults seems implied. The words which he uses are proper; that is, they express that idea which he intends, and they express it fully; but to be precise, signifies, that they express that idea, and no more. There is nothing in his words which introduces any foreign idea, any superfluous, unseasonable accessory, so as to mix it confusedly with the principal object, and thereby to render our conception of that object loose and indistinct. This requires a writer to have, himself, a very clear apprehension of the object he means to present to us; to have laid fast hold of it in his mind; and never to waver in any one view he takes of it; a perfection to which, indeed, few writers attain. *Blair.*

§ 8. *On the Use and Importance of* Precision.

The use and importance of Precision may be deduced from the nature of the human mind. It never can view, clearly and distinctly, above one object at a time. If it must look at two or three together, especially objects among which there is resemblance or connection, it finds itself confused and embarrassed. It cannot clearly perceive in what they agree, and in what they differ. Thus, were any object, suppose some animal, to be presented to me, of whose structure I wanted to form a distinct notion, I would desire all its trappings to be taken off, I would require it to be brought before me by itself, and to stand alone, that there might be nothing to distract my attention. The same is the case with words. If, when you would inform me of your meaning, you also tell me more than what conveys it; if you join foreign circumstances to the principal object; if, by unnecessarily varying the expression, you shift the point of view, and make me see sometimes the object itself, and sometimes another thing that is connected with it; you thereby oblige me to look on several objects at once, and I lose sight of the principal. You load the animal you are shewing me with so many trappings and collars, and bring so many of the same species before me, somewhat resembling, and yet somewhat differing, that I see none of them clearly.

This forms what is called a Loose Style: and is the proper opposite to Precision. It generally arises from using a superfluity of words. Feeble writers employ a multitude of words, to make themselves understood, as they think, more distinctly; and they only confound the reader. They are sensible of not having caught the precise expression, to convey what they would signify: they do not, indeed, conceive their own meaning very precisely themselves; and, therefore, help it out, as they can, by this and the other word, which may, as they suppose, supply the defect, and bring you somewhat nearer to their idea: they are always going about it, and about it, but never just hit the thing. The image, as they set it before you, is always seen double; and no double image is distinct. When an author tells me of his hero's *courage* in the day of battle, the expression is precise, and I understand it fully. But if, from the desire of multiplying words, he will needs praise his *courage* and *fortitude*; at the moment he joins these words together, my idea begins to waver. He means to express one quality more strongly; but he is, in truth, expressing two. *Courage* resists danger; *fortitude* supports pain. The occasion of exerting each of these qualities is different; and being led to think of both together, when only one of them should be in my view, my view is rendered unsteady,

unsteady, and my conception of the object indistinct.

From what I have said, it appears that an author may, in a qualified sense, be perspicuous, while yet he is far from being precise. He uses proper words, and proper arrangement: he gives you the idea as clear as he conceives it himself; and so far he is perspicuous: but the ideas are not very clear in his own mind: they are loose and general; and, therefore, cannot be expressed with Precision. All subjects do not equally require Precision. It is sufficient, on many occasions, that we have a general view of the meaning. The subject, perhaps, is of the known and familiar kind; and we are in no hazard of mistaking the sense of the author, though every word which he uses be not precise and exact.

Blair.

§ 9. *The Causes of a Loose* STYLE.

The great source of a Loose Style, in opposition to Precision, is the injudicious use of those words termed Synonymous. They are called Synonymous, because they agree in expressing one principal idea: but, for the most part, if not always, they express it with some diversity in the circumstances. They are varied by some accessory idea which every word introduces, and which forms the distinction between them. Hardly, in any Language, are there two words that convey precisely the same idea; a person thoroughly conversant in the propriety of the Language, will always be able to observe something that distinguishes them. As they are like different shades of the same colour, an accurate writer can employ them to great advantage, by using them so as to heighten and finish the picture which he gives us. He supplies by one what was wanting in the other, to the force, or to the lustre of the image which he means to exhibit. But in order to this end, he must be extremely attentive to the choice which he makes of them. For the bulk of writers are very apt to confound them with each other: and to employ them carelessly, merely for the sake of filling up a period, or of rounding and diversifying the Language, as if the signification were exactly the same, while, in truth, it is not. Hence a certain mist, and indistinctness, is unwarily thrown over Style. *Ibid.*

§ 10. *On the general Characters of* STYLE.

That different subjects require to be treated of in different sorts of Style, is a position so obvious, that I shall not stay to illustrate it. Every one sees that Treatises of Philosophy, for instance, ought not to be composed in the same Style with Orations. Every one sees also that different parts of the same composition require a variation in the Style and manner. In a sermon, for instance, or any harangue, the application, or peroration admits of more ornament, and requires more warmth, than the didactic part. But what I mean at present to remark is, that, amidst this variety, we still expect to find, in the compositions of any one man, some degree of uniformity or consistency with himself in manner; we expect to find some predominant character of Style impressed on all his writings, which shall be suited to, and shall mark, his particular genius and turn of mind. The orations in Livy differ much in Style, as they ought to do, from the rest of his history. The same is the case with those in Tacitus. Yet both in Livy's orations, and in those of Tacitus, we are able clearly to trace the distinguishing manner of each historian: the magnificent fulness of the one, and the sententious conciseness of the other. The "Lettres Persanes,"

Perſanes," and "L'Eſprit de Loix," are the works of the ſame author. They required very different compoſition ſurely, and accordingly they differ widely; yet ſtill we ſee the ſame hand. Wherever there is real and native genius, it gives a determination to one kind of Style rather than another. Where nothing of this appears; where there is no marked nor peculiar character in the compoſitions of any author, we are apt to infer, not without reaſon, that he is a vulgar and trivial author, who writes from imitation, and not from the impulſe of original genius. As the moſt celebrated painters are known by their hand, ſo the beſt and moſt original writers are known and diſtinguiſhed, throughout all their works, by their Style and peculiar manner. This will be found to hold almoſt without exception. *Blair.*

§ 11. *On the Auſtere, the Florid, and the Middle* STYLE.

The ancient Critics attended to theſe general characters of Style, which we are now to conſider. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus divides them into three kinds; and calls them the Auſtere, the Florid, and the Middle. By the Auſtere, he means a Style diſtinguiſhed for ſtrength and firmneſs, with a neglect of ſmoothneſs and ornament; for examples of which he gives Pindar and Æſchylus among the Poets, and Thucydides among the Proſe writers. By the Florid, he means, as the name indicates, a Style ornamented, flowing, and ſweet; reſting more upon numbers and grace, than ſtrength; he inſtances Heſiod, Sappho, Anacreon, Euripides, and principally Iſocrates. The Middle kind is the juſt mean between theſe, and comprehends the beauties of both; in which claſs he places Homer and Sophocles among the Poets: in Proſe, Herodotus, Demoſthenes, Plato, and (what ſeems ſtrange) Ariſtotle. This muſt be a very wide claſs indeed, which comprehends Plato and Ariſtotle under one article as to Style *. Cicero and Quinctilian make alſo a threefold diviſion of Style, though with reſpect to different qualities of it; in which they are followed by moſt of the modern writers in Rhetoric; the *Simplex*, *Tenue*, or *Subtile*; the *Grave*, or *Vehemens*; and the *Medium*, or *temperatum genus dicendi*. But theſe diviſions, and the illuſtrations they give of them, are ſo looſe and general, that they cannot advance us much in our ideas of Style. I ſhall endeavour to be a little more particular in what I have to ſay on this ſubject.

Ibid.

§ 12. *On the Conciſe* STYLE.

One of the firſt and moſt obvious diſtinctions of the different kinds of Style, is what ariſes from an author's ſpreading out his thoughts more or leſs. This diſtinction forms what are called the Diffuſe and the Conciſe Styles. A conciſe writer compreſſes his thought into the feweſt poſſible words; he ſeeks to employ none but ſuch as are moſt expreſſive; he lops off, as redundant, every expreſſion which does not add ſomething material to the ſenſe. Ornament he does not reject; he may be lively and figured; but his ornament is intended for the ſake of force rather than grace. He never gives you the ſame thought twice. He places it in the light which appears to him the moſt ſtriking; but if you do not apprehend it well in that light, you need not expect to find it in any other. His ſentences are arranged with compactneſs and ſtrength, rather than with cadence and harmony. The utmoſt

* De Compoſitione Verborum, Cap. 25.

preciſion

preciſion is ſtudied in them; and they are commonly deſigned to ſuggeſt more to the reader's imagination than they directly expreſs. *Blair.*

§ 13. *On the Diffuſe* Style.

A diffuſe writer unfolds his thought fully. He places it in a variety of lights, and gives the reader every poſſible aſſiſtance for underſtanding it completely. He is not very careful to expreſs it at firſt in its full ſtrength, becauſe he is to repeat the impreſſion; and what he wants in ſtrength, he propoſes to ſupply by copiouſneſs. Writers of this character generally love magnificence and amplification. Their periods naturally run out into ſome length, and having room for ornament of every kind, they admit it freely.

Each of theſe manners has its peculiar advantages; and each becomes faulty, when carried to the extreme. The extreme of conciſeneſs becomes abrupt and obſcure; it is apt alſo to lead into a Style too pointed, and bordering on the epigrammatic. The extreme of diffuſeneſs becomes weak and languid, and tires the reader. However, to one or other of theſe two manners a writer may lean, according as his genius prompts him: and, under the general character of a conciſe, or of a more open and diffuſe Style, may poſſeſs much beauty in his compoſition.

For illuſtrations of theſe general characters, I can only refer to the writers who are examples of them. It is not ſo much from detached paſſages, ſuch as I was wont formerly to quote for inſtances, as from the current of an author's Style, that we are to collect the idea of a formed manner of writing. The two moſt remarkable examples that I know, of conciſeneſs carried as far as propriety will allow, perhaps in ſome caſes farther, are Tacitus the hiſtorian, and the Preſident Monteſquieu in "L'Eſprit de Loix." Ariſtotle too holds an eminent rank among didactic writers for his brevity. Perhaps no writer in the world was ever ſo frugal of his words as Ariſtotle; but this frugality of expreſſion frequently darkens his meaning. Of a beautiful and magnificent diffuſeneſs, Cicero is, beyond doubt, the moſt illuſtrious inſtance that can be given. Addiſon, alſo, and Sir William Temple, come in ſome degree under this claſs. *Ibid.*

§ 14. *On the Nervous and the Feeble* Style.

The Nervous and the Feeble, are generally held to be characters of Style, of the ſame import with the Conciſe and the Diffuſe. They do indeed very often coincide. Diffuſe writers have, for the moſt part, ſome degree of feebleneſs; and nervous writers will generally be inclined to a conciſe expreſſion. This, however, does not always hold: and there are inſtances of writers, who, in the midſt of a full and ample Style, have maintained a great degree of ſtrength. Livy is an example; and in the Engliſh language, Dr. Barrow. Barrow's Style has many faults. It is unequal, incorrect, and redundant; but withal, for force and expreſſiveneſs uncommonly diſtinguiſhed. On every ſubject, he multiplies words with an overflowing copiouſneſs; but it is always a torrent of ſtrong ideas and ſignificant expreſſions which he pours forth. Indeed, the foundations of a nervous or a weak Style are laid in an author's manner of thinking. If he conceives an object ſtrongly, he will expreſs it with energy: but, if he has only an indiſtinct view of his ſubject; if his ideas be looſe and wavering; if his genius be ſuch, or, at the time of his writing,

writing, so carelessly exerted, that he has no firm hold of the conception which he would communicate to us; the marks of all this will clearly appear in his Style. Several unmeaning words and loose epithets will be found; his expressions will be vague and general; his arrangement indistinct and feeble; we shall conceive somewhat of his meaning, but our conception will be faint. Whereas a nervous writer, whether he employs an extended or a concise Style, gives us always a strong impression of his meaning; his mind is full of his subject, and his words are all expressive: every phrase and every figure which he uses, tends to render the picture, which he would set before us, more lively and complete.

Blair.

§ 15. *On Harshness of* Style.

As every good quality in Style has an extreme, when pursued to which it becomes faulty, this holds of the Nervous Style as well as others. Too great a study of strength, to the neglect of the other qualities of Style, is found to betray writers into a harsh manner. Harshness arises from unusual words, from forced inversions in the construction of a sentence, and too much neglect of smoothness and ease. This is reckoned the fault of some of our earliest classics in the English Language; such as Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Bacon, Hooker, Chillingworth, Milton in his prose works, Harrington, Cudworth, and other writers of considerable note in the days of Queen Elizabeth, James I. and Charles I. These writers had nerves and strength in a high degree, and are to this day eminent for that quality in Style. But the language in their hands was exceedingly different from what it is now, and was indeed entirely formed upon the idiom and construction of the Latin, in the arrangement of sentences Hooker, for instance, begins the Preface to his celebrated work of Ecclesiastical Polity with the following sentence: "Though for no other cause, "yet for this, that posterity may know we "have not loosely, through silence, permitted "things to pass away as in dream, there "shall be, for men's information, extant this "much, concerning the present state of the "church of God established amongst us, and "their careful endeavours which would have "upheld the same." Such a sentence now sounds harsh in our ears. Yet some advantages certainly attended this sort of Style; and whether we have gained, or lost, upon the whole, by departing from it, may bear a question. By the freedom of arrangement, which it permitted, it rendered the language susceptible of more strength, of more variety of collocation, and more harmony of period. But however this be, such a Style is now obsolete; and no modern writer could adopt it without the censure of harshness and affectation. The present form which the Language has assumed, has, in some measure, sacrificed the study of strength to that of perspicuity and ease. Our arrangement of words has become less forcible, perhaps, but more plain and natural: and this is now understood to be the genius of our Language.

Ibid.

§ 16. *On the Dry* Style.

The dry manner excludes all ornament of every kind, content with being understood, it has not the least aim to please either the fancy or the ear. This is tolerable only in pure didactic writing; and even there to make us bear it, great weight and solidity of matter is requisite; and entire perspicuity of

language. Ariſtotle is the complete example of a Dry Style. Never, perhaps, was there any author who adhered ſo rigidly to the ſtrictneſs of a didactic manner, throughout all his writings, and conveyed ſo much inſtruction, without the leaſt approach to ornament. With the moſt profound genius, and extenſive views, he writes like a pure intelligence, who addreſſes himſelf ſolely to the underſtanding, without making any uſe of the channel of the imagination. But this is a manner which deſerves not to be imitated. For, although the goodneſs of the matter may compenſate the dryneſs or harſhneſs of the Style, yet is that dryneſs a conſiderable defect; as it fatigues attention, and conveys our ſentiments, with diſadvantage, to the reader or hearer. *Blair.*

§ 17. *On the Plain* Style.

A Plain Style riſes one degree above a dry one. A writer of this character employs very little ornament of any kind, and reſts almoſt entirely upon his ſenſe. But, if he is at no pains to engage us by the employment of figures, muſical arrangement, or any other art of writing, he ſtudies, however, to avoid diſguſting us, like a dry and a harſh writer. Beſides Perſpicuity, he purſues Propriety, Purity, and Preciſion, in his language; which form one degree, and no inconſiderable one, of beauty. Livelineſs too, and force, may be conſiſtent with a very Plain Style: and therefore, ſuch an author, if his ſentiments be good, may be abundantly agreeable. The difference between a dry and plain writer, is, that the former is incapable of ornament, and ſeems not to know what it is; the latter ſeeks not after it. He gives us his meaning, in good language, diſtinct and pure; any further ornament he gives himſelf no trouble about; either, becauſe he thinks it unneceſſary to his ſubject; or, becauſe his genius does not lead him to delight in it; or, becauſe it leads him to deſpiſe it *.

This laſt was the caſe with Dean Swift, who may be placed at the head of thoſe that have employed the Plain Style. Few writers have diſcovered more capacity. He treats every ſubject which he handles, whether ſerious or ludicrous, in a maſterly manner. He knew, almoſt beyond any man, the Purity, the Extent, the Preciſion of the Engliſh Language; and, therefore, to ſuch as wiſh to attain a pure and correct Style, he is one of the moſt uſeful models. But we muſt not look for much ornament and grace in his Language. His haughty and moroſe genius made him deſpiſe any embelliſhment of this kind, as beneath his dignity. He delivers his ſentiments in a plain, downright, poſitive manner, like one who is ſure he is in the right; and is very indifferent whether you be pleaſed or not. His ſentences are commonly negligently arranged; diſtinctly enough as to the ſenſe, but without any regard to ſmoothneſs of ſound, often without much regard to compactneſs or elegance. If a metaphor, or any other figure, chanced to render his ſatire more poignant, he would, perhaps, vouchſafe to adopt it, when it came in his way; but if it tended only to embelliſh and illuſtrate, he would rather throw it aſide. Hence, in his

* On this head, of the General Characters of Style, particularly the Plain and the Simple, and the characters of thoſe Engliſh authors who are claſſed under them, in this, and the following Lectures (xix) ſeveral ideas have been taken from a manuſcript treatiſe on rhetoric, part of which was ſhewn to me, many years ago, by the learned and ingenious Author, Dr. Adam Smith, and which, it is hoped, will be given by him to the Public.

ſerious

ferious pieces, his ſtyle often borders upon the dry and unpleaſing; in his humorous ones, the plainneſs of his manner ſets off his wit to the higheſt advantage. There is no froth nor affectation in it; it ſeems native and unſtudied; and while he hardly appears to ſmile himſelf, he makes his reader laugh heartily. To a writer of ſuch a genius as Dean Swift, the Plain Style was moſt admirably fitted. Among our philoſophical writers, Mr. Locke comes under this claſs; perſpicuous and pure, but almoſt without any ornament whatever. In works which admit, or require, ever ſo much ornament, there are parts where the plain manner ought to predominate. But we muſt remember, that when this is the character which a writer affects throughout his whole compoſition, great weight of matter, and great force of ſentiment, are required, in order to keep up the reader's attention, and prevent him from becoming tired of the author. *Blair.*

§ 18. *On the Neat* Style.

What is called a Neat Style comes next in order; and here we are got into the region of ornament; but that ornament not of the higheſt or moſt ſparkling kind. A writer of this character ſhews, that he does not deſpiſe the beauty of language. It is an object of his attention. But his attention is ſhewn in the choice of his words, and in a graceful collocation of them; rather than in any high efforts of imagination, or eloquence. His ſentences are always clean, and free from the incumbrance of ſuperfluous words; of a moderate length; rather inclining to brevity, than a ſwelling ſtructure; cloſing with propriety; without any tails, or adjections dragging after the proper cloſe. His cadence is varied; but not of the ſtudied muſical kind. His figures, if he uſes any, are ſhort and correct; rather than bold and glowing. Such a Style as this may be attained by a writer who has no great powers of fancy or genius, by induſtry merely, and careful attention to the rules of writing; and it is a Style always agreeable. It imprints a character of moderate elevation on our compoſition, and carries a decent degree of ornament, which is not unſuitable to any ſubject whatever. A familiar letter, or a law paper, on the drieſt ſubject, may be written with neatneſs; and a ſermon, or a philoſophical treatiſe, in a Neat Style, will be read with pleaſure. *Ibid.*

§ 19. *On an Elegant* Style.

An Elegant Style is a character, expreſſing a higher degree of ornament than a neat one; and, indeed, is the term uſually applied to Style, when poſſeſſing all the virtues of ornament, without any of its exceſſes or defects. From what has been formerly delivered, it will eaſily be underſtood, that complete Elegance implies great perſpicuity and propriety; purity in the choice of words, and care and dexterity in their harmonious and happy arrangement. It implies farther, the grace and beauty of imagination ſpread over Style, as far as the ſubject admits it; and all the illuſtration which figurative language adds, when properly employed. In a word, an elegant writer is one who pleaſes the fancy and the ear, while he informs the underſtanding; and who gives us his ideas clothed with all the beauty of expreſſion, but not overcharged with any of its miſplaced finery. In this claſs, therefore, we place only the firſt rate writers in the language; ſuch as Addiſon, Dryden, Pope, Temple, Bolingbroke, Atterbury, and a few more; writers who differ widely from one another in many of the attributes

attributes of Style, but whom we now class together, under the denomination of Elegant, as, in the scale of Ornament, possessing nearly the same place. *Blair.*

§ 20. *On the Florid* Style.

When the ornaments, applied to Style, are too rich and gaudy in proportion to the subject; when they return upon us too fast, and strike us either with a dazzling lustre, or a false brilliancy, this forms what is called a Florid Style; a term commonly used to signify the excess of ornament. In a young composer this is very pardonable. Perhaps, it is even a promising symptom, in young people, that their Style should incline to the Florid and Luxuriant: "Volo se efferat in "adolescente fœcunditas," says Quinctilian, "multum inde decoquent anni, multum ratio "limabit, aliquid velut usu ipso deteretur; sit "modo unde excidi possit quid et exculpi.— "Audeat hæc ætas plura, et inveniat et inventis gaudeat; sint licet illa non satis interim sicca et severa. Facile remedium est "ubertatis: sterilia nullo labore vincuntur*." But, although the Florid Style may be allowed to youth, in their first essays, it must not receive the same indulgence from writers of maturer years. It is to be expected, that judgment, as it ripens, should chasten imagination, and reject, as juvenile, all such ornaments as are redundant, unsuitable to the subject, or not conducive to illustrate it. Nothing can be more contemptible than that tinsel splendour of language, which some writers perpetually affect. It were well, if this could be ascribed to the real overflowing of a rich imagination. We should then have something to amuse us, at least, if we found little to instruct us. But the worst is, that with those frothy writers, it is a luxuriancy of words, not of fancy. We see a laboured attempt to rise to a splendour of composition, of which they have formed to themselves some loose idea; but having no strength of genius for attaining it, they endeavour to supply the defect by poetical words, by cold exclamations, by common-place figures, and every thing that has the appearance of pomp and magnificence. It has escaped these writers, that sobriety in ornament, is one great secret for rendering it pleasing; and that without a foundation of good sense and solid thought, the most Florid Style is but a childish imposition on the Public. The Public, however, are but too apt to be so imposed on; at least, the mob of readers; who are very ready to be caught, at first, with whatever is dazzling and gaudy.

I cannot help thinking, that it reflects more honour on the religious turn, and good dispositions of the present age, than on the public taste, that Mr. Hervey's Meditations have had so great a currency. The pious and benevolent heart, which is always displayed in them, and the lively fancy which, on some occasions, appears, justly merited applause: but the perpetual glitter of expression, the swoln imagery, and strained description which abound in them, are ornaments of a false kind. I would, therefore, advise students

* "In youth, I wish to see luxuriancy of fancy "appear. Much of it will be diminished by years; "much will be corrected by ripening judgment; "some of it, by the mere practice of composition, "will be worn away. Let there be only sufficient "matter, at first, that can bear some pruning and "lopping off. At this time of life, let genius be "bold and inventive, and pride itself in its efforts, "though these should not, as yet, be correct. "Luxuriancy can easily be cured; but for barrenness there is no remedy."

of oratory, to imitate Mr. Harvey's piety, rather than his Style; and, in all compositions of a serious kind, to turn their attention, as Mr. Pope says, "from sounds to "things, from fancy to the heart." Admonitions of this kind I have already had occasion to give, and may hereafter repeat them; as I conceive nothing more incumbent on me, in this course of Lectures, than to take every opportunity of cautioning my readers against the affected and frivolous use of ornament; and, instead of that slight and superficial taste in writing, which I apprehend to be at present too fashionable, to introduce, as far as my endeavours can avail, a taste for more solid thought, and more manly simplicity in Style. *Blair.*

§ 21. *On the different Kinds of* Simplicity.

The first is, Simplicity of Composition, as opposed to too great a variety of parts. Horace's precept refers to this:

Denique sit quod vis simplex duntaxat et unum*.

This is the simplicity of plan in a tragedy, as distinguished from double plots, and crowded incidents; the Simplicity of the Iliad, or Æneid, in opposition to the digressions of Lucan, and the scattered tales of Ariosto; the Simplicity of Grecian architecture, in opposition to the irregular variety of the Gothic. In this sense, Simplicity is the same with Unity.

The second sense is, Simplicity of Thought, as opposed to refinement. Simple thoughts are what arise naturally; what the occasion or the subject suggest unsought; and what, when once suggested, are easily apprehended by all. Refinement in writing, expresses a less natural and obvious train of thought, and which it required a peculiar turn of genius to pursue; within certain bounds very beautiful; but when carried too far, approaching to intricacy, and hurting us by the appearance of being *recherché*, or far sought. Thus, we would naturally say, that Mr. Parnell is a poet of far greater simplicity, in his turn of thought, than Mr. Cowley: Cicero's thoughts on moral subjects are natural; Seneca's too refined and laboured. In these two senses of Simplicity, when it is opposed either to variety of parts, or to refinement of thought, it has no proper relation to Style.

There is a third sense of Simplicity, in which it has respect to Style; and stands opposed to too much ornament, or pomp of language; as when we say, Mr. Locke is a simple, Mr. Hervey a florid, writer; and it is in this sense, that the "*simplex*," the "*tenue*," or "*subtile genus dicendi*," is understood by Cicero and Quinctilian. The simple style, in this sense, coincides with the plain or the neat style, which I before mentioned; and, therefore, requires no farther illustration.

But there is a fourth sense of Simplicity, also respecting Style; but not respecting the degree of ornament employed, so much as the easy and natural manner in which our language expresses our thoughts. This is quite different from the former sense of the word just now mentioned, in which Simplicity was equivalent to Plainness: whereas, in this sense, it is compatible with the highest ornament. Homer, for instance, possesses this Simplicity

* "Then learn the wand'ring humour to controul,
"And keep one equal tenour through the whole." Francis.

Simplicity in the greatest perfection; and yet no writer has more ornament and beauty. This Simplicity, which is what we are now to consider, stands opposed, not to ornament, but to affectation of ornament, or appearance of labour about our Style; and it is a distinguishing excellency in writing. *Blair.*

§ 22. Simplicity *appears easy.*

A writer of Simplicity expresses himself in such a manner, that every one thinks he could have written in the same way; Horace describes it,

——— ut sibi quivis
Speret idem, sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem *.

There are no marks of art in his expression; it seems the very language of nature; you see, in the Style, not the writer and his labour, but the man, in his own natural character. He may be rich in his expression; he may be full of figures, and of fancy; but these flow from him without effort; and he appears to write in this manner, not because he has studied it, but because it is the manner of expression most natural to him. A certain degree of negligence, also, is not inconsistent with this character of style, and even not ungraceful in it; for too minute an attention to words is foreign to it: "Habeat ille," says Cicero, (Orat. No. 77.) "molle quiddam, et "quod indicet non ingratam negligentiam "hominis, de re magis quàm de verbo labo-"rantis †." This is the great advantage of Simplicity of Style, that, like simplicity of manners, it shows us a man's sentiments and turn of mind laid open without disguise. More studied and artificial manners of writing, however beautiful, have always this disadvantage, that they exhibit an author in form, like a man at court, where the splendour of dress, and the ceremonial of behaviour, conceal those peculiarities which distinguish one man from another. But reading an author of Simplicity, is like conversing with a person of distinction at home, and with ease, where we find natural manners, and a marked character. *Ibid.*

§ 23. *On Naïveté.*

The highest degree of this Simplicity, is expressed by a French term to which we have none that fully answers in our language, *Naïveté.* It is not easy to give a precise idea of the import of this word. It always expresses a discovery of character. I believe the best account of it is given by a French critic, M. Marmontel, who explains it thus: That sort of amiable ingenuity, or undisguised openness, which seems to give us some degree of superiority over the person who shews it; a certain infantine Simplicity, which we love in our hearts, but which displays some features of the character that we think we could have art enough to hide; and which, therefore, always leads us to smile at the person who discovers this character. La Fontaine, in his Fables, is given as the great example of such *Naïveté.*

* "From well-known tales such fictions would I raise,
"As all might hope to imitate with ease;
"Yet, while they strive the same success to gain;
"Should find their labours and their hopes in vain." Francis.

† "Let this Style have a certain softness and "ease, which shall characterise a negligence, not "unpleasing in an author who appears to be "more solicitous about the thought than the ex-"pression."

This, however, is to be understood, as descriptive of a particular species only of Simplicity. *Blair.*

§ 24. *Ancients eminent for Simplicity.*

With respect to Simplicity, in general, we may remark, that the ancient original writers are always the most eminent for it. This happens from a plain reason, that they wrote from the dictates of natural genius, and were not formed upon the labours and writings of others, which is always in hazard of producing affectation. Hence, among the Greek writers, we have more models of a beautiful Simplicity than among the Roman. Homer, Hesiod, Anacreon, Theocritus, Herodotus, and Xenophon, are all distinguished for it. Among the Romans, also, we have some writers of this character; particularly Terence, Lucretius, Phædrus, and Julius Cæsar. The following passage of Terence's Andria, is a beautiful instance of Simplicity of manner in description:

——— Funus interim
Procedit; sequimur; ad sepulchrum venimus;
In ignem imposita est; fletur; interea hæc soror
Quam dixi, ad flammam accessit imprudentiùs
Satis cum periculo. Ibi tum exanimatus Pamphilus
Benè dissimulatum amorem, & celatum indicat;
Occurrit præceps, mulierum ab igne retrahit,
Mea Glycerium, inquit, quid agis? Cur te is perditum?
Tum illa, ut consuetum facilè amorem cerneres,
Rejecit se in eum, flens quam familiariter *.

Act. I. Sc. I.

* " Meanwhile the funeral proceeds; we follow;
" Come to the sepulchre: the body's plac'd
" Upon the pile; lamented; whereupon
" This sister, I was speaking of, all wild,
" Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
All the words here are remarkably happy and elegant: and convey a most lively picture of the scene described: while, at the same time, the Style appears wholly artless and unlaboured. Let us next consider some English writers, who come under this class. *Ibid.*

§ 25. *Simplicity the Characteristic of* Tillotson's *Style.*

Simplicity is the great beauty of Archbishop Tillotson's manner. Tillotson has long been admired as an eloquent writer, and a model for preaching. But his eloquence, if we can call it such, has been often misunderstood. For if we include in the idea of eloquence, vehemence and strength, picturesque description, glowing figures, or correct arrangement of sentences, in all these parts of oratory the Archbishop is exceedingly deficient. His Style is always pure, indeed, and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, too often feeble and languid; little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag unharmoniously; seldom any attempt towards strength or sublimity. But, notwithstanding these defects, such a constant vein of good sense and piety runs through his works, such an earnest and serious manner, and so much useful instruc-

" There! there! the frighted Pamphilus be-
" trays
" His well-dissembled and long-hidden love;
" Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and
" cries,
" Oh! my Glycerium! what is it you do?
" Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself?
" Then she, in such a manner that you thence
" Might easily perceive their long, long love,
" Threw herself back into his arms, and wept.
" Oh! how familiarly!" Colman.

tion,

tion, conveyed in a Style so pure, natural, and unaffected, as will justly recommend him to high regard, as long as the English language remains; not, indeed, as a model of the highest eloquence, but as a simple and amiable writer, whose manner is strongly expressive of great goodness and worth. I observed before, that Simplicity of manner may be consistent with some degree of negligence in Style; and it is only the beauty of that Simplicity which makes the negligence of such writers seem graceful. But, as appears in the Archbishop, negligence may sometimes be carried so far as to impair the beauty of Simplicity, and make it border on a flat and languid manner. *Blair.*

§ 26. *Simplicity of Sir* WILLIAM TEMPLE*'s Style.*

Sir William Temple is another remarkable writer in the Style of Simplicity. In point of ornament and correctness, he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amænity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing, sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss Style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his Style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man; and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle, between a negligent Simplicity, and the highest degree of Ornament which this character of Style admits. *Ibid.*

§ 27. *Simplicity of Mr.* ADDISON*'s Style.*

Of the latter of these, the highest, most correct, and ornamented degree of the simple manner, Mr. Addison is beyond doubt, in the English language, the most perfect example: and therefore, though not without some faults, he is, on the whole, the safest model for imitation, and the freest from considerable defects, which the language affords. Perspicuous and pure he is in the highest degree; his precision, indeed, not very great; yet nearly as great as the subjects which he treats of require: the construction of his sentences easy, agreeable, and commonly very musical; carrying a character of smoothness, more than of strength. In figurative language he is rich, particularly in similies and metaphors; which are so employed, as to render his Style splendid without being gaudy. There is not the least affectation in his manner; we see no marks of labour; nothing forced or constrained; but great elegance joined with great ease and simplicity. He is, in particular, distinguished by a character of modesty and of politeness, which appears in all his writings. No author has a more popular and insinuating manner; and the great regard which he every where shews for virtue and religion, recommends him highly. If he fails in any thing, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kinds of composition. Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light: for, though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers, than he is intitled to among the

poets; and, in prose, his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy. The character of Sir Roger de Coverley discovers more genius than the critique on Milton. *Blair.*

§ 28. *Simplicity of Style never wearies.*

Such authors as those, whose characters I have been giving, one never tires of reading. There is nothing in their manner that strains or fatigues our thoughts: we are pleased, without being dazzled by their lustre. So powerful is the charm of Simplicity in an author of real genius, that it atones for many defects, and reconciles us to many a careless expression. Hence, in all the most excellent authors, both in prose and verse, the simple and natural manner may be always remarked; although, other beauties being predominant, this form not their peculiar and distinguishing character. Thus Milton is simple in the midst of all his grandeur; and Demosthenes in the midst of all his vehemence. To grave and solemn writings, Simplicity of manner adds the more venerable air. Accordingly, this has often been remarked as the prevailing character throughout all the sacred Scriptures: and indeed no other character of Style was so much suited to the dignity of inspiration. *Ibid.*

§ 29. *Lord* Shaftsbury *deficient in Simplicity of Style.*

Of authors who, notwithstanding many excellencies, have rendered their Style much less beautiful by want of Simplicity, I cannot give a more remarkable example than Lord Shaftsbury. This is an author on whom I have made observations several times before; and shall now take leave of him, with giving his general character under this head. Considerable merit, doubtless, he has. His works might be read with profit for the moral philosophy which they contain, had he not filled them with so many oblique and invidious insinuations against the Christian Religion; thrown out, too, with so much spleen and satire, as do no honour to his memory, either as an author or a man. His language has many beauties. It is firm and supported in an uncommon degree: it is rich and musical. No English author, as I formerly shewed, has attended so much to the regular construction of his sentences, both with respect to propriety, and with respect to cadence. All this gives so much elegance and pomp to his language, that there is no wonder it should have been sometimes highly admired. It is greatly hurt, however, by perpetual stiffness and affectation. This is its capital fault. His lordship can express nothing with Simplicity. He seems to have considered it as vulgar, and beneath the dignity of a man of quality, to speak like other men. Hence he is ever in buskins; full of circumlocutions and artificial elegance. In every sentence, we see the marks of labour and art; nothing of that ease which expresses a sentiment coming natural and warm from the heart. Of figures and ornament of every kind, he is exceedingly fond; sometimes happy in them; but his fondness for them is too visible; and having once laid hold of some metaphor or allusion that pleased him, he knows not how to part with it. What is most wonderful, he was a professed admirer of Simplicity; is always extolling it in the ancients, and censuring the moderns for the want of it; though he departs from it himself as far as any one modern whatever. Lord Shaftsbury possessed delicacy and refinement of taste, to a degree that we may call excessive and sickly; but he had

had little warmth of passion; few strong or vigorous feelings; and the coldness of his character led him to that artificial and stately manner which appears in his writings. He was fonder of nothing than of wit and raillery; but he is far from being happy in it. He attempts it often, but always awkwardly; he is stiff, even in his pleasantry; and laughs in form, like an author, and not like a man *.

From the account which I have given of Lord Shaftsbury's manner, it may easily be imagined, that he would mislead many who blindly admired him. Nothing is more dangerous to the tribe of imitators, than an author, who with many imposing beauties, has also some very considerable blemishes. This is fully exemplified in Mr. Blackwall of Aberdeen, the author of the Life of Homer, the Letters on Mythology, and the Court of Augustus; a writer of considerable learning, and of ingenuity also; but infected with an extravagant love of an artificial Style, and of that parade of language which distinguishes the Shaftsburean manner.

Having now said so much to recommend Simplicity, or the easy and natural manner of writing, and having pointed out the defects of an opposite manner; in order to prevent mistakes on this subject, it is necessary for me to observe, that it is very possible for an author to write simply, and yet not beautifully. One may be free from affectation, and not have merit. The beautiful Simplicity supposes an author to possess real genius; to write with solidity, purity, and liveliness of imagination. In this case, the simplicity or unaffectedness of his manner, is the crowning ornament; it heightens every other beauty; it is the dress of nature, without which all beauties are imperfect. But if mere unaffectedness were sufficient to constitute the beauty of Style, weak, trifling, and dull writers might often lay claim to this beauty. And accordingly we frequently meet with pretended critics, who extol the dullest writers on account of what they call the "Chaste Simplicity of their manner;" which, in truth, is no other than the absence of every ornament, through the mere want of genius and imagination. We must distinguish, therefore, between that Simplicity which accompanies true genius, and which is perfectly compatible with every proper ornament of Style; and that which is no other than a careless and slovenly manner. Indeed the distinction is easily made from the effect produced. The one never fails to interest the reader; the other is insipid and tiresome. *Blair.*

§ 30. *On the Vehement* STYLE.

I proceed to mention one other manner or character of Style, different from any that I have yet spoken of; which may be distinguished by the name of the Vehement. This always implies strength; and is not, by any means, inconsistent with Simplicity: but, in its predominant character, is distinguishable from either the strong or the simple manner. It has a peculiar ardour; it is a glowing Style; the language of a man, whose imagi-

* It may, perhaps, be not unworthy of being mentioned, that the first edition of his Enquiry into Virtue was published, surreptitiously I believe, in a separate form, in the year 1699; and is sometimes to be met with: by comparing which with the corrected edition of the same treatise, as it now stands among his works, we see one of the most curious and useful examples, that I know, of what is called *Limæ Labor*; the art of polishing language, breaking long sentences, and working up an imperfect draught into a highly-finished performance.

nation and passions are heated, and strongly affected by what he writes; who is therefore negligent of lesser graces, but pours himself forth with the rapidity and fulness of a torrent. It belongs to the higher kinds of oratory; and indeed is rather expected from a man who is speaking, than from one who is writing in his closet. The orations of Demosthenes furnish the full and perfect example of this species of Style. *Blair.*

§ 31. *Lord* Bolingbroke *excelled in the Vehement Style.*

Among English writers, the one who has most of this character, though mixed, indeed, with several defects, is Lord Bolingbroke. Bolingbroke was formed by nature to be a factious leader; the demagogue of a popular assembly. Accordingly, the Style that runs through all his political writings, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures; and pours himself forth with great impetuosity. He is copious to a fault; places the same thought before us in many different views; but generally with life and ardour. He is bold, rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and heaping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking. In the choice of his words, there is great felicity and precision. In exact construction of sentences, he is much inferior to Lord Shaftsbury; but greatly superior to him in life and ease. Upon the whole, his merit, as a writer, would have been very considerable, if his matter had equalled his Style. But whilst we find many things to commend in the latter, in the former, as I before remarked, we can hardly find any thing to commend. In his reasonings, for the most part, he is flimsy and false; in his political writings, factious: in what he calls his philosophical ones, irreligious and sophistical in the highest degree. *Ibid.*

§ 32. *Directions for forming a* Style.

It will be more to the purpose, that I conclude these dissertations upon Style with a few directions concerning the proper method of attaining a good Style in general; leaving the particular character of that Style to be either formed by the subject on which we write, or prompted by the bent of genius.

The first direction which I give for this purpose, is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to Style. Its relation to it, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good Style, is good sense, accompanied with a lively imagination. The Style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our Style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas, what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to Style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions,

expressions, are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or enquiry after them. This is Quinctilian's observation, Lib. viii. c. 1. "Plerumque optima verba rebus cohærent, et cernuntur "suo lumine. At nos quæ rimus illa, tanquam lateant seque subducant. Ita nunquam putamus verba esse circa id de quo "dicendum est; sed ex aliis locis petimus, "et inventis vim asserimus *." *Blair.*

§ 33. *Practice necessary for forming a* Style.

In the second place, in order to form a good Style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning Style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve Style. This is so far from being the case, that by frequent careless and hasty composition, we shall acquire certainly a very bad Style; we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults, and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly, and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing, be the fruit of longer practice. "Moram et solicitudinem," says Quinctilian with the greatest reason, L. x. c. 3. "initiis impero. Nam primum hoc "constituendum ac obtinendum est, ut quam "optimè scribamus: celeritatem dabit consuetudo. Paulatim res faciliùs se ostendent, "verba respondebunt, compositio prosequetur. Cuncta denique et in familia benè "instituta in officio erunt. Summa hæc est "rei: citò scribendo non fit ut benè scribatur; benè scribendo, fit ut citò *." *Ibid.*

§ 34. *Too anxious a Care about* Words *to be avoided.*

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about Words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to be the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of

* "The most proper words for the most part "adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed "by them, and may be discovered as by their own "light. But we hunt after them, as if they were "hidden, and only to be found in a corner. Hence, "instead of conceiving the words to lie near the "subject, we go in quest of them to some other "quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out."

* "I enjoin that such as are beginning the "practice of composition, write slowly, and with "anxious deliberation. Their great object at first "should be, to write as well as possible; practice "will enable them to write speedily. By degrees "matter will offer itself still more readily; words "will be at hand; composition will flow; every "thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered "family, will present itself in its proper place. "The sum of the whole is this: by hasty com-"position, we shall never acquire the art of com-"posing well; by writing well we shall come to "write speedily."

composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing Style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*Limæ Labor*" must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined. *Blair.*

§ 35. *An Acquaintance with the best Authors necessary to the Formation of a* Style.

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the Style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in Style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to Style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners; and in this and former Lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper Style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author, into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr. Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it; then to lay aside the book; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the Style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our Style lie; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *A servile Imitation to be avoided.*

In the fourth place, I must caution, at the same time, against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius; it is likely to produce a stiff manner; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer, or speaker, who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will, at last, betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quinctilian has delivered in the Tenth Book of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention. *Ibid.*

§ 37.

§ 37. STYLE *must be adapted to the Subject.*

In the fifth place, it is an obvious but material rule, with respect to Style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid Style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of Style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write, or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our Style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and, though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our Style. *Blair.*

§ 38. *Attention to* STYLE *must not detract from Attention to* THOUGHT.

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any case, and on any occasion, attention to Style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the Thoughts. "Curam verborum," says the great Roman Critic, "rerum volo esse solicitudinem *." A direction the more necessary, as the present taste of the age, in writing, seems to lean more to Style than to Thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and useful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former may be attained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence we find so many writers frivolously rich in Style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented Style, that no writer can, with safety, neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one, who does not look to something beyond it; who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of Style to recommend it, as are manly, not foppish. "Majore animo," says the writer whom I have so often quoted, "aggredienda est eloquentia; quæ si toto corpore valet, ungues polire et capillum componere, non existimabit ad curam suam pertinere. Ornatus et virilis et fortis et sanctus sit; nec effeminatam levitatem et fuco emendum colorem amet; sanguine et viribus niteat †." *Ibid.*

* "To your expression be attentive; but about your matter be solicitous."

† "A higher spirit ought to animate those who study eloquence. They ought to consult the health and soundness of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to such trifling objects as paring the nails and dressing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaste, without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colouring, let it shine with the glow of health and strength."

§ 39. *Of the Rise of Poetry among the* Romans.

The Romans, in the infancy of their state, were entirely rude and unpolished. They came from shepherds; they were increased from the refuse of the nations around them; and their manners agreed with their original. As they lived wholly on tilling their ground at home, or on plunder from their neighbours, war was their business, and agriculture the chief art they followed. Long after this, when they had spread their conquests over a great part of Italy, and began to make a considerable figure in the world,—even their great men retained a roughness, which they raised into a virtue, by calling it Roman Spirit; and which might often much better have been called Roman Barbarity. It seems to me, that there was more of austerity than justice, and more of insolence than courage, in some of their most celebrated actions. However that be, this is certain, that they were at first a nation of soldiers and husbandmen: roughness was long an applauded character among them; and a sort of rusticity reigned, even in their senate-house.

In a nation originally of such a temper as this, taken up almost always in extending their territories, very often in settling the balance of power among themselves, and not unfrequently in both these at the same time, it was long before the politer arts made any appearance; and very long before they took root or flourished to any degree. Poetry was the first that did so; but such a poetry, as one might expect among a warlike, busied, unpolished people.

Not to enquire about the songs of triumph, mentioned even in Romulus's time, there was certainly something of poetry among them in the next reign under Numa: a prince, who pretended to converse with the Muses, as well as with Egeria; and who might possibly himself have made the verses which the Salian priests sung in his time. Pythagoras, either in the same reign, or if you please some time after, gave the Romans a tincture of poetry as well as of philosophy; for Cicero assures us, that the Pythagoreans made great use of poetry and music: and probably they, like our old Druids, delivered most of their precepts in verse. Indeed the chief employment of poetry, in that and the following ages, among the Romans, was of a religious kind. Their very prayers, and perhaps their whole liturgy, was poetical. They had also a sort of prophetic or sacred writers, who seem to have wrote generally in verse; and were so numerous, that there were above two thousand of their volumes remaining even to Augustus's time. They had a kind of plays too, in these early times, derived from what they had seen of the Tuscan actors, when sent for to Rome to expiate a plague that raged in the city. These seem to have been either like our dumb-shews, or else a kind of extempore farces; a thing to this day a good deal in use all over Italy, and in Tuscany. In a more particular manner add to these, that extempore kind of jesting dialogues begun at their harvest and vintage feasts; and carried on so rudely and abusively afterwards, as to occasion a very severe law to restrain their licentiousness—and those lovers of poetry and good eating, who seem to have attended the tables of the richer sort, much like the old provincial poets, or our own British bards, and sang there, to some instrument of music, the atchievements of their ancestors, and the noble deeds of those who

who had gone before them, to inflame others to follow their great examples.

The names of almoſt all theſe poets ſleep in peace with all their works; and, if we may take the word of the other Roman writers of a better age, it is no great loſs to us. One of their beſt poets repreſents them as very obſcure and very contemptible; one of their beſt hiſtorians avoids quoting them, as too barbarous for politer ears; and one of their moſt judicious emperors ordered the greateſt part of their writings to be burnt, that the world might be troubled with them no longer.

All theſe poets therefore may very well be dropt in the account: there being nothing remaining of their works; and probably no merit to be found in them, if they had remained. And ſo we may date the beginning of the Roman poetry from Livius Andronicus, the firſt of their poets of whom any thing does remain to us; and from whom the Romans themſelves ſeem to have dated the beginning of their poetry, even in the Auguſtan age.

The firſt kind of poetry that was followed with any ſucceſs among the Romans, was that for the ſtage. They were a very religious people; and ſtage plays in thoſe times made no inconſiderable part in their public devotions; it is hence, perhaps, that the greateſt number of their oldeſt poets, of whom we have any remains, and indeed almoſt all of them, are dramatic poets. *Spence.*

§ 40. *Of* LIVIUS, NÆVIUS, *and* ENNIUS.

The foremoſt in this liſt, were Livius, Nævius, and Ennius. Livius's firſt play (and it was the firſt written play that ever appeared at Rome, whence perhaps Horace calls him Livius Scriptor) was acted in the 514th year from the building of the city. He ſeems to have got whatever reputation he had, rather as their firſt, than as a good writer; for Cicero, who admired theſe old poets more than they were afterwards admired, is forced to give up Livius; and ſays, that his pieces did not deſerve a ſecond reading. He was for ſome time the ſole writer for the ſtage; till Nævius roſe to rival him, and probably far exceeded his maſter. Nævius ventured too on an epic, or rather an hiſtorical poem, on the firſt Carthaginian war. Ennius followed his ſteps in this, as well as in the dramatic way; and ſeems to have excelled him as much as he had excelled Livius; ſo much at leaſt, that Lucretius ſays of him, "That he was the firſt of their poets who deſerved a laſting crown from the Muſes." Theſe three poets were actors as well as poets; and ſeem all of them to have wrote whatever was wanted for the ſtage, rather than to have conſulted their own turn or genius. Each of them publiſhed, ſometimes tragedies, ſometimes comedies, and ſometimes a kind of dramatic ſatires; ſuch ſatires, I ſuppoſe, as had been occaſioned by the extempore poetry that had been in faſhion the century before them. All the moſt celebrated dramatic writers of antiquity excel only in one kind. There is no tragedy of Terence, or Menander; and no comedy of Actius, or Euripedes. But theſe firſt dramatic poets, among the Romans, attempted every thing indifferently; juſt as the preſent fancy, or the demand of the people, led them.

The quiet the Romans enjoyed after the ſecond Punic war, when they had humbled their great rival Carthage; and their carrying on their conqueſts afterwards, without any great difficulties, into Greece,—gave them leiſure and opportunities for making very great improvements in their poetry. Their dramatic

dramatic writers began to act with more steadiness and judgment; they followed one point of view; they had the benefit of the excellent patterns the Greek writers had set them; and formed themselves on those models. *Spence.*

§ 41. *Of* Plautus.

Plautus was the first that consulted his own genius, and confined himself to that species of dramatic writing, for which he was the best fitted by nature. Indeed his comedy (like the old comedy at Athens) is of a ruder kind, and far enough from the polish that was afterwards given it among the Romans. His jests are often rough, and his wit coarse; but there is a strength and spirit in him, that make one read him with pleasure, at least he is much to be commended for being the first that considered what he was most capable of excelling in, and not endeavouring to shine in too many different ways at once. Cæcilius followed his example in this particular; but improved their comedy so much beyond him, that he is named by Cicero, as perhaps the best of all the comic writers they ever had. This high character of him was not for his language, which is given up by Cicero himself as faulty and incorrect; but either for the dignity of his characters, or the strength and weight of his sentiments. *Ibid.*

§ 42. *Of* Terence.

Terence made his first appearance when Cæcilius was in high reputation. It is said, that when he offered his first play to the Ediles, they sent him with it to Cæcilius for his judgment of the piece. Cæcilius was at supper when he came to him; and as Terence was dress very meanly, he was placed on a little stool, and desired to read away: but upon his having read a very few lines only, Cæcilius altered his behaviour, and placed him next himself at the table. They all admired him as a rising genius; and the applause he received from the public, answered the compliments they had made him in private. His Eunuchus, in particular, was acted twice in one day; and he was paid more for that piece than ever had been given before for a comedy: and yet, by the way, it was not much above thirty pounds. We may see by that, and the rest of his plays which remain to us, to what a degree of exactness and elegance the Roman Comedy was arrived in his time. There is a beautiful simplicity, which reigns through all his works. There is no searching after wit, and no ostentation of ornament in him. All his speakers seem to say just what they should say, and no more. The story is always going on; and goes on just as it ought. This whole age, long before Terence and long after, is rather remarkable for strength than beauty in writing. Were we to compare it with the following age, the compositions of this would appear to those of the Augustan, as the Doric order in building if compared with the Corinthian; but Terence's work is to those of the Augustan age, as the Ionic is to the Corinthian order: it is not so ornamented, or so rich; but nothing can be more exact and pleasing. The Roman language itself, in his hands, seems to be improved beyond what one could ever expect; and to be advanced almost a hundred years forwarder than the times he lived in. There are some who look upon this as one of the strangest phænomena in the learned world: but it is a phænomenon which may be well enough explained from Cicero. He says, "that in several families the Roman language was spoken in perfection, even in those

thoſe times;" and inſtances particularly in the families of the Lælii and the Scipio's. Every one knows that Terence was extremely intimate in both theſe families: and as the language of his pieces is that of familiar converſation, he had indeed little more to do, than to write as they talked at their tables. Perhaps, too, he was obliged to Scipio and Lælius, for more than their bare converſations. That is not at all impoſſible; and indeed the Romans themſelves ſeem generally to have imagined that he was aſſiſted by them in the writing part too. If it was really ſo, that will account ſtill better for the elegance of the language in his plays: becauſe Terence himſelf was born out of Italy; and though he was brought thither very young, he received the firſt part of his education in a family, where they might not ſpeak with ſo much correctneſs as Lælius and Scipio had been uſed to from their very infancy. Thus much for the language of Terence's plays: as for the reſt, it ſeems, from what he ſays himſelf, that his moſt uſual method was to take his plans chiefly, and his characters wholly, from the Greek comic poets. Thoſe who ſay that he tranſlated all the comedies of Menander, certainly carry the matter too far. They were probably more than Terence ever wrote. Indeed this would be more likely to be true of Afranius than Terence; though, I ſuppoſe, it would ſcarce hold, were we to take both of them together. *Spence.*

§ 43. *Of* Afranius.

We have a very great loſs in the works of Afranius: for he was regarded, even in the Auguſtan Age, as the moſt exact imitator of Menander. He owns himſelf, that he had no reſtraint in copying him; or any other of the Greek comic writers, wherever they ſet him a good example. Afranius's ſtories and perſons were Roman, as Terence's were Grecian. This was looked upon as ſo material a point in thoſe days, that it made two different ſpecies of comedy. Thoſe on a Greek ſtory were called, Palliatæ; and thoſe on a Roman, Togatæ. Terence excelled all the Roman poets in the former, and Afranius in the latter. *Ibid.*

§ 44. *Of* Pacuvius *and* Actius.

About the ſame time that comedy was improved ſo conſiderably, Pacuvius and Actius (one a cotemporary of Terence, and the other of Afranius) carried tragedy as far towards perfection as it ever arrived in Roman hands. The ſtep from Ennius to Pacuvius was a very great one; ſo great, that he was reckoned, in Cicero's time, the beſt of all their tragic poets. Pacuvius, as well as Terence, enjoyed the acquaintance and friendſhip of Lælius and Scipio: but he did not profit ſo much by it, as to the improvement of his language. Indeed his ſtyle was not to be the common converſation ſtyle, as Terence's was; and all the ſtiffenings given to it, might take juſt as much from its elegance as they added to its dignity. What is remarkable in him, is, that he was almoſt as eminent for painting as he was for poetry. He made the decorations for his own plays; and Pliny ſpeaks of ſome paintings by him, in a temple of Hercules, as the moſt celebrated work of their kind, done by any Roman of condition after Fabius Pictor. Actius began to publiſh when Pacuvius was leaving off: his language was not ſo fine, nor his verſes ſo well-turned, even as thoſe of his predeceſſor. There is a remarkable ſtory of him in an old critic, which, as it may give ſome light into their different manners of writing,

writing, may be worth relating. Pacuvius, in his old age, retired to Tarentum, to enjoy the ſoft air and mild winters of that place. As Actius was obliged, on ſome affairs, to make a journey into Aſia, he took Tarentum in his way, and ſtaid there ſome days with Pacuvius. It was in this viſit that he read his tragedy of Atreus to him, and deſired his opinion of it. Old Pacuvius, after hearing it out, told him very honeſtly, that the poetry was ſonorous and majeſtic, but that it ſeemed to him too ſtiff and harſh. Actius replied, that he was himſelf very ſenſible of that fault in his writings; but that he was not at all ſorry for it: "for," ſays he, "I have always been of opinion, that it is the ſame with writers as with fruits; among which, thoſe that are moſt ſoft and palatable, decay the ſooneſt; whereas thoſe of a rough taſte laſt the longer, and have the finer reliſh, when once they come to be mellowed by time."—Whether this ſtyle ever came to be thus mellowed, I very much doubt; however that was, it is a point that ſeems generally allowed, that he and Pacuvius were the two beſt tragic poets the Romans ever had.

Spence.

§ 45. *Of the Riſe of Satire: Of* Lucilius, Lucretius, *and* Catullus.

All this while, that is, for above one hundred years, the ſtage, as you ſee, was almoſt ſolely in poſſeſſion of the Roman poets. It was now time for the other kinds of poetry to have their turn; however, the firſt that ſprung up and flouriſhed to any degree, was ſtill a cyon from the ſame root. What I mean, is Satire; the produce of the old comedy. This kind of poetry had been attempted in a different manner by ſome of the former writers, and in particular by Ennius: but it was ſo altered and ſo improved by Lucilius, that he was called the inventor of it. This was a kind of poetry wholly of the Roman growth; and the only one they had that was ſo; and even as to this, Lucilius improved a good deal by the ſide lights he borrowed from the old comedy at Athens. Not long after, Lucretius brought their poetry acquainted with philoſophy: and Catullus began to ſhew the Romans ſomething of the excellence of the Greek lyric poets. Lucretius diſcovers a great deal of ſpirit wherever his ſubject will give him leave; and the firſt moment he ſteps a little aſide from it, in all his digreſſions, he is fuller of life and fire, and appears to have been of a more poetical turn, than Virgil himſelf; which is partly acknowledged in the fine compliment the latter ſeems to pay him in his Georgics. His ſubject often obliges him to go on heavily for an hundred lines together: but wherever he breaks out, he breaks out like lightning from a dark cloud; all at once, with force and brightneſs. His character, in this, agrees with what is ſaid of him: that a philtre he took had given him a frenzy, and that he wrote in his lucid intervals. He and Catullus wrote, when letters in general began to flouriſh at Rome much more than ever they had done. Catullus was too wiſe to rival him; and was the moſt admired of all his cotemporaries, in all the different ways of writing he attempted. His odes perhaps are the leaſt valuable part of his works. The ſtrokes of ſatire in his epigrams are very ſevere; and the deſcriptions in his Idylliums, very full and pictureſque. He paints ſtrongly; but all his paintings have more of force than elegance, and put one more in mind of Homer than Virgil.

With theſe I ſhall chuſe to cloſe the firſt age of the Roman poetry: an age more remarkable

able for ſtrength than for refinement in writing. I have dwelt longer on it perhaps than I ought; but the order and ſucceſſion of theſe poets wanted much to be ſettled: and I was obliged to ſay ſomething of each of them, becauſe I may have recourſe to each on ſome occaſion or another, in ſhewing you my collection. All that remains to us of the poetical works of this age, are the miſcellaneous poems of Catullus; the philoſophical poem of Lucretius; ſix comedies by Terence; and twenty by Plautus. Of all the reſt, there is nothing left us, except ſuch paſſages from their works as happened to be quoted by the ancient writers, and particularly by Cicero and the old critics. *Spence.*

§ 46. *Of the Criticiſms of* CICERO, HORACE, and QUINCTILIAN *on the above Writers.*

The beſt way to ſettle the characters and merits of theſe poets of the firſt age, where ſo little of their own works remains, is by conſidering what is ſaid of them by the other Roman writers, who were well acquainted with their works. The beſt of the Roman critics we can conſult now, and perhaps the beſt they ever had, are Cicero, Horace, and Quinctilian. If we compare their ſentiments of theſe poets together, we ſhall find a diſagreement in them; but a diſagreement which I think may be accounted for, without any great difficulty. Cicero (as he lived before the Roman poetry was brought to perfection, and poſſibly as no very good judge of poetry himſelf) ſeems to think more highly of them than the others. He gives up Livius indeed; but then he makes it up in commending Nævius. All the other comic poets he quotes often with reſpect; and as to the tragic, he carries it ſo far as to ſeem ſtrongly inclined to oppoſe old Ennius to Æſchilus, Pacuvius to Sophocles, and Actius to Euripides.—This high notion of the old poets was probably the general faſhion in his time; and it continued afterwards (eſpecially among the more elderly ſort of people) in the Auguſtan age; and indeed much longer. Horace, in his epiſtle to Auguſtus, combats it as a vulgar error in his time; and perhaps it was an error from which that prince himſelf was not wholly free. However that be, Horace, on this occaſion, enters into the queſtion very fully, and with a good deal of warmth. The character he gives of the old dramatic poets (which indeed includes all the poets I have been ſpeaking of, except Lucilius, Lucretius, and Catullus) is perhaps rather too ſevere. He ſays, "That their language was in a great degree ſuperannuated, even in his time; that they are often negligent and incorrect; and that there is generally a ſtiffneſs in their compoſitions: that people indeed might pardon theſe things in them, as the fault of the times they lived in; but that it was provoking they ſhould think of commending them for thoſe very faults." In another piece of his, which turns pretty much on the ſame ſubject, he gives Lucilius's character much in the ſame manner. He owns, "that he had a good deal of wit; but then it is rather of the farce kind, than true genteel wit. He is a rapid writer, and has a great many good things in him; but is often very ſuperfluous and incorrect; his language is daſhed affectedly with Greek; and his verſes are hard and unharmonious."—Quinctilian ſteers the middle way between both. Cicero perhaps was a little miſled by his nearneſs to their times; and Horace by his ſubject, which was profeſſedly to ſpeak againſt the old writers. Quinctilian, therefore, does not

not commend them so generally as Cicero, nor speak against them so strongly as Horace; and is perhaps more to be depended upon, in this case, than either of them. He compares the works of Ennius to some sacred grove, in which the old oaks look rather venerable than pleasing. He commends Pacuvius and Actius, for the strength of their language and the force of their sentiments; but says, "they wanted that polish which was set on the Roman poetry afterwards." He speaks of Plautus and Cæcilius, as applauded writers; of Terence as a most elegant, and of Afranius, as an excellent one; but they all, says he, fall infinitely short of the grace and beauty which is to be found in the Attic writers of comedy, and which is perhaps peculiar to the dialect they wrote in. To conclude: According to him, Lucilius is too much cried up by many, and too much run down by Horace; Lucretius is more to be read for his matter than for his style; and Catullus is remarkable in the satirical part of his works, but scarce so in the rest of his lyric poetry. *Spence.*

§ 47. *Of the flourishing State of Poetry among the* Romans.

The first age was only as the dawning of the Roman poetry, in comparison of the clear full light that opened all at once afterwards, under Augustus Cæsar. The state, which had been so long tending towards a monarchy, was quite settled down to that form by this prince. When he had no longer any dangerous opponents, he grew mild, or at least concealed the cruelty of his temper. He gave peace and quiet to the people that were fallen into his hands; and looked kindly on the improvement of all the arts and elegancies of life among them. He had a minister, too, under him, who (though a very bad writer himself) knew how to encourage the best; and who admitted the best poets, in particular, into a very great share of friendship and intimacy with him. Virgil was one of the foremost in this list; who, at his first setting out, grew soon their most applauded writer for genteel pastorals: then gave them the most beautiful and most correct poem that ever was wrote in the Roman language, in his rules of agriculture (so beautiful, that some of the ancients seem to accuse Virgil of having studied beauty too much in that piece); and last of all, undertook a political poem, in support of the new establishment. I have thought this to be the intent of the Æneid, ever since I first read Bossu; and the more one considers it, the more I think one is confirmed in that opinion. Virgil is said to have begun this poem the very year that Augustus was freed from his great rival Anthony: the government of the Roman empire was to be wholly in him: and though he chose to be called their father, he was, in every thing but the name, their king. This monarchical form of government must naturally be apt to displease the people. Virgil seems to have laid the plan of his poem to reconcile them to it. He takes advantage of their religious turn; and of some old prophecies that must have been very flattering to the Roman people, as promising them the empire of the whole world: he weaves this in with the most probable account of their origin, that of their being descended from the Trojans. To be a little more particular: Virgil, in his Æneid, shews that Æneas was called into their country by the express order of the Gods; that he was made king of it, by the will of heaven, and by all the human rights that could be; that there was an uninterrupted

terrupted ſucceſſion of kings from him to Romulus; that his heirs were to reign there for ever; and that the Romans, under them, were to obtain the monarchy of the world. It appears from Virgil, and the other Roman writers, that Julius Cæſar was of the royal race, and that Auguſtus was his ſole heir. The natural reſult of all this is, that the promiſes made to the Roman people, in and through this race, terminating in Auguſtus, the Romans, if they would obey the Gods, and be maſters of the world, were to yield obedience to the new eſtabliſhment under that prince. As odd a ſcheme as this may ſeem now, it is ſcarce ſo odd as that of ſome people among us, who perſuaded themſelves, that an abſolute obedience was owing to our kings, on their ſuppoſed deſcent from ſome unknown patriarch: and yet that had its effect with many, about a century ago; and ſeems not to have quite loſt all its influence, even in our remembrance. However that be, I think it appears plain enough, that the two great points aimed at by Virgil in his Æneid, were to maintain their old religious tenets, and to ſupport the new form of government in the family of the Cæſars. That poem therefore may very well be conſidered as a religious and political work; or rather (as the vulgar religion with them was ſcarce any thing more than an engine of ſtate) it may fairly enough be conſidered as a work merely political. If this was the caſe, Virgil was not ſo highly encouraged by Auguſtus and Mæcenas for nothing. To ſpeak a little more plainly: He wrote in the ſervice of the new uſurpation on the ſtate: and all that can be offered in vindication of him, in this light, is, that the uſurper he wrote for, was grown a tame one; and that the temper and bent of their conſtitution, at that time, was ſuch, that the reins of government muſt have fallen into the hands of ſome one perſon or another; and might probably, on any new revolution, have fallen into the hands of ſome one leſs mild and indulgent than Auguſtus was, at the time when Virgil wrote this poem in his ſervice. But whatever may be ſaid of his reaſons for writing it, the poem itſelf has been highly applauded in all ages, from its firſt appearance to this day; and though left unfiniſhed by its author, has been always reckoned as much ſuperior to all the other epic poems among the Romans, as Homer's is among the Greeks. *Spence.*

§ 48. *Obſervations on the* Æneid, *and the Author's Genius.*

It preſerves more to us of the religion of the Romans, than all the other Latin poets (excepting only Ovid) put together: and gives us the forms and appearances of their deities, as ſtrongly as if we had ſo many pictures of them preſerved to us, done by ſome of the beſt hands in the Auguſtan age. It is remarkable, that he is commended by ſome of the ancients themſelves, for the ſtrength of his imagination as to this particular, though in general that is not his character, ſo much as exactneſs. He was certainly the moſt correct poet even of his time; in which all falſe thoughts and idle ornaments in writing were diſcouraged: and it is as certain, that there is but little of invention in his Æneid; much leſs, I believe, than is generally imagined. Almoſt all the little facts in it are built on hiſtory; and even as to the particular lines, no one perhaps ever borrowed more from the poets that preceded him, than he did. He goes ſo far back as to old Ennius; and often inſerts whole verſes from him, and ſome other of their

their earliest writers. The obsoleteness of their style, did not hinder him much in this: for he was a particular lover of their old language; and no doubt inserted many more antiquated words in his poem, than we can discover at present. Judgment is his distinguishing character: and his great excellence consisted in chusing and ranging things aright. Whatever he borrowed he had the skill of making his own, by weaving it so well into his work, that it looks all of a piece; even those parts of his poems, where this may be most practised, resembling a fine piece of Mosaic, in which all the parts, though of such different marbles, unite together; and the various shades and colours are so artfully disposed as to melt off insensibly into one another.

One of the greatest beauties in Virgil's private character was, his modesty and goodnature. He was apt to think humbly of himself, and handsomely of others: and was ready to shew his love of merit, even where it might seem to clash with his own. He was the first who recommended Horace to Mæcenas. *Spence.*

§ 49. *Of* Horace.

Horace was the fittest man in the world for a court where wit was so particularly encouraged. No man seems to have had more, and all of the genteelest sort; or to have been better acquainted with mankind. His gaiety, and even his debauchery, made him still the more agreeable to Mæcenas: so that it is no wonder that his acquaintance with that minister grew up to so high a degree of friendship, as is very uncommon between a first minister and a poet; and which had possibly such an effect on the latter, as one shall scarce ever hear of between any two friends, the most on a level: for there is some room to conjecture, that he hastened himself out of this world to accompany his great friend in the next. Horace has been most generally celebrated for his lyric poems; in which he far excelled all the Roman poets, and perhaps was no unworthy rival of several of the Greek: which seems to have been the height of his ambition. His next point of merit, as it has been usually reckoned, was his refining satire; and bringing it from the coarseness and harshness of Lucilius to that genteel, easy manner, which he, and perhaps nobody but he and one person more in all the ages since, has ever possessed. I do not remember that any one of the ancients says any thing of his epistles: and this has made me sometimes imagine, that his epistles and satires might originally have passed under one and the same name; perhaps that of Sermones. They are generally written in a style approaching to that of conversation; and are so much alike, that several of the satires might just as well be called epistles, as several of his epistles have the spirit of satire in them. This latter part of his works, by whatever name you please to call them (whether satires and epistles, or discourses in verse on moral and familiar subjects) is what, I must own, I love much better even than the lyric part of his works. It is in these that he shews that talent for criticism, in which he so very much excelled; especially in his long epistle to Augustus: and that other to the Piso's, commonly called his Art of Poetry. They abound in strokes which shew his great knowledge of mankind, and in that pleasing way he had of teaching philosophy, of laughing away vice, and insinuating virtue into the minds of his readers. They may serve as much as almost any writings can, to make men wiser and better: for he has the most agreeable

agreeable way of preaching that ever was. He was in general, an honeſt, good man himſelf; at leaſt he does not ſeem to have had any one ill-natured vice about him. Other poets we admire; but there is not any of the ancient poets that I could wiſh to have been acquainted with, ſo much as Horace. One cannot be very converſant with his writings, without having a friendſhip for the man; and longing to have juſt ſuch another as he was for one's friend. *Spence.*

§ 50. *Of* TIBULLUS, PROPERTIUS, *and* OVID.

In that happy age, and in the ſame court flouriſhed Tibullus. He enjoyed the acquaintance of Horace, who mentions him in a kind and friendly manner, both in his Odes and in his Epiſtles. Tibullus is evidently the moſt exact and moſt beautiful writer of love-verſes among the Romans, and was eſteemed ſo by their beſt judges: though there were ſome, it ſeems, even in their better ages of writing and judging, who preferred Propertius to him. Tibullus's talent ſeems to have been only for elegiac verſe: at leaſt his compliment on Meſſala (which is his only poem out of it) ſhews, I think, too plainly, that he was neither deſigned for heroic verſe, nor panegyric. Elegance is as much his diſtinguiſhing character, among the elegiac writers of this age, as it is Terence's among the comic writers of the former: and if his ſubject will never let him be ſublime, his judgment at leaſt always keeps him from being faulty. His rival and cotemporary, Propertius, ſeems to have ſet himſelf too many different models, to copy either of them ſo well as he might otherwiſe have done. In one place, he calls himſelf the Roman Callimachus; in another, he talks of rivalling Philetas: and he is ſaid to have ſtudied Mimnermus, and ſome other of the Greek lyric writers, with the ſame view. You may ſee by this, and the practice of all their poets in general, that it was the conſtant method of the Romans (whenever they endeavoured to excel) to ſet ſome great Greek pattern or other before them. Propertius, perhaps, might have ſucceeded better, had he fixed on any one of theſe; and not endeavoured to improve by all of them indifferently.—Ovid makes up the triumvirate of the elegiac writers of this age; and is more looſe and incorrect than either of the other. As Propertius followed too many maſters, Ovid endeavoured to ſhine in too many different kinds of writing at the ſame time. Beſides he had a redundant genius; and almoſt always choſe rather to indulge, than to give any reſtraint to it. If one was to give any opinion of the different merits of his ſeveral works, one ſhould not perhaps be much beſide the truth, in ſaying, that he excels moſt in his Faſti; then perhaps in his love-verſes; next in his heroic epiſtles; and laſtly, in his Metamorphoſes. As for the verſes he wrote after his misfortunes, he has quite loſt his ſpirit in them: and though you may diſcover ſome difference in his manner, after his baniſhment came to ſit a little lighter on him, his genius never ſhines out fairly after that fatal ſtroke. His very love of being witty had forſaken him; though before it ſeems to have grown upon him, when it was leaſt becoming, toward his old age: for his Metamorphoſes (which was the laſt poem he wrote at Rome, and which indeed was not quite finiſhed when he was ſent into baniſhment) has more inſtances of falſe wit in it,

it, than perhaps all his former writings put together. One of the things I have heard him most cried up for, in that piece, is his transitions from one story to another. The ancients thought differently of this point; and Quinctilian, where he is speaking of them, endeavours rather to excuse than to commend him on that head. We have a considerable loss in the latter half of his Fasti; and in his Medea, which is much commended. Dramatic poetry seems not to have flourished, in proportion to the other sorts of poetry, in the Augustan age. We scarce hear any thing of the comic poets of that time; and if tragedy had been much cultivated then, the Roman writers would certainly produce some names from it, to oppose to the Greeks, without going so far back as to those of Actius and Pacuvius. Indeed their own critics, in speaking of the dramatic writings of this age, boast rather of single pieces, than of authors: and the two particular tragedies, which they talk of in the highest strain, are the Medea of Ovid, and Varius's Thyestes. However, if it was not the age for plays, it was certainly the age in which almost all the other kinds of poetry were in their greatest excellence at Rome. *Spence.*

§ 51. *Of* Phædrus.

Under this period of the best writing, I should be inclined to insert Phædrus. For though he published after the good manner of writing was in general on the decline, he flourished and formed his style under Augustus: and his book, though it did not appear till the reign of Tiberius, deserves, on all accounts, to be reckoned among the works of the Augustan age. Fabulæ Æsopeæ, was probably the title which he gave his fables. He professedly follows Æsop in them: and declares, that he keeps to his manner, even where the subject is of his own invention. By this it appears, that Æsop's way of telling stories was very short and plain; for the distinguishing beauty of Phædrus's fables is, their conciseness and simplicity. The taste was so much fallen, at the time when he published them, that both these were objected to him as faults. He used those critics as they deserved. He tells a long, tedious story to those who objected against the conciseness of his style; and answers some others, who condemned the plainness of it, with a run of bombast verses, that have a great many noisy elevated words in them, without any sense at the bottom. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Of* Manilius.

Manilius can scarce be allowed a place in this list of the Augustan poets; his poetry is inferior to a great many of the Latin poets, who have wrote in these lower ages, so long since Latin has ceased to be a living language. There is at least, I believe, no instance, in any one poet of the flourishing ages, of such language, or such versification, as we meet with in Manilius; and there is not any one ancient writer that speaks one word of any such poet about those times, I doubt not, there were bad poets enough in the Augustan age; but I question whether Manilius may deserve the honour of being reckoned even among the bad poets of that time. What must be said, then, to the many passages in the poem, which relate to the times in which the author lived, and which all have a regard to the Augustan age? If the whole be not a modern forgery, I do not see how one can deny his being of that age: and if it be

be a modern forgery, it is very lucky that it ſhould agree ſo exactly, in ſo many little particulars, with the ancient globe of the heavens, in the Farneſe palace. Allowing Manilius's poem to paſs for what it pretends to be, there is nothing remains to us of the poetical works of this Auguſtan age, beſides what I have mentioned: except the garden poem of Columella; the little hunting piece of Gratius; and, perhaps, an elegy or two of Gallus.

Spence.

§ 53. *Of the Poets whoſe Works have not come down to us.*

Theſe are but ſmall remains for an age in which poetry was ſo well cultivated and followed by very great numbers, taking the good and the bad together. It is probable, moſt of the beſt have come down to us. As for the others, we only hear of the elegies of Capella and Montanus; that Proculus imitated Callimachus; and Rufus, Pindar: that Fontanus wrote a ſort of Piſcatory eclogues; and Macer, a poem on the nature of birds, beaſts, and plants. That the ſame Macer, and Rabirinus, and Marſus, and Ponticus, and Pedo Albinovanus, and ſeveral others, were epic writers in that time (which, by the way, ſeems to have ſignified little more, than that they wrote in hexameter verſe): that Fundanius was the beſt comic poet then, and Meliſſus no bad one: that Varius was the moſt eſteemed for epic poetry, before the Æneid appeared; and one of the moſt eſteemed for tragedy always: that Pollio (beſides his other excellencies at the bar, in the camp, and in affairs of ſtate) is much commended for tragedy; and Varius, either for tragedy or epic poetry; for it does not quite appear which of the two he wrote. Theſe laſt are great names; but there remain ſome of ſtill higher dignity, who were, or at leaſt deſired to be thought, poets in that time. In the former part of Auguſtus's reign, his firſt miniſter for home affairs, Mæcenas; and in the latter part, his Grandſon Germanicus, were of this number. Germanicus in particular tranſlated Aratus; and there are ſome (I do not well know on what grounds) who pretend to have met with a conſiderable part of his tranſlation. The emperor himſelf ſeems to have been both a good critic, and a good author. He wrote chiefly in proſe; but ſome things in verſe too; and particularly good part of a tragedy, called Ajax.

It is no wonder, under ſuch encouragements, and ſo great examples, that poetry ſhould ariſe to a higher pitch than it had ever done among the Romans. They had been gradually improving it for above two centuries; and in Auguſtus found a prince, whoſe own inclinations, the temper of whoſe reign, and whoſe very politics, led him to nurſe all the arts; and poetry, in a more particular manner. The wonder is, when they had got ſo far toward perfection, that they ſhould fall as it were all at once; and from their greateſt purity and ſimplicity, ſhould degenerate ſo immediately into a lower and more affected manner of writing, than had been ever known among them.

Ibid.

§ 54. *Of the Fall of Poetry among the Romans.*

There are ſome who aſſert, that the great age of the Roman eloquence I have been ſpeaking of, began to decline a little even in the latter part of Auguſtus's reign. It certainly fell very much under Tiberius; and grew every day weaker and weaker, till it was wholly changed under Caligula. Hence therefore we may date the third age, or the

fall of the Roman poetry. Auguſtus, whatever his natural temper was, put on at leaſt a mildneſs, that gave a calm to the ſtate during his time: the ſucceeding emperors flung off the maſk; and not only were, but openly appeared to be, rather monſters than men. We need not go to their hiſtorians for proofs of their prodigious vileneſs: it is enough to mention the bare names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero. Under ſuch heads, every thing that was good run to ruin. All diſcipline in war, all domeſtic virtues, the very love of liberty, and all the taſte for ſound eloquence and good poetry, ſunk gradually; and faded away, as they had flouriſhed, together. Inſtead of the ſenſible, chaſte, and manly way of writing, that had been in uſe in the former age, there now roſe up a deſire of writing ſmartly, and an affectation of ſhining in every thing they ſaid. A certain prettineſs, and glitter, and luxuriance of ornaments, was what diſtinguiſhed their moſt applauded writers in proſe; and their poetry was quite loſt in high flights and obſcurity. Seneca, the favourite proſe writer of thoſe times; and Petronius Arbiter, ſo great a favourite with many of our own; afford too many proofs of this. As to the proſe in Nero's time; and as to the poets, it is enough to ſay, that they had then Lucan and Perſius, inſtead of Virgil and Horace. *Spence.*

§ 55. *Of* Lucan.

Perſius and Lucan, who were the moſt celebrated poets under the reign of Nero, may very well ſerve for examples of the faults I juſt mentioned, one of the ſwelling, and the other of the obſcure ſtyle, then in faſhion. Lucan's manner in general runs too much into fuſtian and bombaſt. His muſe has a kind of dropſy, and looks like the ſoldier deſcribed in his own Pharſalia, who in paſſing the deſert ſands of Africa, was bit by a ſerpent, and ſwelled to ſuch an immoderate ſize, "that he was loſt (as he expreſſes it) in the tumours of his own body." Some critics have been in too great haſte to make Quinctilian ſay ſome good things of Lucan, which he never meant to do. What this poet has been always for, and what he will ever deſerve to be admired for, are the ſeveral philoſophical paſſages that abound in his works; and his generous ſentiments, particularly on the love of liberty and the contempt of death. In his calm hours, he is very wiſe; but he is often in his rants, and never more ſo than when he is got into a battle, or a ſtorm at ſea: but it is remarkable, that even on thoſe occaſions, it is not ſo much a violence of rage, as a madneſs of affectation, that appears moſt ſtrongly in him. To give a few inſtances of it, out of many: In the very beginning of Lucan's ſtorm, when Cæſar ventured to croſs the ſea in ſo ſmall a veſſel; "the fixt ſtars themſelves ſeem to be put in motion." Then "the waves riſe over the mountains, and carry away the tops of them." Their next ſtep is to heaven; where they catch the rain "in the clouds:" I ſuppoſe, to increaſe their force. The ſea opens in ſeveral places, and leaves its bottom dry land. All the foundations of the univerſe are ſhaken; and nature is afraid of a ſecond chaos. His little ſkiff, in the mean time, ſometimes cuts along the clouds with her ſails; and ſometimes ſeems in danger of being ſtranded on the ſands at the bottom of the ſea; and muſt inevitably have been loſt, had not the ſtorm (by good fortune) been ſo ſtrong from every quarter, that ſhe did not know on which ſide to bulge firſt.

When the two armies are going to join battle

battle in the plains of Pharsalia, we are told, that all the soldiers were incapable of any fear for themselves, because they were wholly taken up with their concern for the danger which threatened Pompey and the commonwealth. On this great occasion, the hills about them, according to his account, seem to be more afraid than the men; for some of the mountains looked as if they would thrust their heads into the clouds; and others, as if they wanted to hide themselves under the valleys at their feet. And these disturbances in nature were universal: for that day, every single Roman, in whatever part of the world he was, felt a strange gloom spread all over his mind, on a sudden; and was ready to cry, though he did not know why or wherefore. *Spence.*

§ 56. *Of* Persius.

Persius is said to have been Lucan's schoolfellow under Cornutus; and like him, was bred up more a philosopher than a poet. He has the character of a good man; but scarce deserves that of a good writer, in any other than the moral sense of the word: for his writings are very virtuous, but not very poetical. His great fault is obscurity. Several have endeavoured to excuse or palliate this fault in him, from the danger of the times he lived in; and the necessity a satirist then lay under, of writing so, for his own security. This may hold as to some passages in him; but to say the truth, he seems to have a tendency and love to obscurity in himself: for it is not only to be found where he may speak of the emperor, or the state; but in the general course of his satires. So that, in my conscience, I must give him up for an obscure writer; as I should Lucan for a tumid and swelling one.

Such was the Roman poetry under Nero. The three emperors after him were made in an hurry, and had short tumultuous reigns. Then the Flavian family came in. Vespasian, the first emperor of that line, endeavoured to recover something of the good taste that had formerly flourished in Rome; his son Titus, the delight of mankind, in his short reign, encouraged poetry by his example, as well as by his liberalities: and even Domitian loved to be thought a patron of the muses. After him, there was a succession of good emperors, from Nerva to the Antonines. And this extraordinary good fortune (for indeed, if one considers the general run of the Roman emperors, it would have been such, to have had any two good ones only together) gave a new spirit to the arts, that had long been in so languishing a condition, and made poetry revive, and raise up its head again, once more among them. Not that there were very good poets even now; but they were better, at least, than they had been under the reign of Nero. *Ibid.*

§ 57. *Of* Silius, Statius, *and* Valerius Flaccus.

This period produced three epic poets, whose works remain to us; Silius, Statius, and Valerius Flaccus. Silius, as if he had been frightened at the high flight of Lucan, keeps almost always on the ground, and scarce once attempts to soar throughout his whole work. It is plain, however, though it is low; and if he has but little of the spirit of poetry, he is free at least from the affectation, and obscurity, and bombast, which prevailed so much among his immediate predecessors. Silius was honoured with the consulate; and lived to see his son in the same high office. He was a great lover and collector of pictures and statues; some of which he worshipped;

especially one he had of Virgil. He used to offer sacrifices too at his tomb near Naples. It is a pity that he could not get more of his spirit in his writings: for he had scarce enough to make his offerings acceptable to the genius of that great poet.—Statius had more of spirit, with a less share of prudence: for his Thebaid is certainly ill conducted, and scarcely well written. By the little we have of his Achilleid, that would probably have been a much better poem, at least as to the writing part, had he lived to finish it. As it is, his description of Achilles's behaviour at the feast which Lycomedes makes for the Grecian ambassadors, and some other parts of it, read more pleasingly to me than any part of the Thebaid. I cannot help thinking, that the passage quoted so often from Juvenal, as an encomium on Statius, was meant as a satire on him. Martial seems to strike at him too, under the borrowed name of Sabellus. As he did not finish his Achilleid, he may deserve more reputation perhaps as a miscellaneous than as an epic writer; for though the odes and other copies of verses in his Sylvæ are not without their faults, they are not so faulty as his Thebaid. The chief faults of Statius, in his Sylvæ and Thebaid, are said to have proceeded from very different causes: the former, from their having been written incorrectly and in a great deal of haste; and the other, from its being over corrected and hard. Perhaps his greatest fault of all, or rather the greatest sign of his bad judgment, is his admiring Lucan so extravagantly as he does. It is remarkable, that poetry run more lineally in Statius's family, than perhaps in any other. He received it from his father; who had been an eminent poet in his time, and lived to see his son obtain the laurel-crown at the Alban games; as he had formerly done himself.—Valerius Flaccus wrote a little before Statius. He died young, and left his poem unfinished. We have but seven books of his Argonautics, and part of the eighth, in which the Argonauts are left on the sea, in their return homewards. Several of the modern critics, who have been some way or other concerned in publishing Flaccus's works, make no scruple of placing him next to Virgil, of all the Roman epic poets; and I own I am a good deal inclined to be seriously of their opinion; for he seems to me to have more fire than Silius, and to be more correct than Statius: and as for Lucan, I cannot help looking upon him as quite out of the question. He imitates Virgil's language much better than Silius, or even Statius; and his plan, or rather his story, is certainly less embarrassed and confused than the Thebaid. Some of the ancients themselves speak of Flaccus with a great deal of respect; and particularly Quinctilian; who says nothing at all of Silius or Statius; unless the latter is to be included in that general expression of 'several others,' whom he leaves to be celebrated by posterity.

As to the dramatic writers of this time, we have not any one comedy, and only ten tragedies, all published under the name of Lucius Annæus Seneca. They are probably the work of different hands; and might be a collection of favourite plays, put together by some bad grammarian; for either the Roman tragedies of this age were very indifferent, or these are not their best. They have been attributed to authors as far distant as the reigns of Augustus and Trajan. It is true, the person who is so positive that one of them in particular must be of the Augustan age, says this of a piece that he seems resolved to cry up at all rates; and I believe one should do

no

no injury to any one of them, in supposing them all to have been written in this third age, under the decline of the Roman poetry.

Of all the other poets under this period, there are none whose works remain to us, except Martial and Juvenal. The former flourished under Domitian; and the latter under Nerva, Trajan, and Adrian. *Spence.*

§ 58. *Of* Martial.

Martial is a dealer only in a little kind of writing; for Epigram is certainly (what it is called by Dryden) the lowest step of poetry. He is at the very bottom of the hill; but he diverts himself there, in gathering flowers and playing with insects, prettily enough. If Martial made a new-year's gift, he was sure to send a distich with it: if a friend died, he made a few verses to put on his tomb-stone: if a statue was set up, they came to him for an inscription. These were the common offices of his muse. If he struck a fault in life, he marked it down in a few lines; and if he had a mind to please a friend, or to get the favour of the great, his style was turned to panegyric; and these were his highest employments. He was, however, a good writer in his way; and there are instances even of his writing with some dignity on higher occasions. *Ibid.*

§ 59. *Of* Juvenal.

Juvenal began to write after all I have mentioned; and, I do not know by what good fortune, writes with a greater spirit of poetry than any of them. He has scarce any thing of the gentility of Horace: yet he is not without humour, and exceeds all the satirists in severity. To say the truth, he slashes too much like an angry executioner; but the depravity of the times, and the vices then in fashion, may often excuse some degree of rage in him. It is said he did not write till he was elderly; and after he had been too much used to declaiming. However, his satires have a great deal of spirit in them; and shew a strong hatred of vice, with some very fine and high sentiments of virtue. They are indeed so animated, that I do not know any poem of this age, which one can read with near so much pleasure as his satires.

Juvenal may very well be called the last of the Roman poets. After his time, poetry continued decaying more and more, quite down to the time of Constantine; when all the arts were so far lost and extinguished among the Romans, that from that time they themselves may very well be called by the name they used to give to all the world, except the Greeks; for the Romans then had scarce any thing to distinguish them from the Barbarians.

There are, therefore, but three ages of the Roman poetry, that can carry any weight with them in an enquiry of this nature. The first age, from the first Punic war to the time of Augustus, is more remarkable for strength, than any great degree of beauty in writing. The second age, or the Augustan, is the time when they wrote with a due mixture of beauty and strength. And the third, from the beginning of Nero's reign to the end of Adrian's, when they endeavoured after beauty more than strength: when they lost much of their vigour, and run too much into affectation. Their poetry, in its youth, was strong and nervous; in its middle age, it was manly, and polite; in its latter days, it grew tawdry, and feeble; and endeavoured to hide the decays of its former beauty and strength, in false ornaments of dress, and a borrowed flush on the face; which did not so much render it

pleasing, as it shewed that its natural complexion was faded and lost. *Spence.*

§ 60. *Of the Introduction, Improvement, and Fall of the Arts at Rome.*

The city of Rome, as well as its inhabitants, was in the beginning rude and unadorned. Those old rough soldiers looked on the effects of the politer arts as things fit only for an effeminate people; as too apt to soften and unnerve men; and to take from that martial temper and ferocity, which they encouraged so much and so universally in the infancy of their state. Their houses were (what the name they gave them signified) only a covering for them, and a defence against bad weather. These sheds of theirs were more like the caves of wild beasts, than the habitations of men; and were rather flung together as chance led them, than formed into regular streets and openings: their walls were half mud, and their roofs, pieces of wood stuck together; nay, even this was an after-improvement; for in Romulus's time, their houses were only covered with straw. If they had any thing that was finer than ordinary, that was chiefly taken up in setting off the temples of their gods; and when these began to be furnished with statues (for they had none till long after Numa's time) they were probably more fit to give terror than delight; and seemed rather formed so as to be horrible enough to strike an awe into those who worshipped them, than handsome enough to invite any one to look upon them for pleasure. Their design, I suppose, was answerable to the materials they were made of; and if their gods were of earthen ware, they were reckoned better than ordinary; for many of them were chopt out of wood. One of the chief ornaments in those times, both of the temples and private houses, consisted in their ancient trophies: which were trunks of trees cleared of their branches, and so formed into a rough kind of posts. These were loaded with the arms they had taken in war; and you may easily conceive what sort of ornaments these posts must make, when half decayed by time, and hung about with old rusty arms, besmeared with the blood of their enemies. Rome was not then that beautiful Rome, whose very ruins at this day are sought after with so much pleasure: it was a town, which carried an air of terror in its appearance; and which made people shudder, whenever they first entered within its gates. *Ibid.*

§ 61. *On the Decline of the Arts, Eloquence, and Poetry, upon the Death of Augustus.*

On the death of Augustus, though the arts, and the taste for them, did not suffer so great a change, as appeared immediately in the taste of eloquence and poetry, yet they must have suffered a good deal. There is a secret union, a certain kind of sympathy between all the polite arts, which makes them languish and flourish together. The same circumstances are either kind or unfriendly to all of them. The favour of Augustus, and the tranquillity of his reign, was as a gentle dew from heaven, in a favourable season, that made them bud forth and flourish; and the sour reign of Tiberius, was as a sudden frost that checked their growth, and at last killed all their beauties. The vanity, and tyranny, and disturbances of the times that followed, gave the finishing stroke to sculpture as well as eloquence, and to painting as well as poetry. The Greek artists at Rome were not so soon or so much infected by the bad taste of the

the court, as the Roman writers were; but it reached them too, though by slower and more imperceptible degrees. Indeed what else could be expected from such a run of monsters as Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero? For these were the emperors under whose reigns the arts began to languish; and they suffered so much from their baleful influence, that the Roman writers soon after them speak of all the arts as being brought to a very low ebb. They talk of their being extremely fallen in general; and as to painting, in particular, they represent it as in a most feeble and dying condition. The series of so many good emperors, which happened after Domitian, gave some spirit again to the arts; but soon after the Antonines, they all declined apace, and, by the time of the thirty tyrants, were quite fallen, so as never to rise again under any future Roman emperor.

You may see by these two accounts I have given you of the Roman poetry, and of the other arts, that the great periods of their rise, their flourishing, and their decline, agree very well; and, as it were, tally with one another. Their style was prepared, and a vast collection of fine works laid in, under the first period, or in the times of the republic: In the second, or the Augustan age, their writers and artists were both in their highest perfection; and in the third, from Tiberius to the Antonines, they both began to languish; and then revived a little; and at last sunk totally together.

In comparing the descriptions of their poets with the works of art, I should therefore chuse to omit all the Roman poets after the Antonines. Among them all, there is perhaps no one whose omission need be regretted, except that of Claudian; and even as to him it may be considered, that he wrote when the true knowledge of the arts was no more; and when the true taste of poetry was strangely corrupted and lost; even if we were to judge of it by his own writings only, which are extremely better than any of the poets long before and long after him. It is therefore much better to confine one's self to the three great ages, than to run so far out of one's way for a single poet or two; whose authorities, after all, must be very disputable, and indeed scarce of any weight. *Spence.*

§ 62. *On the Great Historical Ages.*

Every age has produced heroes and politicians; all nations have experienced revolutions; and all histories are nearly alike, to those who seek only to furnish their memories with facts; but whosoever thinks, or, what is still more rare, whosoever has taste, will find but four ages in the history of the world. These four happy ages are those in which the arts were carried to perfection; and which, by serving as the æra of the greatness of the human mind, are examples for posterity.

The first of these ages to which true glory is annexed, is that of Philip and Alexander, or that of a Pericles, a Demosthenes, an Aristotle, a Plato, an Apelles, a Phidias, and a Praxiteles; and this honour has been confined within the limits of ancient Greece; the rest of the known world was then in a state of barbarism.

The second age is that of Cæsar and Augustus, distinguished likewise by the names of Lucretius, Cicero, Titus, Livius, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Varro, and Vitruvius.

The third is that which followed the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II. Then a family of private citizens was seen to do that which the kings of Europe ought to have undertaken. The Medicis invited to Flo-

rence the Learned, who had been driven out of Greece by the Turks.—This was the age of Italy's glory. The polite arts had already recovered a new life in that country; the Italians honoured them with the title of Virtu, as the firſt Greeks had diſtinguiſhed them by the name of Wiſdom. Every thing tended towards perfection; a Michael Angelo, a Raphael, a Titian, a Taſſo, and an Arioſto, flouriſhed. The art of engraving was invented; elegant architecture appeared again, as admirable as in the moſt triumphant ages of Rome; and the Gothic barbariſm, which had disfigured Europe in every kind of production, was driven from Italy, to make way for good taſte.

The arts, always tranſplanted from Greece to Italy, found themſelves in a favourable ſoil, where they inſtantly produced fruit. France, England, Germany, and Spain, aimed in their turns to gather theſe fruits; but either they could not live in thoſe climates, or elſe they degenerated very faſt.

Francis I. encouraged learned men, but ſuch as were merely learned men: he had architects; but he had no Michael Angelo, nor Palladio: he endeavoured in vain to eſtabliſh ſchools for painting; the Italian maſters whom he invited to France, raiſed no pupils there. Some epigrams, and a few looſe tales, made the whole of our poetry. Rabelais was the only proſe writer in vogue in the time of Henry II.

In a word, the Italians alone were in poſſeſſion of every thing that was beautiful, excepting muſic, which was then but in a rude ſtate; and experimental philoſophy, which was every where equally unknown.

Laſtly, the fourth age is that known by the name of the age of Lewis XIV. and is perhaps that which approaches the neareſt to perfection of all the four: enriched by the diſcoveries of the three former ones, it has done greater things in certain kinds than thoſe three together. All the arts, indeed, were not carried farther than under the Medicis, Auguſtus, and Alexander; but human reaſon in general was more improved. In this age we firſt became acquainted with ſound philoſophy. It may truly be ſaid, that from the laſt years of Cardinal Richelieu's adminiſtration till thoſe which followed the death of Lewis XIV. there has happened ſuch a general revolution in our arts, our genius, our manners, and even in our government, as will ſerve as an immortal mark to the true glory of our country. This happy influence has not been confined to France; it has communicated itſelf to England, where it has ſtirred up an emulation which that ingenious and deeply-learned nation ſtood in need of at that time; it has introduced taſte into Germany, and the ſciences into Ruſſia; it has even re-animated Italy, which was languiſhing; and Europe is indebted for its politeneſs and ſpirit of ſociety, to the court of Lewis XIV.

Before this time, the Italians called all the people on this ſide the Alps by the name of Barbarians. It muſt be owned that the French, in ſome degree, deſerved this reproachful epithet. Our forefathers joined the romantic gallantry of the Moors with the Gothic rudeneſs. They had hardly any of the agreeable arts amongſt them; which is a proof that the uſeful arts were likewiſe neglected; for, when once the things of uſe are carried to perfection, the tranſition is quickly made to the elegant and the agreeable; and it is not at all aſtoniſhing, that painting, ſculpture, poetry, eloquence, and philoſophy, ſhould be in a manner unknown to a nation, who, tho' poſſeſſed of harbours on the Weſtern ocean and

and the Mediterranean sea, were without ships; and who, though fond of luxury to an excess, were hardly provided with the most common manufactures.

The Jews, the Genoese, the Venetians, the Portuguese, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the English, carried on, in their turns, the trade of France, which was ignorant even of the first principles of commerce. Lewis XIII. at his accession to the crown, had not a single ship; the city of Paris contained not quite four hundred thousand men, and had not above four fine public edifices; the other cities of the kingdom resembled those pitiful villages which we see on the other side of the Loire. The nobility, who were all stationed in the country, in dungeons surrounded with deep ditches, oppressed the peasant who cultivated the land. The high roads were almost impassable; the towns were destitute of police; and the government had hardly any credit among foreign nations.

We must acknowledge, that, ever since the decline of the Carlovingian family, France had languished more or less in this infirm state, merely for want of the benefit of a good administration.

For a state to be powerful, the people must either enjoy a liberty founded on the laws, or the royal authority must be fixed beyond all opposition. In France, the people were slaves till the reign of Philip Augustus; the noblemen were tyrants till Lewis XI.; and the kings, always employed in maintaining their authority against their vassals, had neither leisure to think about the happiness of their subjects, nor the power of making them happy.

Lewis XI. did a great deal for the regal power, but nothing for the happiness or glory of the nation. Francis I. gave birth to trade, navigation, and all the arts; but he was too unfortunate to make them take root in the nation during his time, so that they all perished with him. Henry the Great was on the point of raising France from the calamities and barbarisms in which she had been plunged by thirty years of discord, when he was assassinated in his capital, in the midst of a people whom he had begun to make happy. The Cardinal de Richelieu, busied in humbling the house of Austria, the Calvinists, and the Grandees, did not enjoy a power sufficiently undisturbed to reform the nation; but he had at least the honour of beginning this happy work.

Thus, for the space of 900 years, our genius had been almost always restrained under a Gothic government, in the midst of divisions and civil wars; destitute of any laws or fixed customs; changing every second century a language which still continued rude and unformed. The nobles were without discipline, and strangers to every thing but war and idleness: the clergy lived in disorder and ignorance; and the common people without industry, and stupified in their wretchedness.

The French had no share either in the great discoveries, or admirable inventions of other nations: they have no title to the discoveries of printing, gunpowder, glasses, telescopes, the sector, compass, the air-pump, or the true system of the universe: they were making tournaments, while the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering and conquering new countries from the east to the west of the known world. Charles V. had already scattered the treasures of Mexico over Europe, before the subjects of Francis I. had discovered the uncultivated country of Canada; but, by the little which the French did in the beginning of the sixteenth century, we may see what they are capable of when properly conducted. *Voltaire.*

§ 63. *On the Conſtitution of* England.

In every government there are three ſorts of power: the legiſlative; the executive, in reſpect to things dependent on the law of nations; and the executive, in regard to things that depend on the civil law.

By virtue of the firſt, the prince or magiſtrate enacts temporary or perpetual laws, and amends or abrogates thoſe that have been already enacted. By the ſecond, he makes peace or war, ſends or receives embaſſies, he eſtabliſhes the public ſecurity, and provides againſt invaſions. By the third, he puniſhes criminals, or determines the diſputes that ariſe between individuals. The latter we ſhall call the judiciary power, and the other ſimply the executive power of the ſtate.

The political liberty of the ſubject is a tranquillity of mind, ariſing from the opinion each perſon has of his ſafety. In order to have this liberty, it is requiſite the government be ſo conſtituted as one man need not to be afraid of another.

When the legiſlative and executive powers are united in the ſame perſon, or in the ſame body of magiſtrates, there can be no liberty; becauſe apprehenſions may ariſe, leſt the ſame monarch or ſenate ſhould enact tyrannical laws, to execute them in a tyrannical manner.

Again, there is no liberty, if the power of judging be not ſeparated from the legiſlative and executive powers. Were it joined with the legiſlative, the life and liberty of the ſubject would be expoſed to arbitrary controul; for the judge would be then the legiſlator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppreſſor.

There would be an end of every thing, were the ſame man, or the ſame body, whether of the nobles, or of the people, to exerciſe thoſe three powers, that of enacting laws, that of executing the public reſolutions, and that of judging the crimes or differences of individuals.

Moſt kingdoms of Europe enjoy a moderate government, becauſe the prince, who is inveſted with the two firſt powers, leaves the third to his ſubjects. In Turky, where theſe three powers are united in the Sultan's perſon, the ſubjects groan under the weight of a moſt frightful oppreſſion.

In the republics of Italy, where theſe three powers are united, there is leſs liberty than in our monarchies. Hence their government is obliged to have recourſe to as violent methods for its ſupport, as even that of the Turks; witneſs the ſtate inquiſitors at Venice, and the lion's mouth, into which every informer may at all hours throw his written accuſations.

What a ſituation muſt the poor ſubject be in under thoſe republics! The ſame body of magiſtrates are poſſeſſed, as executors of the law, of the whole power they have given themſelves in quality of legiſlators. They may plunder the ſtate by their general determinations; and, as they have likewiſe the judiciary power in their hands, every private citizen may be ruined by their particular deciſions.

The whole power is here united in one body; and though there is no external pomp that indicates a deſpotic ſway, yet the people feel the effects of it every moment.

Hence it is that many of the princes of Europe, whoſe aim has been levelled at arbitrary power, have conſtantly ſet out with uniting in their own perſons all the branches of magiſtracy, and all the great offices of ſtate.

I allow, indeed, that the mere hereditary ariſtocracy of the Italian republics does not anſwer exactly to the deſpotic power of the eaſtern princes. The number of magiſtrates ſometimes ſoftens the power of the magiſtracy;

tracy; the whole body of the nobles do not always concur in the ſame deſigns; and different tribunals are erected, that temper each other. Thus, at Venice, the legiſlative power is in the Council, the executive in the Pregadi, and the judiciary in the Quarantia. But the miſchief is, that theſe different tribunals are compoſed of magiſtrates all belonging to the ſame body, which conſtitutes almoſt one and the ſame power.

The judiciary power ought not to be given to a ſtanding ſenate; it ſhould be exerciſed by perſons taken from the body of the people (as at Athens) at certain times of the year, and purſuant to a form and manner preſcribed by law, in order to erect a tribunal that ſhould laſt only as long as neceſſity requires.

By this means the power of judging, a power ſo terrible to mankind, not being annexed to any particular ſtate or profeſſion, becomes, as it were, inviſible. People have not then the judges continually preſent to their view; they fear the office, but not the magiſtrate.

In accuſations of a deep or criminal nature, it is proper the perſon accuſed ſhould have the privilege of chuſing in ſome meaſure his judges, in concurrence with the law; or at leaſt he ſhould have a right to except againſt ſo great a number, that the remaining part may be deemed his own choice.

The other two powers may be given rather to magiſtrates or permanent bodies, becauſe they are not exerciſed on any private ſubject; one being no more than the general will of the ſtate, and the other the execution of that general will.

But though the tribunals ought not to be fixed, yet the judgments ought, and to ſuch a degree as to be always conformable to the exact letter of the law. Were they to be the private opinion of the judge, people would then live in ſociety without knowing exactly the obligations it lays them under.

The judges ought likewiſe to be in the ſame ſtation as the accuſed, or in other words, his peers, to the end that he may not imagine he is fallen into the hands of perſons inclined to treat him with rigour.

If the legiſlature leaves the executive power in poſſeſſion of a right to impriſon thoſe ſubjects who can give ſecurity for their good behaviour, there is an end of liberty; unleſs they are taken up, in order to anſwer without delay to a capital crime: in this caſe they are really free, being ſubject only to the power of the law.

But ſhould the legiſlature think itſelf in danger by ſome ſecret conſpiracy againſt the ſtate, or by a correſpondence with a foreign enemy, it might authoriſe the executive power, for a ſhort and limited time, to impriſon ſuſpected perſons, who in that caſe would loſe their liberty only for a while, to preſerve it for ever.

And this is the only reaſonable method that can be ſubſtituted to the tyrannical magiſtracy of the Ephori, and to the ſtate inquiſitors of Venice, who are alſo deſpotical.

As in a free ſtate, every man who is ſuppoſed a free agent, ought to be his own governor; ſo the legiſlative power ſhould reſide in the whole body of the people. But ſince this is impoſſible in large ſtates, and in ſmall ones is ſubject to many inconveniences, it is fit the people ſhould act by their repreſentatives, what they cannot act by themſelves.

The inhabitants of a particular town are much better acquainted with its wants and intereſts, than with thoſe of other places; and are better judges of the capacity of their neighbours, than of that of the reſt of their

countrymen. The members therefore of the legiſlature ſhould not be choſen from the general body of the nation; but it is proper, that in every conſiderable place, a repreſentative ſhould be elected by the inhabitants.

The great advantage of repreſentatives is their being capable of diſcuſſing affairs. For this the people collectively are extremely unfit, which is one of the greateſt inconveniences of a democracy.

It is not at all neceſſary that the repreſentatives, who have received a general inſtruction from their electors, ſhould wait to be particularly inſtructed in every affair, as is practiſed in the diets of Germany. True it is, that by this way of proceeding, the ſpeeches of the deputies might with greater propriety be called the voice of the nation; but on the other hand, this would throw them into infinite delays, would give each deputy a power of controlling the aſſembly; and on the moſt urgent and preſſing occaſions, the ſprings of the nation might be ſtopped by a ſingle caprice.

When the deputies, as Mr. Sidney well obſerves, repreſent a body of people, as in Holland, they ought to be accountable to their conſtituents: but it is a different thing in England, where they are deputed by boroughs.

All the inhabitants of the ſeveral diſtricts ought to have a right of voting at the election of a repreſentative, except ſuch as are in ſo mean a ſituation, as to be deemed to have no will of their own.

One great fault there was in moſt of the ancient republics; that the people had a right to active reſolutions, ſuch as require ſome execution; a thing of which they are abſolutely incapable. They ought to have no hand in the government, but for the chuſing of repreſentatives, which is within their reach. For though few can tell the exact degree of men's capacities, yet there are none but are capable of knowing in general, whether the perſon they chuſe is better qualified than moſt of his neighbours.

Neither ought the repreſentative body to be choſen for active reſolutions, for which it is not ſo fit; but for the enacting of laws, or to ſee whether the laws already enacted be duly executed; a thing they are very capable of, and which none indeed but themſelves can properly perform.

In a ſtate, there are always perſons diſtinguiſhed by their birth, riches, or honours; but were they to be confounded with the common people, and to have only the weight of a ſingle vote like the reſt, the common liberty would be their ſlavery, and they would have no intereſt in ſupporting it, as moſt of the popular reſolutions would be againſt them. The ſhare they have, therefore, in the legiſlature, ought to be proportioned to the other advantages they have in the ſtate; which happens only when they form a body that has a right to put a ſtop to the enterprizes of the people, as the people have a right to put a ſtop to theirs.

The legiſlative power is therefore committed to the body of the nobles, and to the body choſen to repreſent the people, which have each their aſſemblies and deliberations apart, each their ſeparate views and intereſts.

Of the three powers above-mentioned, the judiciary is in ſome meaſure next to nothing. There remains therefore only two; and as thoſe have need of a regulating power to temper them, the part of the legiſlative body compoſed of the nobility is extremely proper for this very purpoſe.

The body of the nobility ought to be hereditary.

ditary. In the first place, it is so in its own nature: and in the next, there must be a considerable interest to preserve its privileges; privileges that in themselves are obnoxious to popular envy, and of course, in a free state, are always in danger.

But as an hereditary power might be tempted to pursue its own particular interests, and forget those of the people; it is proper that, where they may reap a singular advantage from being corrupted, as in the laws relating to the supplies, they should have no other share in the legislation, than the power of rejecting, and not that of resolving.

By the power of resolving, I mean the right of ordaining by their own authority, or of amending what has been ordained by others. By the power of rejecting, I would be understood to mean the right of annulling a resolution taken by another, which was the power of the tribunes at Rome. And though the person possessed of the privilege of rejecting may likewise have the right of approving, yet this approbation passes for no more than a declaration that he intends to make no use of his privilege of rejecting, and is derived from that very privilege.

The executive power ought to be in the hands of a monarch: because this branch of government, which has always need of expedition, is better administered by one than by many: whereas, whatever depends on the legislative power, is oftentimes better regulated by many than by a single person.

But if there was no monarch, and the executive power was committed to a certain number of persons selected from the legislative body, there would be an end then of liberty; by reason the two powers would be united, as the same persons would actually sometimes have, and would moreover be always able to have, a share in both.

Were the legislative body to be a considerable time without meeting, this would likewise put an end to liberty. For one of these two things would naturally follow; either that there would be no longer any legislative resolutions, and then the state would fall into anarchy; or that these resolutions would be taken by the executive power, which would render it absolute.

It would be needless for the legislative body to continue always assembled. This would be troublesome to the representatives, and moreover would cut out too much work for the executive power, so as to take off its attention from executing, and oblige it to think only of defending its own prerogatives, and the right it has to execute.

Again, were the legislative body to be always assembled, it might happen to be kept up only by filling the places of the deceased members with new representatives; and in that case, if the legislative body was once corrupted, the evil would be past all remedy. When different legislative bodies succeed one another, the people, who have a bad opinion of that which is actually sitting, may reasonably entertain some hopes of the next: but were it to be always the same body, the people upon seeing it once corrupted, would no longer expect any good from its laws; and of course they would either become desperate, or fall into a state of indolence.

The legislative body should not assemble of itself. For a body is supposed to have no will but when it is assembled: and besides, were it not to assemble unanimously, it would be impossible to determine which was really the legislative body, the part assembled, or

the other. And if it had a right to prorogue itself, it might happen never to be prorogued; which would be extremely dangerous in case it should ever attempt to encroach on the executive power. Besides, there are seasons, some of which are more proper than others, for assembling the legislative body: it is fit therefore that the executive power should regulate the time of convening as well as the duration of those assemblies, according to the circumstances and exigencies of state known to itself.

Were the executive power not to have a right of putting a stop to the incroachments of the legislative body, the latter would become despotic; for as it might arrogate to itself what authority it pleased, it would soon destroy all the other powers.

But it is not proper, on the other hand, that the legislative power should have a right to stop the executive. For as the executive has its natural limits, it is useless to confine it; besides, the executive power is generally employed in momentary operations. The power, therefore, of the Roman tribunes was faulty, as it put a stop not only to the legislation, but likewise to the execution itself; which was attended with infinite mischiefs.

But if the legislative power, in a free government, ought to have no right to stop the executive, it has a right, and ought to have the means of examining in what manner its laws have been executed; an advantage which this government has over that of Crete and Sparta, where the Cosmi and the Ephori ave no account of their administration.

But whatever may be the issue of that examination, the legislative body ought not to have a power of judging the person, nor of course the conduct, of him who is intrusted with the executive power. His person should be sacred, because, as it is necessary for the good of the state to prevent the legislative body from rendering themselves arbitrary, the moment he is accused or tried, there is an end of liberty.

In this case the state would be no longer a monarchy, but a kind of republican, though not a free government. But as the person intrusted with the executive power cannot abuse it without bad counsellors, and such as hate the laws as ministers, though the laws favour them as subjects; these men may be examined and punished. An advantage which this government has over that of Gnidus, where the law allowed of no such thing as calling the Amymones* to an account, even after their administration†; and therefore the people could never obtain any satisfaction for the injuries done them.

Though, in general, the judiciary power ought not to be united with any part of the legislative, yet this is liable to three exceptions, founded on the particular interest of the party accused.

The great are always obnoxious to popular envy; and were they to be judged by the people, they might be in danger from their judges, and would moreover be deprived of the privilege which the meanest subject is possessed of, in a free state, of being tried by their peers. The nobility, for this reason, ought not to be cited before the ordinary courts of judicature, but before that part of

* These were magistrates chosen annually by the people. See Stephen of Byzantium.

† It was lawful to accuse the Roman magistrates after the expiration of their several offices. See Dionys. Halicarn. l. 9. the affair of Genutius the tribune.

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the legiſlature which is compoſed of their own body.

It is poſſible that the law, which is clear-ſighted in one ſenſe, and blind in another, might in ſome caſes be too ſevere. But as we have already obſerved, the national judges are no more than the mouth that pronounces the words of the law, mere paſſive beings, incapable of moderating either its force or rigour. That part, therefore, of the legiſlative body, which we have juſt now obſerved to be a neceſſary tribunal on another occaſion, is alſo a neceſſary tribunal in this; it belongs to its ſupreme authority to moderate the law in favour of the law itſelf, by mitigating the ſentence.

It might alſo happen, that a ſubject intruſted with the adminiſtration of public affairs, might infringe the rights of the people, and be guilty of crimes which the ordinary magiſtrates either could not, or would not puniſh. But in general the legiſlative power cannot judge; and much leſs can it be a judge in this particular caſe, where it repreſents the party concerned, which is the people. It can only therefore impeach: but before what court ſhall it bring its impeachment? Muſt it go and abaſe itſelf before the ordinary tribunals, which are its inferiors, and being compoſed moreover of men who are choſen from the people as well as itſelf, will naturally be ſwayed by the authority of ſo powerful an accuſer? No: in order to preſerve the dignity of the people, and the ſecurity of the ſubject, the legiſlative part which repreſents the people muſt bring in its charge before the legiſlative part which repreſents the nobility, who have neither the ſame intereſts nor the ſame paſſions.

Here is an advantage which this government has over moſt of the ancient republics, where there was this abuſe, that the people were at the ſame time both judge and accuſer.

The executive power, purſuant to what has been already ſaid, ought to have a ſhare in the legiſlature by the power of rejecting, otherwiſe it would ſoon be ſtripped of its prerogative. But ſhould the legiſlative power uſurp a ſhare of the executive, the latter would be equally undone.

If the prince were to have a ſhare in the legiſlature by the power of reſolving, liberty would be loſt. But as it is neceſſary he ſhould have a ſhare in the legiſlature, for the ſupport of his own prerogative, this ſhare muſt conſiſt in the power of rejecting.

The change of government at Rome was owing to this, that neither the ſenate, who had one part of the executive power, nor the magiſtrates, who were entruſted with the other, had the right of rejecting, which was entirely lodged in the people.

Here then is the fundamental conſtitution of the government we are treating of. The legiſlative body being compoſed of two parts, one checks the other by the mutual privilege of rejecting: they are both checked by the executive power, as the executive is by the legiſlative.

Theſe three powers ſhould naturally form a ſtate of repoſe or inaction. But as there is a neceſſity for movement in the courſe of human affairs, they are forced to move, but ſtill to move in concert.

As the executive power has no other part in the legiſlative than the privilege of rejecting, it can have no ſhare in the public debates. It is not even neceſſary that it ſhould propoſe, becauſe, as it may always diſapprove of the reſolutions that ſhall be taken, it may likewiſe

likewiſe reject the deciſions on thoſe propoſals which were made againſt its will.

In ſome ancient commonwealths, where public debates were carried on by the people in a body, it was natural for the executive power to propoſe and debate with the people, otherwiſe their reſolutions muſt have been attended with a ſtrange confuſion.

Were the executive power to ordain the raiſing of public money, otherwiſe than by giving its conſent, liberty would be at an end; becauſe it would become legiſlative in the moſt important point of legiſlation.

If the legiſlative power was to ſettle the ſubſidies, not from year to year, but for ever, it would run the riſk of loſing its liberty, becauſe the executive power would no longer be dependent; and when once it was poſſeſſed of ſuch a perpetual right, it would be a matter of indifference, whether it held it of itſelf, or of another. The ſame may be ſaid, if it ſhould fix, not from year to year, but for ever, the ſea and land forces with which it is to intruſt the executive power.

To prevent the executive power from being able to oppreſs, it is requiſite that the armies with which it is intruſted ſhould conſiſt of the people, and have the ſame ſpirit as the people; as was the caſe at Rome till the time of Marius. To obtain this end, there are only two ways; either that the perſons employed in the army ſhould have ſufficient property to anſwer for their conduct to their fellow-ſubjects, and be enliſted only for a year, as was cuſtomary at Rome: or if there ſhould be a ſtanding army, compoſed chiefly of the moſt deſpicable part of the nation, the legiſlative power ſhould have a right to diſband them as ſoon as it pleaſed; the ſoldiers ſhould live in common with the reſt of the people; and no ſeparate camp, barracks, or fortreſs, ſhould be ſuffered.

When once an army is eſtabliſhed, it ought not to depend immediately on the legiſlative, but on the executive power; and this from the very nature of the thing; its buſineſs conſiſting more in acting than in deliberation.

From a manner of thinking that prevails amongſt mankind, they ſet a higher value upon courage than timorouſneſs, on activity than prudence, on ſtrength than counſel. Hence the army will ever deſpiſe a ſenate, and reſpect their own officers. They will naturally ſlight the orders ſent them by a body of men, whom they look upon as cowards, and therefore unworthy to command them. So that as ſoon as the army depends on the legiſlative body, the government becomes a military one; and if the contrary has ever happened, it has been owing to ſome extraordinary circumſtances. It is becauſe the army has always kept divided; it is becauſe it was compoſed of ſeveral bodies, that depended each on their particular province: it is becauſe the capital towns were ſtrong places, defended by their natural ſituation, and not garriſoned with regular troops. Holland, for inſtance, is ſtill ſafer than Venice: ſhe might drown or ſtarve the revolted troops; for as they are not quartered in towns capable of furniſhing them with neceſſary ſubſiſtence, this ſubſiſtence is of courſe precarious.

Whoever ſhall read the admirable treatiſe of Tacitus on the manners of the Germans, will find that it is from them the Engliſh have borrowed the idea of their political government. This beautiful ſyſtem was invented firſt in the woods.

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As all human things have an end, the ſtate we are ſpeaking of will loſe its liberty, it will periſh. Have not Rome, Sparta, and Carthage periſhed? It will periſh when the legiſlative power ſhall be more corrupted than the executive.

It is not my buſineſs to examine whether the Engliſh actually enjoy this liberty, or not. It is ſufficient for my purpoſe to obſerve, that it is eſtabliſhed by their laws; and I enquire no further.

Neither do I pretend by this to undervalue other governments, nor to ſay that this extreme political liberty ought to give uneaſineſs to thoſe who have only a moderate ſhare of it. How ſhould I have any ſuch deſign, I, who think that even the exceſs of reaſon is not always deſirable, and that mankind generally find their account better in mediums than in extremes?

Harrington, in his Oceana, has alſo inquired into the higheſt point of liberty to which the conſtitution of a ſtate may be carried. But of him indeed it may be ſaid, that for want of knowing the nature of real liberty, he buſied himſelf in purſuit of an imaginary one; and that he built a Chalcedon, though he had a Byzantium before his eyes.

Monteſquieu.

§ 64. *Of* Columbus, *and the Diſcovery of* America.

It is to the diſcoveries of the Portugueſe in the old world, that we are indebted for the new; if we may call the conqueſt of America an obligation, which proved ſo fatal to its inhabitants, and at times to the conquerors themſelves.

This was doubtleſs the moſt important event that ever happened on our globe, one half of which had been hitherto ſtrangers to the other. Whatever had been eſteemed moſt great or noble before, ſeemed abſorbed in this kind of new creation. We ſtill mention with reſpectful admiration, the names of the Argonauts, who did not perform the hundredth part of what was done by the ſailors under Gama and Albuquerque. How many Altars would have been raiſed by the ancients to a Greek, who had diſcovered America! and yet Bartholomew and Chriſtopher Columbus were not thus rewarded.

Columbus, ſtruck with the wonderful expeditions of the Portugueſe, imagined that ſomething greater might be done; and from a bare inſpection of the map of our world, concluded that there muſt be another, which might be found by ſailing always weſt. He had courage equal to his genius, or indeed ſuperior, ſeeing he had to ſtruggle with the prejudices of his contemporaries, and the repulſes of ſeveral princes to whom he tendered his ſervices. Genoa, which was his native country, treated his ſchemes as viſionary, and by that means loſt the only opportunity that could have offered of aggrandizing her power. Henry VII. king of England, who was too greedy of money to hazard any on this noble attempt, would not liſten to the propoſals made by Columbus's brother; and Columbus himſelf was rejected by John II. of Portugal, whoſe attention was wholly employed upon the coaſt of Africa. He had no proſpect of ſucceſs in applying to the French, whoſe marine lay totally neglected, and their affairs more confuſed than ever, during the minority of Charles VIII. The emperor Maximilian had neither ports for ſhipping, money to fit out a fleet, nor ſufficient courage to engage in a ſcheme of this nature. The Venetians, indeed, might have undertaken it; but whether the natural averſion of the Genoeſe

to these people would not suffer Columbus to apply to the rivals of his country, or that the Venetians had no idea of any thing more important than the trade they carried on from Alexandria and in the Levant, Columbus at length fixed all his hopes on the court of Spain.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and Isabella, queen of Castile, had by their marriage united all Spain under one dominion, excepting only the kingdom of Grenada, which was still in the possession of the Moors; but which Ferdinand soon after took from them. The union of these two princes had prepared the way for the greatness of Spain; which was afterwards begun by Columbus; he was, however, obliged to undergo eight years of incessant application, before Isabella's court would consent to accept of the inestimable benefit this great man offered it. The bane of all great projects is the want of money. The Spanish court was poor; and the prior, Perez, and two merchants, named Pinzono, were obliged to advance seventeen thousand ducats towards fitting out the armament. Columbus procured a patent from the court, and at length set sail from the port of Palos in Andalusia, with three ships, on August 23, in the year 1492.

It was not above a month after his departure from the Canary islands, where he had come to an anchor to get refreshment, when Columbus discovered the first island in America; and during this short run, he suffered more from the murmurings and discontent of the people of his fleet, than he had done even from the refusals of the princes he had applied to. This island, which he discovered, and named St. Salvador, lies about a thousand leagues from the Canaries; presently after, he likewise discovered the Lucayan islands, together with those of Cuba and Hispaniola, now called St. Domingo.

Ferdinand and Isabella were in the utmost surprise to see him return, at the end of nine months, with some of the American natives of Hispaniola, several rarities from that country, and a quantity of gold, with which he presented their Majesties.

The king and queen made him sit down in their presence, covered like a grandee of Spain, and created him high admiral and viceroy of the new world. Columbus was now every where looked upon as an extraordinary person sent from heaven. Every one was vying who should be foremost in assisting him in his undertakings, and embarking under his command. He soon set sail again with a fleet of seventeen ships. He now made the discovery of several other new islands, particularly the Caribbees and Jamaica. Doubt had been changed into admiration on his first voyage; in this, admiration was turned into envy.

He was admiral and viceroy, and to these titles might have been added that of the benefactor of Ferdinand and Isabella. Nevertheless he was brought home prisoner to Spain, by judges who had been purposely sent out on board to observe his conduct. As soon as it was known that Columbus was arrived, the people ran in shoals to meet him, as the guardian genius of Spain. Columbus was brought from the ship, and appeared on shore chained hands and feet.

He had been thus treated by the orders of Fonseca, bishop of Burgos, the intendant of the expedition, whose ingratitude was as great as the other's services. Isabella was ashamed of what she saw, and did all in her power to make Columbus amends for the injuries done to him: however he was not suffered to depart for four years, either because they feared

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that he would seize upon what he had discovered for himself, or that they were willing to have time to observe his behaviour. At length he was sent on another voyage to the new world; and now it was that he discovered the continent, at six degrees distance from the equator, and saw that part of the coast on which Carthagena has been since built.

At the time that Columbus first promised a new hemisphere, it was insisted upon that no such hemisphere could exist; and after he had made the actual discovery of it, it was pretended that it had been known long before. I shall not mention one Martin Behem, of Nuremberg, who, it is said, went from that city to the Straits of Magellan in 1460, with a patent from the Dutchess of Burgundy, who, as she was not alive at that time, could not issue patents. Nor shall I take notice of the pretended charts of this Martin Behem, which are still shewn; nor of the evident contradictions which discredit this story: but, in short, it was not pretended that Martin Behem had peopled America; the honour was given to the Carthaginians, and a book of Aristotle was quoted on the occasion, which he never wrote. Some found out a conformity between some words in the Caribbee and Hebrew languages, and did not fail to follow so fine an opening. Others were positive that the children of Noah, after settling in Siberia, passed from thence over to Canada on the ice; and that their descendants, afterwards born in Canada, had gone and peopled Peru. According to others again the Chinese and Japanese sent colonies into America, and carried over lions with them for their diversion, though there are no lions either in China or Japan. In this manner have many learned men argued upon the discoveries made by men of genius. If it should be asked, how men first came upon the continent of America? is it not easily answered, that they were placed there by the same Power who causes trees and grass to grow?

The reply which Columbus made to some of those who envied him the high reputation he had gained, is still famous. These people pretended that nothing could be more easy than the discoveries he had made; upon which he proposed to them to set an egg upright on one of its ends; but when they had tried in vain to do it, he broke one end of the egg, and set it upright with ease. They told him any one could do that: How comes it then, replied Columbus, that not one among you thought of it?—This story is related of Brunelleschi, who improved architecture at Florence many years before Columbus was born. Most bon mots are only the repetition of things that have been said before.

The ashes of Columbus cannot be affected by the reputation he gained while living, in having doubled for us the works of the creation. But mankind delight to do justice to the illustrious dead, either from a vain hope that they enhance thereby the merit of the living, or that they are naturally fond of truth. Americo Vespucci, whom we call Americus Vespusius, a merchant of Florence, had the honour of giving his name to this new half of the globe, in which he did not possess one acre of land, and pretended to be the first who discovered the continent. But supposing it true that he was the first discoverer, the glory was certainly due to him, who had the penetration and courage to undertake and perform the first voyage. Honour, as Newton says in his dispute with Leibnitz, is due only to the first inventor; those that follow after are only his scholars. Columbus had

had made three voyages, as admiral and viceroy, five years before Americus Veſpuſius had made one as a geographer, under the command of admiral Ojeda; but this latter writing to his friends at Florence, that he had diſcovered a new world, they believed him on his word; and the citizens of Florence decreed, that a grand illumination ſhould be made before the door of his houſe every three years, on the feaſt of All Saints. And yet could this man be ſaid to deſerve any honours, for happening to be on board a fleet that, in 1489, ſailed along the coaſt of Brazil, when Columbus had, five years before, pointed out the way to the reſt of the world?

There has lately appeared at Florence a life of this Americus Veſpuſius, which ſeems to be written with very little regard to truth, and without any concluſive reaſoning. Several French authors are there complained of, who have done juſtice to Columbus's merit; but the writer ſhould not have fallen upon the French authors, but on the Spaniſh, who were the firſt that did this juſtice. This writer ſays, that "he will confound the vanity "of the French nation, who have always "attacked with impunity the honour and ſuc-"ceſs of the Italian nation." What vanity can there be in ſaying that it was a Genoeſe who firſt diſcovered America? or how is the honour of the Italian nation injured in owning, that it was to an Italian, born in Genoa, that we are indebted for the new world? I purpoſely remark this want of equity, good-breeding, and good-ſenſe, as we have too many examples of it; and I muſt ſay, that the good French writers have in general been the leaſt guilty of this inſufferable fault; and one great reaſon of their being ſo univerſally read throughout Europe, is their doing juſtice to all nations.

The inhabitants of theſe iſlands, and of the continent were a new race of men. They were all without beards, and were as much aſtoniſhed at the faces of the Spaniards, as they were at their ſhips and artillery: they at firſt looked upon theſe new viſitors as monſters or gods, who had come out of the ſky or the ſea. Theſe voyages, and thoſe of the Portugueſe, had now taught us how inconſiderable a ſpot of the globe our Europe was, and what an aſtoniſhing variety reigns in the world. Indoſtan was known to be inhabited by a race of men whoſe complexions were yellow. In Africa and Aſia, at ſome diſtance from the equator, there had been found ſeveral kinds of black men; and after travellers had penetrated into America as far as the line, they met with a race of people who were tolerably white. The natives of Brazil are of the colour of bronze. The Chineſe ſtill appear to differ entirely from the reſt of mankind, in the make of their eyes and noſes. But what is ſtill to be remarked is, that into whatſoever regions theſe various races are tranſplanted, their complexions never change, unleſs they mingle with the natives of the country. The mucous membrane of the negroes, which is known to be of a black colour, is a manifeſt proof that there is a differential principle in each ſpecies of men, as well as plants.

Dependant upon this principle, nature has formed the different degrees of genius, and the characters of nations, which are ſeldom known to change. Hence the negroes are ſlaves to other men, and are purchaſed on the coaſt of Africa, like beaſts, for a ſum of money; and the vaſt multitudes of negroes tranſplanted into our American colonies, ſerve as ſlaves under a very inconſiderable number of Europeans. Experience has likewiſe taught

us how great a ſuperiority the Europeans have over the Americans, who are every where eaſily overcome, and have not dared to attempt a revolution, though a thouſand to one ſuperior in numbers.

This part of America was alſo remarkable on account of its animals and plants, which are not to be found in the other three parts of the world, and which are of ſo great uſe to us. Horſes, corn of all kinds, and iron, were not wanting in Mexico and Peru; and among the many valuable commodities unknown to the old world, cochineal was the principal, and was brought us from this country. Its uſe in dying has now made us forget the ſcarlet, which for time immemorial had been the only thing known for giving a fine red colour.

The importation of cochineal was ſoon ſucceeded by that of indigo, cacao, vanille, and thoſe woods which ſerve for ornament and medicinal purpoſes, particularly the quinquina, or jeſuits bark, which is the only ſpecific againſt intermitting fevers. Nature has placed this remedy in the mountains of Peru, whilſt ſhe had diſperſed the diſeaſe it cured through all the reſt of the world. This new continent likewiſe furniſhed pearls, coloured ſtones, and diamonds.

It is certain that America at preſent furniſhes the meaneſt citizen of Europe with his conveniencies and pleaſures. The gold and ſilver mines, at their firſt diſcovery, were of ſervice only to the kings of Spain and the merchants; the reſt of the world was impoveriſhed by them, for the great multitudes who did not follow buſineſs, found themſelves poſſeſſed of a very ſmall quantity of ſpecie, in compariſon with the immenſe ſums accumulated by thoſe, who had the advantage of the firſt diſcoveries. But by degrees, the great quantity of gold and ſilver which was ſent from America, was diſperſed throughout all Europe, and by paſſing into a number of hands, the diſtribution is become more equal. The price of commodities is likewiſe increaſed in Europe, in proportion to the increaſe of ſpecie.

To comprehend how the treaſures of America paſſed from the poſſeſſion of the Spaniards into that of other nations, it will be ſufficient to conſider theſe two things: the uſe which Charles V. and Philip II. made of their money; and the manner in which other nations acquired a ſhare in the wealth of Peru.

The emperor Charles V. who was always travelling, and always at war, neceſſarily diſperſed a great quantity of that ſpecie which he received from Mexico and Peru, through Germany and Italy. When he ſent his ſon Philip over to England, to marry queen Mary, and take upon him the title of King of England, that prince depoſited in the tower of London twenty-ſeven large cheſts of ſilver in bars, and an hundred horſe-loads of gold and ſilver coin. The troubles in Flanders, and the intrigues of the league in France, coſt this Philip, according to his own confeſſion, above three thouſand millions of livres of our money.

The manner in which the gold and ſilver of Peru is diſtributed amongſt all the people of Europe, and from thence is ſent to the Eaſt-Indies, is a ſurpriſing, though well-known circumſtance. By a ſtrict law enacted by Ferdinand and Iſabella, and afterwards confirmed by Charles V. and all the kings of Spain, all other nations were not only excluded the entrance into any of the ports in Spaniſh America, but likewiſe from having the leaſt ſhare, directly or indirectly, in the trade of that part of the world. One would have imagined, that this law would have enabled the Spaniards to ſubdue all Europe; and yet

Spain subsists only by the continual violation of this very law. It can hardly furnish exports for America to the value of four millions; whereas the rest of Europe sometimes send over merchandize to the amount of near fifty millions. This prodigious trade of the nations at enmity or in alliance with Spain, is carried on by the Spaniards themselves, who are always faithful in their dealings with individuals, and always cheating their king. The Spaniards gave no security to foreign merchants for the performance of their contracts; a mutual credit, without which there never could have been any commerce, supplies the place of other obligations.

The manner in which the Spaniards for a long time consigned the gold and silver to foreigners, which was brought home by their galleons, was still more surprising. The Spaniard, who at Cadiz, is properly factor for the foreigner, delivered the bullion he received to the care of certain bravoes, called Meteors: these, armed with pistols at their belt, and a long sword carried the bullion in parcels properly marked, to the ramparts, and flung them over to other meteors, who waited below, and carried them to the boats which were to receive them, and these boats carried them on board the ships in the road. These meteors and the factors, together with the commissaries and the guards, who never disturbed them, had each a stated fee, and the foreign merchant was never cheated. The king, who received a duty upon this money at the arrival of the galleons, was likewise a gainer; so that, properly speaking, the law only was cheated; a law which would be absolutely useless if not eluded, and which nevertheless, cannot yet be abrogated, because old prejudices are always the most difficult to be overcome amongst men.

The greatest instance of the violation of this law, and of the fidelity of the Spaniards, was in the year 1684, when war was declared between France and Spain. His catholic majesty endeavoured to seize upon the effects of all the French in his kingdom; but he in vain issued edicts and admonitions, inquiries and excommunications; not a single Spanish factor would betray his French correspondent. This fidelity, which does so much honour to the Spanish nation, plainly shews, that men only willingly obey those laws, which they themselves have made for the good of society, and that those which are the mere effects of a sovereign's will, always meet with opposition.

As the discovery of America was at first the source of much good to the Spaniards, it afterwards occasioned them many and considerable evils. One has been, the depriving that kingdom of its subjects, by the great numbers necessarily required to people the colonies: another was, the infecting the world with a disease, which was before known only in the new world, and particularly in the island of Hispaniola. Several of the companions of Christopher Columbus returned home infected with this contagion, which afterwards spread over Europe. It is certain, that this poison, which taints the springs of life, was peculiar to America, as the plague and the small-pox were diseases originally endemial to the southern parts of Numidia. We are not to believe, that the eating of human flesh, practised by some of the American savages, occasioned this disorder. There were no cannibals on the island of Hispaniola, where it was most frequent and inveterate; neither are we to suppose with some, that it proceeded from too great an excess of sensual pleasures. Nature had never punished excesses of this kind with such disorders in the world; and

and even to this day, we find that a momentary indulgence, which has been paſſed for eight or ten years, may bring this cruel and ſhameful ſcourge upon the chaſteſt union.

The great Columbus, after having built ſeveral houſes on theſe iſlands, and diſcovered the continent, returned to Spain, where he enjoyed a reputation unſullied by rapine or cruelty, and died at Valladolid in 1506. But the governors of Cuba and Hiſpaniola, who ſucceeded him, being perſuaded that theſe provinces furniſhed gold, reſolved to make the diſcovery at the price of the lives of the inhabitants. In ſhort, whether they thought the natives had conceived an implacable hatred to them; or that they were apprehenſive of their ſuperior numbers; or that the rage of ſlaughter, when once begun, knows no bounds, they in the ſpace of a few years entirely depopulated Hiſpaniola and Cuba, the former of which contained three millions of inhabitants, and the latter above ſix-hundred thouſand.

Bartholomew de la Caſas, biſhop of Chiapa, who was an eye-witneſs to theſe deſolations, relates, that they hunted down the natives with dogs. Theſe wretched ſavages, almoſt naked and without arms, were purſued like wild beaſts in the foreſts, devoured alive by dogs, ſhot to death, or ſurpriſed and burnt in their habitations.

He farther declares, from ocular teſtimony, that they frequently cauſed a number of theſe miſerable wretches to be ſummoned by a prieſt to come in, and ſubmit to the Chriſtian religion, and to the king of Spain; and that after this ceremony, which was only an additional act of injuſtice, they put them to death without the leaſt remorſe.—I believe that De la Caſas has exaggerated in many parts of his relation; but, allowing him to have ſaid ten times more than is truth, there remains enough to make us ſhudder with horror.

It may ſeem ſurpriſing, that this maſſacre of a whole race of men could have been carried on in the ſight, and under the adminiſtration of ſeveral religious of the order of St. Jerome; for we know that Cardinal Ximenes, who was prime miniſter of Caſtile before the time of Charles V. ſent over four monks of this order, in quality of preſidents of the royal council of the iſland. Doubtleſs they were not able to reſiſt the torrent; and the hatred of the natives to their new maſters, being with juſt reaſon become implacable, rendered their deſtruction unhappily neceſſary. *Voltaire.*

§ 65. *The Influence of the Progreſs of Science on the Manners and Characters of Men.*

The progreſs of ſcience, and the cultivation of literature, had conſiderable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now diſtinguiſhed. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had loſt that correct taſte which has rendered the productions of their anceſtors the ſtandards of excellence, and models for imitation to ſucceeding ages, ſtill preſerved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude Barbarians were ſo far from being ſtruck with any admiration of theſe unknown accompliſhments, that they deſpiſed them. They were not arrived at that ſtate of ſociety, in which thoſe faculties of the human mind, that have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themſelves. They were ſtrangers to all thoſe wants and deſires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit

merit or utility of the Roman arts, they deſtroyed the monuments of them, with induſtry not inferior to that with which their poſterity have ſince ſtudied to preſerve, or to recover them. The convulſions occaſioned by their ſettlement in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they eſtabliſhed; together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, baniſhed ſecurity and leiſure; prevented the growth of taſte or the culture of ſcience; and kept Europe, during ſeveral centuries, in a ſtate of ignorance. But as ſoon as liberty and independance began to be felt by every part of the community, and communicated ſome taſte of the advantages ariſing from commerce, from public order, and from perſonal ſecurity, the human mind became conſcious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or purſuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we diſcern the firſt ſymptons of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had long been ſunk, and obſerve it turning with curioſity and attention towards new objects.

The firſt literary efforts, however, of the European nations, in the middle ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain ſome degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exerciſed in ſpeculative or abſtract diſquiſition. Men are poets before they are philoſophers. They feel with ſenſibility, and deſcribe with force, when they have made but little progreſs in inveſtigation or reaſoning. The age of Homer and of Heſiod long preceeded that of Thales, or of Socrates. But unhappily for literature, our anceſtors, deviating from this courſe which nature points out, plunged at once into the depths of abſtruſe and metaphyſical enquiry. They had been converted to the Chriſtian faith ſoon after they ſettled in their new conqueſts: but they did not receive it pure. The preſumption of men had added to the ſimple and inſtructive doctrines of Chriſtianity, the theories of a vain philoſophy, that attempted to penetrate into myſteries, and to decide queſtions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend, or to reſolve. Theſe over-curious ſpeculations were incorporated with the ſyſtem of religion, and came to be conſidered as the moſt eſſential part of it. As ſoon, then, as curioſity prompted men to inquire and to reaſon, theſe were the ſubjects which firſt preſented themſelves, and engaged their attention. The ſcholaſtic theology, with its infinite train of bold diſquiſitions, and ſubtile diſtinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reaſon, was the firſt production of the ſpirit of enquiry after it began to reſume ſome degree of activity and vigour in Europe.

It was not this circumſtance alone that gave ſuch a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exerciſe talents which they had ſo long neglected. Moſt of the perſons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received inſtruction, or derived their principles of ſcience from the Greeks in the eaſtern empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both theſe people, acute and inquiſitive to exceſs, corrupted thoſe ſciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a ſyſtem of ſpeculative refinement, or of endleſs controverſy. The latter communicated to philoſophy a ſpirit of metaphyſical and frivolous ſubtlety. Miſled by theſe guides,

guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority; they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailing as they were difficult.

But fruitless and ill-directed as these speculations were, their novelty roused, and their boldness interested, the human mind. The ardour with which men pursued these uninviting studies was astonishing. Genuine philosophy was never cultivated, in any enlightened age, with greater zeal. Schools, upon the model of those instituted by Charlemagne were opened in every cathedral, and almost in every monastery of note. Colleges and universities were erected, and formed into communities, or corporations, governed by their own laws, and invested with separate and extensive jurisdiction over their own members. A regular course of studies was planned. Privileges of great value were conferred on masters and scholars. Academical titles and honours of various kinds were invented, as a recompence for both. Nor was it in the schools alone that superiority in science led to reputation and authority; it became the object of respect in life, and advanced such as acquired it to a rank of no inconsiderable eminence. Allured by all these advantages, an incredible number of students resorted to these new seats of learning, and crowded with eagerness into that new path which was open to fame and distinction.

But how considerable soever these first efforts may appear, there was one circumstance which prevented the effects of them from being as extensive as they ought to have been. All the languages in Europe, during the period under review*, were barbarous, They were destitute of elegance, of force, and even of perspicuity. No attempt had been hitherto made to improve or to polish them. The Latin tongue was consecrated by the church to religion. Custom, with authority scarce less sacred, had appropriated it to literature. All the sciences cultivated in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were taught in Latin. All the books with respect to them, were written in that language. To have treated of any important subject in a modern language, would have been deemed a degradation of it. This confined science within a very narrow circle. The learned alone were admitted into the temple of knowledge; the gate was shut against all others, who were allowed to remain involved in their former darkness and ignorance.

But though science was thus prevented, during several ages, from diffusing itself through society, and its influence was circumscribed, the progress of it may be mentioned, nevertheless, among the great causes which contributed to introduce a change of manners into Europe. That ardent, though ill-judged, spirit of inquiry, which I have described, occasioned a fermentation of mind, which put ingenuity and invention in motion, and gave them vigour. It led men to a new employment of their faculties, which they found to be agreeable, as well as interesting. It accustomed them to exercises and occupations which tended to soften their manners, and to

* From the subversion of the Roman empire to the beginning of the sixteenth century.

give

give them some relish for those gentle virtues which are peculiar to nations among whom science hath been cultivated with success.

Robertson.

§ 66. *On the Respect paid by the* LACEDÆMONIANS *and* ATHENIANS *to old Age.*

It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat: the good man bustled through the croud accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions, there were also particular places assigned for foreigners: when the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and, with the greatest respect, received him among them. The Athenians, being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue, and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what "is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise "it."

Spectator.

§ 67. *On* PÆTUS *and* ARRIA.

In the reign of Claudius, the Roman emperor, Arria, the wife of Cæcinna Pætus, was an illustrious pattern of magnanimity and conjugal affection.

It happened that her husband and her son were both at the same time attacked with a dangerous illness. The son died. He was a youth endowed with every quality of mind and person which could endear him to his parents. His mother's heart was torn with all the anguish of grief; yet she resolved to conceal the distressing event from her husband. She prepared and conducted his funeral so privately, that Pætus did not know of his death. Whenever she came into her husband's bed-chamber, she pretended her son was better; and, as often as he inquired after his health, would answer, that he had rested well, or had eaten with an appetite. When she found that she could no longer restrain her grief, but her tears were gushing out, she would leave the room, and, having given vent to her passion, return again with dry eyes and a serene countenance, as if she had left her sorrow behind her at the door of the chamber.

Camillus Scribonianus, the governor of Dalmatia, having taken up arms against Claudius, Pætus joined himself to his party, and was soon after taken prisoner, and brought to Rome. When the guards were going to put him on board the ship, Arria besought them that she might be permitted to go with him. "Certainly," said she, "you "cannot refuse a man of consular dignity, as "he is, a few attendants to wait upon him; "but, if you will take me, I alone will "perform their office." This favour however, was refused; upon which she hired a small fishing vessel, and boldly ventured to follow the ship.

Returning to Rome, Arria met the wife of Scribonianus in the emperor's palace, who pressing her to discover all that she knew of the insurrection,—"What!" said she, "shall "I

" I regard thy advice, who saw thy husband " murdered in thy very arms, and yet sur- " vivest him?"

Pætus being condemned to die, Arria formed a deliberate resolution to share his fate, and made no secret of her intention. Thrasea, who married her daughter, attempting to dissuade her from her purpose, among other arguments which he used, said to her, " Would you then, if my life were to be " taken from me, advise your daughter to " die with me?" " Most certainly I would," she replied, " if she had lived as long, and in " as much harmony with you, as I have lived " with Pætus."

Persisting in her determination, she found means to provide herself with a dagger: and one day, when she observed a more than usual gloom on the countenance of Pætus, and perceived that death by the hand of the executioner appeared to him more terrible than in the field of glory—perhaps, too, sensible that it was chiefly for her sake that he wished to live—she drew the dagger from her side, and stabbed herself before his eyes. Then instantly plucking the weapon from her breast, she presented it to her husband, saying, " My Pætus, it is not painful*." *Pliny.*

§ 68. Abdolonymus *raised to the Government of* Sidon.

The city of Sidon having surrendered to Alexander, he ordered Hephæstion to bestow the crown on him whom the Sidonians should think most worthy of that honour. Hephæstion being at that time resident with two young men of distinction, offered them the kingdom; but they refused it, telling him that it was contrary to the laws of their country, to admit any one to that honour, who was not of the royal family. He then, having expressed his admiration of their disinterested spirit, desired them to name one of the royal race, who might remember that he received the crown through their hands. Overlooking many who would have been ambitious of this high honour, they made choice of Abdolonymus, whose singular merit had rendered him conspicuous even in the vale of obscurity. Though remotely related to the royal family, a series of misfortunes had reduced him to the necessity of cultivating a garden, for a small stipend, in the suburbs of the city.

While Abdolonymus was busily employed in weeding his garden, the two friends of Hephæstion, bearing in their hands the ensigns of royalty, approached him, and saluted him king, informing him that Alexander had appointed him to that office; and requiring him immediately to exchange his rustic garb, and utensils of husbandry, for the regal robe and sceptre. At the same time, they urged him, when he should be seated on the throne, and have a nation in his power, not to forget the humble condition from which he had been raised.

All this, at the first, appeared to Abdolonymus as an illusion of the fancy, or an insult offered to his poverty. He requested them not to trouble him farther with their impertinent jests, and to find some other way of amusing themselves, which might leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his obscure habitation.—At length, however, they convinced him that they

* In the Tatler, N° 72, a fancy piece is drawn, founded on the principal fact in this story, but wholly fictitious in the circumstances of the tale. The author, mistaking Cæcinna Pætus for Thrasea Pætus, has accused even Nero unjustly: charging him with an action which certainly belonged to Claudius. See Pliny's Epistles, Book iii. Ep. 16. Dion. Cassius, Lib. lx. and Tacitus, Lib. xvi. § 35.

they were ſerious in their propoſal, and prevailed upon him to accept the regal office, and accompany them to the palace.

No ſooner was he in poſſeſſion of the government, than pride and envy created him enemies, who wiſpered their murmurs in every place, till at laſt they reached the ear of Alexander; who, commanding the new-elected prince to be ſent for, required of him, with what temper of mind he had borne his poverty. "Would to Heaven," replied Abdolonymus, "that I may be able to bear "my crown with equal moderation: for "when I poſſeſſed little, I wanted nothing: "theſe hands ſupplied me with whatever I "deſired." From this anſwer, Alexander formed ſo high an idea of his wiſdom, that he confirmed the choice which had been made, and annexed a neighbouring province to the government of Sidon. *Quintus Curtius.*

§ 69. *The Reſignation of the Emperor* CHARLES V.

Charles reſolved to reſign his kingdoms to his ſon, with a ſolemnity ſuitable to the importance of the tranſaction; and to perform this laſt act of ſovereignty with ſuch formal pomp, as might leave an indelible impreſſion on the minds, not only of his ſubjects, but of his ſucceſſor. With this view, he called Philip out of England, where the peeviſh temper of his queen, which increaſed with her deſpair of having iſſue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and the jealouſy of the Engliſh left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having aſſembled the ſtates of the Low Countries, at Bruſſels, on the twenty-fifth of October, one thouſand five hundred and fifty-five, Charles ſeated himſelf, for the laſt time, in the chair of ſtate; on one ſide of which was placed his ſon, and on the other his ſiſter, the queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands; with a ſplendid retinue of the grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire, ſtanding behind him. The preſident of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in calling this extraordinary meeting of the ſtates. He then read the inſtrument of reſignation by which Charles ſurrendered to his ſon Philip all his territories, juriſdiction, and authority in the Low Countries; abſolving his ſubjects there from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip, his lawful heir, and to ſerve him with the ſame loyalty and zeal which they had manifeſted, during ſo long a courſe of years, in ſupport of his government.

Charles then roſe from his ſeat, and leaning on the ſhoulder of the prince of Orange, becauſe he was unable to ſtand without ſupport, he addreſſed himſelf to the audience, and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to aſſiſt his memory, he recounted with dignity, but without oſtentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed ſince the commencement of his adminiſtration. He obſerved, that, from the ſeventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects; reſerving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his eaſe, and very little for the enjoyment of private pleaſure: that, either in a pacific or hoſtile manner, he had viſited Germany nine times, Spain ſix times, France four times, Italy ſeven times, the Low Countries ten times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by ſea: that, while his health permitted him to diſcharge his duty, and the vigour of his conſtitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing ſuch extenſive dominions, he had never

ſhunned

ſhunned labour, nor repined under fatigue: that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhauſted by the rage of an incurable diſtemper, his growing infirmities admoniſhed him to retire; nor was he ſo fond of reigning, as to retain the ſceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his ſubjects, or to render them happy: that, inſtead of a ſovereign worn out with diſeaſes, and ſcarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accuſtomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth, all the attention and ſagacity of maturer years: that if, during the courſe of a long adminiſtration, he had committed any material error in government; or if, under the preſſure of ſo many and great affairs, and amidſt the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected, or injured any of his ſubjects, he now implored their forgiveneſs: that for his part, he ſhould ever retain a grateful ſenſe of their fidelity and attachment, and would carry the remembrance of it along with him to the place of his retreat, as his ſweeteſt conſolation, as well as the beſt reward for all his ſervices; and, in his laſt prayers to Almighty God, would pour forth his ardent wiſhes for their welfare.

Then, turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kiſſed his father's hand, "If," ſays he, "I had left you by my death, this "rich inheritance, to which I have made "ſuch large additions, ſome regard would "have been juſtly due to my memory on "that account: but now, when I voluntarily "reſign to you what I might ſtill have "retained, I may well expect the warmeſt "expreſſions of thanks on your part. With "theſe, however, I diſpenſe; and ſhall conſider "your concern for the welfare of your ſubjects, and your love of them, as the beſt and "moſt acceptable teſtimony of your gratitude "to me. It is in your power, by a wiſe and "virtuous adminiſtration, to juſtify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my "paternal affection; and to demonſtrate, that "you are worthy of the confidence which I "repoſe in you. Preſerve an inviolable regard "for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in "its purity; let the laws of your country be "ſacred in your eyes; encroach not on the "rights and privileges of your people: and, "if the time ſhall ever come, when you ſhall "wiſh to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, "may you have a ſon endowed with ſuch "qualities, that you can reſign your ſceptre "to him with as much ſatisfaction as I "give up mine to you!"

As ſoon as Charles had finiſhed this long addreſs to his ſubjects, and to their new ſovereign, he ſunk into the chair, exhauſted, and ready to faint with the fatigue of ſuch an extraordinary effort. During his diſcourſe, the whole audience melted into tears; ſome, from admiration of his magnanimity; others, ſoftened by the expreſſions of tenderneſs towards his ſon, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepeſt ſorrow, at loſing a ſovereign, who had diſtinguiſhed the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks afterwards, Charles, in an aſſembly no leſs ſplendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, reſigned to his ſon the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the Old and in the New World. Of all theſe vaſt poſſeſſions he reſerved nothing to himſelf, but an annual penſion of a hundred thouſand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a ſmall ſum for acts of beneficence and charity.

The place he had chosen for his retreat, was the monastery of St. Justus, in the province of Estramadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds, covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither, to add a new apartment to the monastery, for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders, that the style of the building should be such as suited his present situation rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms; four of them in the form of friars' cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side, into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side, they communicated with the chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions. Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter, with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it, by turns, with the terror of his arms, aud the dread of being subjected to his power. *Robertson.*

§ 70. *A remarkable Instance of filial Duty.*

The prætor had given up to the triumvir a woman of some rank, condemned, for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He who had charge of the execution, in consideration of her birth, did not immediately put her to death. He even ventured to let her daughter have access to her in prison; carefully searching her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any sustenance; concluding, that in a few days the mother must of course perish for want, and that the severity of putting a woman of family to a violent death, by the hand of the executioner, might thus be avoided. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir began to wonder that the daugher still came to visit her mother, and could by no means comprehend, how the latter should live so long. Watching, therefore, carefully, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his great astonishment, that the life of the mother had been, all this while, supported by the milk of the daughter, who came to the prison every day, to give her mother her breasts to suck. The strange contrivance between them was represented to the judges, and procured a pardon for the mother. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so dutiful a daughter the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both maintained afterwards by a pension settled on them for life. And the ground upon which the prison stood was consecrated, and a temple to filial piety built upon it.

What will not filial duty contrive, or what hazards will it not run, if it will put a daughter upon venturing, at the peril of her own life, to maintain her imprisoned and condemned mother in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more strange, than a mother sucking the breasts of her own daughter? It might even seem so unnatural as to render it doubtful whether it might not be, in some

some sort, wrong, if it were not that duty to parents is the first law of nature.

Val. Max. Plin.

§ 71 *The Continence of* SCIPIO AFRICANUS.

The soldiers, after the taking of New Carthage, brought before Scipio a young lady of such distinguished beauty, that she attracted the eyes of all wherever she went. Scipio, by enquiring concerning her country and parents, among other things learned, that she was betrothed to Allucius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the mean time he was informed, that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are "both young," said he, "we can converse "together with greater freedom. When your "bride, who had fallen into the hands of my "soldiers, was brought before me, I was in- "formed that you loved her passionately; "and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no "room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty "to indulge a youthful passion, I mean ho- "nourable and lawful wedlock, and were "not solely engrossed by the affairs of "my republic, I might have hoped to have "been pardoned my excessive love for so "charming a mistress. But as I am situated, "and have it in my power, with pleasure I "promote your happiness. Your future "spouse has met with as civil and modest "treatment from me, as if she had been "amongst her own parents, who are soon to "be yours too. I have kept her pure, in "order to have it in my power to make you "a present worthy of you and of me. The "only return I ask of you for this favour is, "that you will be a friend to the Roman "people; and that if you believe me to be "a man of worth, as the states of Spain for- "merly experienced my father and uncle to "be, you may know there are many in Rome "who resemble us; and that there are not a "people in the universe, whom you ought less "to desire to be an enemy, or more a friend, "to you or yours." The youth, covered with blushes, and full of joy, embraced Scipio's hands, praying the immortal gods to reward him, as he himself was not capable to do it in the degree he himself desired, or he deserved. Then the parents and relations of the virgin were called. They had brought a great sum of money to ransom her. But seeing her restored without it, they began to beg Scipio to accept that sum as a present; protesting they would acknowledge it as a favour, as much as they did the restoring the virgin without injury offered to her. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them, he accepted it; and ordering it to be laid at his feet, thus addressed Allucius: "To the portion you are to receive from "your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you "would accept it as a nuptial present." So he desired him to take up the gold, and keep it for himself. Transported with joy at the presents and honours conferred on him, he returned home, and expatiated to his countrymen on the merits of Scipio. "There is "come amongst us," said he, "a young hero, "like the gods, who conquers all things, as "well by generosity and beneficence, as by "arms." For this reason, having raised troops among his own subjects, he returned a few days after to Scipio with a body of 1400 horse.

Livy.

§ 72. *The private Life of* Æmilius Scipio.

The taking of Numantia, which terminated a war that disgraced the Roman name, completed Scipio's military exploits. But, in order to have a more perfect idea of his merit and character, it seems that, after having seen him at the head of armies, in the tumult of battles, and in the pomp of triumphs, it will not be lost labour to consider him in the repose of a private life, in the midst of his friends, family, and household. The truly great man ought to be so in all things. The magistrate, general, and prince, may constrain themselves, whilst they are in a manner exhibiting themselves as spectacles to the public, and appear quite different from what they really are. But reduced to themselves, and without the witnesses who force them to wear the mask, all their lustre, like the pomp of the theatre, often abandons them, and leaves little more to be seen in them than meanness and narrowness of mind.

Scipio did not depart from himself in any respect. He was not like certain paintings, that are to be seen only at a distance: he could not but gain by a nearer view. The excellent education which he had had, through the care of his father Paulus Æmilius, who had provided him with the most learned masters of those times, as well in polite learning as the sciences; and the instructions he had received from Polybius, enabled him to fill up the vacant hours he had from public affairs profitably, and to support the leisure of a private life, with pleasure and dignity. This is the glorious testimony given of him by an historian: "Nobody knew better how to "mingle leisure and action, nor to use the "intervals of rest from public business with "more elegance and taste. Divided between "arms and books, between the military "labours of the camp, and the peaceful oc-"cupations of the closet, he either exercised "his body in the dangers and fatigues of "war, or his mind in the study of the "sciences *."

The first Scipio Africanus used to say, That he was never less idle, than when at leisure, nor less alone, than when alone. A fine saying, cries Cicero, and well worthy of that great man. And it shews that, even when inactive, he was always employed; and that when alone, he knew how to converse with himself. A very extraordinary disposition in persons accustomed to motion and agitation, whom leisure and solitude, when they are reduced to them, plunge into a disgust for every thing, and fill with melancholy; so that they are displeased in every thing with themselves, and sink under the heavy burden of having nothing to do. This saying of the first Scipio seems to me to suit the second still better, who having the advantage of the other by being educated in a taste for polite learning and the sciences, found in that a great resource against the inconvenience of which we have been speaking. Besides which, having usually Polybius and Panætius with him, even in the field, it is easy to judge that his house was open, in times of peace, to all the learned. Every body knows, that the comedies of Terence, the most accomplished work of that kind Rome ever produced, for natural elegance and beauties, are ascribed to him and Lælius, of whom we shall soon speak. It was publicly enough reported, that they assisted that poet in the composition of his pieces; and Terence himself makes it an

* Velleius Paterculus.

honour

honour to him in the prologue to the Adelphi. I ſhall undoubtedly not adviſe any body, and leaſt of all perſons of Scipio's rank, to write comedies. But on this occaſion, let us only conſider taſte in general for letters. Is there a more ingenious, a more affecting pleaſure, and one more worthy of a wiſe and virtuous man, I might perhaps add, or one more neceſſary to a military perſon, than that which reſults from reading works of wit, and from the converſation of the learned? Providence thought fit, according to the obſervation of a Pagan, that he ſhould be above thoſe trivial pleaſures, to which perſons without letters, knowledge, curioſity, and taſte for reading, are obliged to give themſelves up.

Another kind of pleaſure, ſtill more ſenſible, more warm, more natural, and more implanted in the heart of man, conſtituted the greateſt felicity of Scipio's life; this was that of friendſhip; a pleaſure ſeldom known by great perſons or princes, becauſe, generally loving only themſelves, they do not deſerve to have friends. However, this is the moſt grateful tie of human ſociety; ſo that the poet Ennius ſays with great reaſon, that to live without friends is not to live. Scipio had undoubtedly a great number of them, and thoſe very illuſtrious: but I ſhall ſpeak here only of Lælius, whoſe probity and prudence acquired him the ſurname of the Wiſe.

Never, perhaps, were two friends better ſuited to each other than thoſe great men. They were almoſt of the ſame age, and had the ſame inclination, benevolence of mind, taſte for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. Scipio, no doubt, took place in point of military glory; but Lælius did not want merit of that kind; and Cicero tells us, that he ſignalized himſelf very much in the war with Viriathus. As to the talents of the mind, the ſuperiority, in reſpect of eloquence, ſeems to have been given to Lælius; though Cicero does not agree that it was due to him, and ſays, that Lælius's ſtyle ſavoured more of the ancient manner, and had ſomething leſs agreeable in it than that of Scipio.

Let us hear Lælius himſelf (that is, the words Cicero puts into his mouth) upon the ſtrict union which ſubſiſted between Scipio and him. "As for me," ſays Lælius, "of all the gifts of nature or fortune, "there are none, I think, comparable to the "happineſs of having Scipio for my friend. "I found in our friendſhip a perfect con- "formity of ſentiments in reſpect to public "affairs; an inexhauſtible fund of counſels "and ſupports in private life; with a tran- "quillity and delight not to be expreſſed. I "never gave Scipio the leaſt offence, to my "knowledge, nor ever heard a word eſcape "him that did not pleaſe me. We had but "one houſe, and one table at our common "expence, the frugality of which was equally "the taſte of both. In war, in travelling, "in the country, we were always together. "I do not mention our ſtudies, and the at- "tention of us both always to learn ſome- "thing; this was the employment of all our "leiſure hours, removed from the ſight and "commerce of the world."

Is there any thing comparable to a friendſhip like that which Lælius has juſt deſcribed? What a conſolation is it to have a ſecond ſelf, to whom we have nothing ſecret, and in whoſe heart we may pour out our own with perfect effuſion! Could we taſte proſperity ſo ſenſibly, if we had no one to ſhare in our joy with us? And what a relief is it in adverſity, and the accidents of life, to have a friend ſtill more affected with them than ourſelves!

ſelves! What highly exalts the value of the friendſhip we ſpeak of, was its not being founded at all upon intereſt, but ſolely upon eſteem for each other's virtues. "What "occaſion," ſays Lælius, "could Scipio "have of me? Undoubtedly none; nor I "of him. But my attachment to him was "the effect of my high eſteem and admira- "tion of his virtues; and his to me aroſe "from the favourable idea of my character "and manners. This friendſhip increaſed "afterwards upon both ſides, by habit and com- "merce. We both, indeed, derived great ad- "vantages from it; but thoſe were not our "view, when we began to love each other."

I cannot place the famous embaſſy of Scipio Africanus into the Eaſt and Egypt, better than here; we ſhall ſee the ſame taſte of ſimplicity and modeſty, as we have juſt been repreſenting in his private life, ſhine out in it. It was a maxim with the Romans, frequently to ſend ambaſſadors to their allies, to take cognizance of their affairs, and to accommodate their differences. It was with this view that three illuſtrious perſons, P. Scipio Africanus, Sp. Mummius, and L. Metellus, were ſent into Egypt, where Ptolemy Phyſcon then reigned, the moſt cruel tyrant mentioned in hiſtory. They had orders to go from thence to Syria, which the indolence, and afterwards the captivity of Demetrius Nicanor amongſt the Parthians, made a prey to troubles, factions, and revolts. They were next to viſit Aſia Minor, and Greece; to inſpect into the affairs of thoſe countries; to inquire in what manner the treaties made with the Romans were obſerved; and to remedy, as far as poſſible, all the diſorders that ſhould come to their knowledge. They acquitted themſelves with ſo much equity, wiſdom, and ability, and did ſuch great ſervices to thoſe to whom they were ſent, in re-eſtabliſhing order amongſt them, and in accommodating their differences, that, when they returned to Rome, ambaſſadors arrived there from all the parts in which they had been, to thank the ſenate for having ſent perſons of ſuch great merit to them, whoſe wiſdom and goodneſs they could not ſufficiently commend.

The firſt place to which they went, according to their inſtructions, was Alexandria. The king received them with great magnificence. As for them, they affected it ſo little, that at their entry, Scipio, who was the richeſt and moſt powerful perſon of Rome, had only one friend, the philoſopher Panætius, with him, and five domeſtics. His victories, ſays an ancient writer, and not his attendants, were conſidered; and his perſonal virtues and qualities were eſteemed in him, and not the glitter of gold and ſilver.

Though, during their whole ſtay in Egypt, the king cauſed their table to be covered with the moſt exquiſite proviſions of every kind, they never touched any but the moſt ſimple and common, deſpiſing all the reſt, which only ſerve to ſoften the mind and enervate the body. — But, on ſuch occaſions, ought not the ambaſſadors of ſo powerful a ſtate as Rome to have ſuſtained its reputation of majeſty in a foreign nation, by appearing in public with a numerous train and magnificent equipages? This was not the taſte of the Romans, that is, of the people that, among all the nations of the earth, thought the moſt juſtly of true greatneſs and ſolid glory. *Rollin.*

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

THE PROSE EPITOME; OR, ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK III. ORATIONS, CHARACTERS, &c.

§ 1. HAMLET *to the Players.*

SPEAK the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; for any thing ſo overdone, is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to ſhew Virtue her own feature, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and preſſure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of one of which muſt, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered:—that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.

Shakeſpeare.

§ 2. *The Character of* MARIUS.

The birth of Marius was obſcure, though ſome call it equeſtrian, and his education

wholly in camps; where he learnt the firſt rudiments of war, under the greateſt maſter of that age, the younger Scipio, who deſtroyed Carthage; till by long ſervice, diſtinguiſhed valour, and a peculiar hardineſs and patience of diſcipline, he advanced himſelf gradually through all the ſteps of military honour, with the reputation of a brave and complete ſoldier. The obſcurity of his extraction, which depreſſed him with the nobility, made him the greater favourite of the people; who, on all occaſions of danger, thought him the only man fit to be truſted with their lives and fortunes; or to have the command of a difficult and deſperate war: and in truth, he twice delivered them from the moſt deſperate, with which they had ever been threatened by a foreign enemy. Scipio, from the obſervation of his martial talents, while he had yet but an inferior command in the army, gave a kind of prophetic teſtimony of his future glory; for being aſked by ſome of his officers, who were ſupping with him at Numantia, what general the republic would have, in caſe of any accident to himſelf? That man, replied he, pointing to Marius at the bottom of the table. In the field he was cautious and provident; and while he was watching the moſt favourable opportunities of action, affected to take all his meaſures from augurs and diviners; nor ever gave battle, till by pretended omens and divine admonitions he had inſpired his ſoldiers with a confidence of victory; ſo that his enemies dreaded him as ſomething more than mortal; and both friends and foes believed him to act always by a peculiar impulſe and direction from the gods. His merit however was wholly military, void of every accompliſhment of learning, which he openly affected to deſpiſe; ſo that Arpinum had the ſingular felicity to produce the moſt glorious contemner, as well as the moſt illuſtrious improver, of the arts and eloquence of Rome *. He made no figure, therefore, in the gown, nor had any other way of ſuſtaining his authority in the city, than by cheriſhing the natural jealouſy between the ſenate and the people; that by this declared enmity to the one he might always be at the head of the other; whoſe favour he managed, not with any view to the public good, for he had nothing in him of the ſtateſman or the patriot, but to the advancement of his private intereſt and glory. In ſhort, he was crafty, cruel, covetous, and perfidious; of a temper and talents greatly ſerviceable abroad, but turbulent and dangerous at home; an implacable enemy to the nobles, ever ſeeking occaſions to mortify them, and ready to ſacrifice the republic, which he had ſaved, to his ambition and revenge. After a life ſpent in the perpetual toils of foreign or domeſtic wars, he died at laſt in his bed, in a good old age, and in his ſeventh conſulſhip; an honour that no Roman before him ever attained. *Middleton.*

§ 3. Romulus *to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

If all the ſtrength of cities lay in the height of their ramparts, or the depth of their ditches, we ſhould have great reaſon to be in fear for that which we have now built. But are there in reality any walls too high to be ſcaled by a valiant enemy? and of what uſe are ramparts in inteſtine diviſions? They may ſerve for a defence againſt ſudden incurſions from abroad; but it is by courage and prudence chiefly, that the invaſions of foreign enemies are repelled; and by unanimity, ſo-

* Arpinum was alſo the native city of Cicero.

briety,

briety, and juſtice, that domeſtic ſeditions are prevented. Cities fortified by the ſtrongeſt bulwarks have been often ſeen to yield to force from without, or to tumults from within. An exact military diſcipline, and a ſteady obſervance of civil polity, are the ſureſt barriers againſt theſe evils.

But there is ſtill another point of great importance to be conſidered. The proſperity of ſome riſing colonies, and the ſpeedy ruin of others, have in a great meaſure been owing to their form of government. Were there but one manner of ruling ſtates and cities that could make them happy, the choice would not be difficult; but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by thoſe who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of theſe is in all reſpects perfect, but each of them has ſome innate and incurable defect. Chuſe you, then, in what manner this city ſhall be governed. Shall it be by one man? ſhall it be by a ſelect number of the wiſeſt among us? or ſhall the legiſlative power be in the people? As for me, I ſhall ſubmit to whatever form of adminiſtration you ſhall pleaſe to eſtabliſh. As I think myſelf not unworthy to command, ſo neither am I unwilling to obey. Your having choſen me to be the leader of this colony, and your calling the city after my name, are honours ſufficient to content me; honours of which, living or dead, I never can be deprived. *Hooke.*

§ 4. *The Character of* SYLLA.

Sylla died after he had laid down the dictatorſhip, and reſtored liberty to the republic, and, with an uncommon greatneſs of mind, lived many months as a private ſenator, and with perfect ſecurity, in that city where he had exerciſed the moſt bloody tyranny: but nothing was thought to be greater in his character, than that, during the three years in which the Marians were maſters of Italy, he neither diſſembled his reſolution of purſuing them by arms, nor neglected the war which he had upon his hands; but thought it his duty, firſt to chaſtiſe a foreign enemy, before he took his revenge upon citizens. His family was noble and patrician, which yet, through the indolency of his anceſtors, had made no figure in the republic for many generations, and was almoſt ſunk into obſcurity, till he produced it again into light, by aſpiring to the honours of the ſtate. He was a lover and patron of polite letters, having been carefully inſtituted himſelf in all the learning of Greece and Rome; but from a peculiar gaiety of temper, and fondneſs for the company of mimics and players, was drawn, when young, into a life of luxury and pleaſure; ſo that when he was ſent quæſtor to Marius, in the Jugurthine war, Marius complained, that in ſo rough and deſperate a ſervice chance had given him ſo ſoft and delicate a quæſtor. But, whether rouſed by the example, or ſtung by the reproach of his general, he behaved himſelf in that charge with the greateſt vigour and courage, ſuffering no man to outdo him in any part of military duty or labour, making himſelf equal and familiar even to the loweſt of the ſoldiers, and obliging them by all his good offices and his money; ſo that he ſoon acquired the favour of his army, with the character of a brave and ſkilful commander; and lived to drive Marius himſelf, baniſhed and proſcribed, into that very province where he had been contemned by him at firſt as his quæſtor. He had a wonderful faculty of concealing his paſſions and pur-

poſes; and was ſo different from himſelf in different circumſtances, that he ſeemed as it were to be two men in one: no man was ever more mild and moderate before victory; none more bloody and cruel after it. In war, he practiſed the ſame art that he had ſeen ſo ſucceſsful to Marius, of raiſing a kind of enthuſiaſm and contempt of danger in his army, by the forgery of auſpices and divine admonitions; for which end, he carried always about with him a little ſtatue of Apollo, taken from the temple of Delphi; and whenever he had reſolved to give battle, uſed to embrace it in ſight of the ſoldiers, and beg the ſpeedy confirmation of its promiſes to him. From an uninterrupted courſe of ſucceſs and proſperity, he aſſumed a ſurname, unknown before to the Romans, of Felix, or the Fortunate; and would have been fortunate indeed, ſays Velleius, if his life had ended with his victories. Pliny calls it a wicked title, drawn from the blood and oppreſſion of his country; for which poſterity would think him more unfortunate, even than thoſe whom he had put to death. He had one felicity, however, peculiar to himſelf, of being the only man in hiſtory, in whom the odium of the moſt barbarous cruelties was extinguiſhed by the glory of his great acts. Cicero, though he had a good opinion of his cauſe, yet deteſted the inhumanity of his victory, and never ſpeaks of him with reſpect, nor of his government but as a proper tyranny; calling him, "a maſter of three moſt peſ- "tilent vices, luxury, avarice, cruelty" He was the firſt of his family whoſe dead body was burnt: for, having ordered Marius's remains to be taken out of his grave, and thrown into the river Anio, he was apprehenſive of the ſame inſult upon his own, if left to the uſual way of burial. A little before his death, he made his own epitaph, the ſum of which was, "that no man had "ever gone beyond him, in doing good to "his friends, or hurt to his enemies."

Middleton.

§ 5. Hannibal *to* Scipio Africanus *at their Interview preceding the Battle of Zama.*

Since fate has ſo ordained it, that I, who began the war, and who have been ſo often on the point of ending it by a compleat conqueſt, ſhould now come of my own motion to aſk a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to aſk it. Nor will this be among the leaſt of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over ſo many Roman generals, ſubmitted at laſt to you.

I could wiſh, that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature ſeems to have preſcribed to it; the ſhores of Africa, and the ſhores of Italy. The gods did not give us that mind. On both ſides we have been ſo eager after foreign poſſeſſions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But ſince errors paſt may be more eaſily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if poſſible, to the obſtinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the inſtability of fortune, inclines me to leave nothing to her determination, which reaſon can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted ſucceſs, may render you averſe from the thoughts of peace. He whom fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconſtancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples,

amples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory, or the glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you, and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it. *Hooke.*

§ 6. Scipio's *Answer.*

I knew very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace, when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are, and have been long, possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians therefore must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle. *Ibid.*

§ 7. *The Character of* Pompey.

Pompey had early acquired the surname of the Great, by that sort of merit which, from the

the conſtitution of the republic, neceſſarily made him great; a fame and ſucceſs in war, ſuperior to what Rome had ever known in the moſt celebrated of her generals. He had triumphed, at three ſeveral times, over the three different parts of the known world, Europe, Aſia, Africa; and by his victories had almoſt doubled the extent, as well as the revenues, of the Roman dominion; for, as he declared to the people on his return from the Mithridatic war, he had found the leſſer Aſia the boundary, but left it the middle of their empire. He was about ſix years older than Cæſar; and while Cæſar, immerſed in pleaſures, oppreſſed with debts, and ſuſpected by all honeſt men, was hardly able to ſhew his head, Pompey was flouriſhing in the height of power and glory; and, by the conſent of all parties, placed at the head of the republic. This was the poſt that his ambition ſeemed to aim at, to be the firſt man in Rome; the leader, not the tyrant of his country; for he more than once had it in his power to have made himſelf the maſter of it without any riſk, if his virtue, or his phlegm at leaſt, had not reſtrained him: but he lived in a perpetual expectation of receiving from the gift of the people, what he did not care to ſeize by force; and, by fomenting the diſorders of the city, hoped to drive them to the neceſſity of creating him dictator. It is an obſervation of all the hiſtorians, that while Cæſar made no difference of power, whether it was conferred or uſurped, whether over thoſe who loved, or thoſe who feared him; Pompey ſeemed to value none but what was offered; nor to have any deſire to govern, but with the good-will of the governed. What leiſure he found from his wars, he employed in the ſtudy of polite letters, and eſpecially of eloquence, in which he would have acquired great fame, if his genius had not drawn him to the more dazzling glory of arms; yet he pleaded ſeveral cauſes with applauſe, in the defence of his friends and clients; and ſome of them in conjunction with Cicero. His language was copious and elevated; his ſentiments juſt; his voice ſweet; his action noble, and full of dignity. But his talents were better formed for arms than the gown; for though in both he obſerved the ſame diſcipline, a perpetual modeſty, temperance, and gravity of outward behaviour; yet in the licence of camps the example was more rare and ſtriking. His perſon was extremely graceful, and imprinting reſpect; yet with an air of reſerved haughtineſs, which became the general better than the citizen. His parts were plauſible, rather than great; ſpecious, rather than penetrating; and his views of politics but narrow; for his chief inſtrument of governing was diſſimulation; yet he had not always the art to conceal his real ſentiments. As he was a better ſoldier than a ſtateſman, ſo what he gained in the camp he uſually loſt in the city; and though adored when abroad, was often affronted and mortified at home, till the imprudent oppoſition of the ſenate drove him to that alliance with Craſſus and Cæſar, which proved fatal both to himſelf and the republic. He took in theſe two, not as the partners, but the miniſters rather of his power; that by giving them ſome ſhare with him, he might make his own authority uncontrollable: he had no reaſon to apprehend that they could ever prove his rivals; ſince neither of them had any credit or character of that kind which alone could raiſe them above the laws; a ſuperior fame and experience in war, with the militia of the empire at their devotion: all this was purely his own; till, by cheriſhing Cæſar, and throwing into his hands the only thing

thing which he wanted, arms, and military command, he made him at last too strong for himself, and never began to fear him till it was too late. Cicero warmly dissuaded both his union and his breach with Cæsar; and after the rupture, as warmly still, the thought of giving him battle: if any of these counsels had been followed, Pompey had preserved his life and honour, and the republic its liberty. But he was urged to his fate by a natural superstition, and attention to those vain auguries, with which he was flattered by all the Haruspices: he had seen the same temper in Marius and Sylla, and observed the happy effects of it: but they assumed it only out of policy, he out of principle: they used it to animate their soldiers, when they had found a probable opportunity of fighting: but he, against all prudence and probability, was encouraged by it to fight to his own ruin. He saw his mistakes at last, when it was out of his power to correct them; and in his wretched flight from Pharsalia, was forced to confess, that he had trusted too much to his hopes; and that Cicero had judged better, and seen farther into things than he. The resolution of seeking refuge in Egypt finished the sad catastrophe of this great man: the father of the reigning prince had been highly obliged to him for his protection at Rome, and restoration to his kingdom: and the son had sent a considerable fleet to his assistance in the present war: but in this ruin of his fortunes, what gratitude was there to be expected from a court governed by eunuchs and mercenary Greeks? all whose politics turned, not on the honour of the king, but the establishment of their own power; which was likely to be eclipsed by the admission of Pompey. How happy had it been for him to have died in that sickness, when all Italy was putting up vows and prayers for his safety! or, if he had fallen by the chance of war, on the plains of Pharsalia, in the defence of his country's liberty, he had died still glorious, though unfortunate; but, as if he had been reserved for an example of the instability of human greatness, he, who a few days before commanded kings and consuls, and all the noblest of Rome, was sentenced to die by a council of slaves; murdered by a base deserter; cast out naked and headless on the Egyptian strand; and when the whole earth, as Velleius says, had scarce been sufficient for his victories, could not find a spot upon it at last for a grave. His body was burnt on the shore by one of his freedmen, with the planks of an old fishing-boat; and his ashes, being conveyed to Rome, were deposited privately, by his wife Cornelia, in a vault by his Alban villa. The Egyptians however raised a monument to him on the place, and adorned it with figures of brass, which being defaced afterwards by time, and buried almost in sand and rubbish, was sought out, and restored by the emperor Hadrian.

Middleton.

§ 8. *Submission; Complaint; Intreating—The Speech of* SENECA, *the Philosopher, to* NERO, *complaining of the Envy of his Enemies, and requesting the Emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow Circumstances, that he might no longer be an Object of their Malignity.*

May it please the imperial majesty of Cæsar favourably to accept the humble submissions and grateful acknowledgments of the weak though faithful guide of his youth.

It is now a great many years since I first had the honour of attending your imperial majesty as preceptor. And your bounty has rewarded my labours with such affluence, as has

has drawn upon me, what I had reaſon to expect, the envy of many of thoſe perſons, who are always ready to preſcribe to their prince where to beſtow, and where to withhold his favours. It is well known, that your illuſtrious anceſtor, Auguſtus, beſtowed on his deſerving favourites, Agrippa and Mæcenas, honours and emoluments, ſuitable to the dignity of the benefactor, and to the ſervices of the receivers: nor has his conduct been blamed. My employment about your imperial majeſty has, indeed, been purely domeſtic: I have neither headed your armies, nor aſſiſted at your councils. But you know, Sir, (though there are ſome who do not ſeem to attend to it) that a prince may be ſerved in different ways, ſome more, others leſs conſpicuous; and that the latter may be to him as valuable as the former.

"But what!" ſay my enemies, "ſhall a "private perſon, of equeſtrian rank, and a "provincial by birth, be advanced to an "equality with the patricians? Shall an up-"ſtart, of no name nor family, rank with "thoſe who can, by the ſtatues which make "the ornament of their palaces, reckon back-"ward a line of anceſtors, long enough to "tire out the faſti *? Shall a philoſopher "who has written for others precepts of mo-"deration, and contempt of all that is exter-"nal, himſelf live in affluence and luxury? "Shall he purchaſe eſtates, and lay out mo-"ney at intereſt? Shall he build palaces, "plant gardens, and adorn a country at his "own expence, and for his own pleaſure?"

Cæſar has given royally, as became imperial magnificence. Seneca has received what his prince beſtowed; nor did he ever aſk: he is only guilty of—not refuſing. Cæſar's rank places him above the reach of invidious malignity. Seneca is not, nor can be, high enough to deſpiſe the envious. As the overloaded ſoldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, ſo I, in this laſt ſtage of the journey of life, now that I find myſelf unequal to the lighteſt cares, beg, that Cæſar would kindly eaſe me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beſeech him to reſtore to the imperial treaſury, from whence it came, what is to me ſuperfluous and cumbrous. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to beſtow upon my villa and my gardens, I ſhall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. Cæſar is in the flower of life; long may he be equal to the toils of government! His goodneſs will grant to his worn-out ſervant leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from Cæſar's greatneſs to have it ſaid, that he beſtowed favours on ſome, who, ſo far from being intoxicated with them, ſhewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own requeſt) diveſted of them.

Corn. Tacit.

§ 9. *Speech of* Charidemus, *an* Athenian *Exile at the Court of* Darius, *on being aſked his Opinion of the warlike Preparations making by that Prince againſt* Alexander.

Perhaps your Majeſty may not bear the truth from the mouth of a Grecian, and an exile: and if I do not declare it now, I never will, perhaps I may never have another opportunity.—Your Majeſty's numerous army, drawn from various nations, and which unpeoples the eaſt, may ſeem formidable to the neighbouring countries. The gold, the purple, and the ſplendor of arms, which ſtrike the

* The faſti, or calendars, or, if you pleaſe, almanacs, of the ancients, had, as our almanacs, tables of kings, conſuls, &c.

the eyes of beholders, make a show which surpasses the imagination of all who have not seen it. The Macedonian army, with which your Majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, grim, and horrid of aspect, and clad in iron. The irresistible phalanx is a body of men who, in the field of battle, fear no onset, being practised to hold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear; so that a brazen wall might as soon be broke through. In advancing, in wheeling to right or left, in attacking, in every exercise of arms, they act as one man. They answer the slightest sign from the commander, as if his soul animated the whole army. Every soldier has a knowledge of war sufficient for a general. And this discipline, by which the Macedonian army is become so formidable, was first established, and has been all along kept up, by a fixed contempt of what your Majesty's troops are so vain of, I mean gold and silver. The bare earth serves them for beds. Whatever will satisfy nature, is their luxury. Their repose is always shorter than the night. Your Majesty may, therefore, judge, whether the Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Ætolian cavalry, and the Macedonian phalanx—an army that has, in spite of all opposition, over-run half the world—are to be repelled by a multitude (however numerous) armed with slings, and stakes hardened at the points by fire. To be upon equal terms with Alexander, your Majesty ought to have an army composed of the same sort of troops: and they are no where to be had, but in the same countries which produced those conquerors of the world.—It is therefore my opinion, that, if your Majesty were to apply the gold and silver, which now so superfluously adorns your men, to the purpose of hiring an army from Greece, to contend with Greeks, you might have some chance for success; otherwise I see no reason to expect any thing else, than that your army should be defeated, as all the others have been who have encountered the irresistible Macedonians.

Q. Curtius.

§ 10. *The Character of* Julius Cæsar.

Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could exalt human nature, and give a man the ascendant in society: formed to excel in peace, as well as war; provident in council; fearless in action; and executing what he had resolved with an amazing celerity: generous beyond measure to his friends; placable to his enemies; and for parts, learning, eloquence, scarce inferior to any man. His orations were admired for two qualities, which are seldom found together, strength and elegance; Cicero ranks him among the greatest orators that Rome ever bred; and Quinctilian says, that he spoke with the same force with which he fought; and if he had devoted himself to the bar, would have been the only man capable of rivalling Cicero. Nor was he a master only of the politer arts; but conversant also with the most abstruse and critical parts of learning; and, among other works which he published, addressed two books to Cicero, on the analogy of language, or the art of speaking and writing correctly. He was a most liberal patron of wit and learning, wheresoever they were found; and out of his love of those talents, would readily pardon those who had employed them against himself: rightly judging, that by making such men his friends, he should draw praises from the same fountain from which he had been aspersed. His capital passions were ambition, and love of pleasure; which he indulged in their turns to the greatest excess: yet the first was always predominant; to which he could easily sacrifice all

all the charms of the second, and draw pleasure even from toils and dangers, when they ministered to his glory. For he thought Tyranny, as Cicero says, the greatest of goddesses; and had frequently in his mouth a verse of Euripedes, which expressed the image of his soul, that if right and justice were ever to be violated, they were to be violated for the sake of reigning. This was the chief end and purpose of his life; the scheme that he had formed from his early youth; so that, as Cato truly declared of him, he came with sobriety and meditation to the subversion of the republic. He used to say, that there were two things necessary, to acquire and to support power — soldiers and money; which yet depended mutually upon each other: with money therefore he provided soldiers, and with soldiers extorted money; and was, of all men, the most rapacious in plundering both friends and foes; sparing neither prince, nor state, nor temple, nor even private persons, who were known to possess any share of treasure. His great abilities would necessarily have made him one of the first citizens of Rome; but, disdaining the condition of a subject, he could never rest till he made himself a monarch. In acting this last part, his usual prudence seemed to fail him; as if the height to which he was mounted, had turned his head, and made him giddy: for, by a vain ostentation of his power, he destroyed the stability of it: and as men shorten life by living too fast, so by an intemperance of reigning, he brought his reign to a violent end. *Middleton.*

§ 11. CALISTHENES's *Reproof of* CLEON's *Flattery to* ALEXANDER, *on whom he had proposed to confer Divinity by Vote.*

If the king were present, Cleon, there would be no need of my answering to what you have just proposod: he would himself reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign absurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by such unmanly flattery. As he is absent, I take upon me to tell you, in his name, that no praise is lasting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to lessen his glory, instead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified till after their death; and, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wish the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour.

You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? and are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws or rules of conduct from them, what is it but to confess ourselves inferior to them? *Q. Curtius.*

§ 12. *The Character of* CATO.

If we consider the character of Cato without prejudice, he was certainly a great and worthy man; a friend to truth, virtue, liberty; yet, falsely measuring all duty by the absurd

ſurd rigour of the ſtoical rule, he was generally diſappointed of the end which he ſought by it, the happineſs both of his private and public life. In his private conduct he was ſevere, moroſe, inexorable; baniſhing all the ſofter affections, as natural enemies to juſtice, and as ſuggeſting falſe motives of acting, from favour, clemency, and compaſſion: in public affairs he was the ſame; had but one rule of policy, to adhere to what was right, without regard to time or circumſtances, or even to a force that could control him; for, inſtead of managing the power of the great, ſo as to mitigate the ill, or extract any good from it, he was urging it always to acts of violence by a perpetual defiance; ſo that, with the beſt intentions in the world, he often did great harm to the republic. This was his general behaviour; yet from ſome particular facts, it appears that his ſtrength of mind was not always impregnable, but had its weak places of pride, ambition, and party zeal; which, when managed and flattered to a certain point, would betray him ſometimes into meaſures contrary to his ordinary rule of right and truth. The laſt act of his life was agreeable to his nature and philoſophy: when he could no longer be what he had been; or when the ills of life overbalanced the good, which, by the principles of his ſect, was a juſt cauſe for dying; he put an end to his life with a ſpirit and reſolution which would make one imagine, that he was glad to have found an occaſion of dying in his proper character. On the whole, his life was rather admirable than amiable; fit to be praiſed, rather than imitated. *Middleton.*

§ 13. Brutus's *Speech in Vindication of* Cæsar's *Murder.*

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—Hear me, for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me, in your wiſdom; and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge.

If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar? this is my anſwer—Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but, as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country?—If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.——

None?—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæſar, than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inrolled in the capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he ſuffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as, which of you ſhall not? With this I depart—That, as I ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when

when it shall please my country to need my death. *Shakespeare.*

§ 14. *A Comparison of* CÆSAR *with* CATO.

As to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways: Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter: Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato for his immoveable firmness. Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life; was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends, to the neglect of his own; and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he desired for himself, was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all rigorous severity: he did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright; and was more desirous to be virtuous, than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 15. CAIUS MARIUS *to the* ROMANS, *shewing the Absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the Rank of General, merely on Account of his Extraction.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice.—It is, undoubtedly, no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of supreme commander, in troublesome times. I am, I hope, duly sensible of the importance of the office I propose to take upon me for the service of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But, besides the disadvantages which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself: which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that

that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the commonwealth to all other conſiderations, favour my pretenſions, the Patricians want nothing ſo much as an occaſion againſt me. It is, therefore, my fixed reſolution, to uſe my beſt endeavours, that you be not diſappointed in me, and that their indirect deſigns againſt me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers. I was faithful to your intereſt, my countrymen, when I ſerved you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my deſign to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war againſt Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wiſdom of giving ſuch a command to one of their honourable body? a perſon of illuſtrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable ſtatues, but —of no experience! What ſervice would his long line of dead anceſtors, or his multitude of motionleſs ſtatues, do his country in the day of battle? What could ſuch a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourſe to ſome inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himſelf equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; ſo that the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myſelf, known thoſe who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it.

I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between Patrician haughtineſs and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth; I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me; want of perſonal worth, againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were enquired of the fathers of ſuch Patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine; what would they anſwer but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the Patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors; whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours beſtowed upon me? Let them envy, likewiſe, my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honours you can beſtow, whilſt they aſpire to honours as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleaſures of luxury; yet none can be more laviſh than they are in praiſe of their anceſtors; and they imagine they honour themſelves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary: for, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed

tinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours, on account of the exploits done by their forefathers; whilst they will not allow me the due praise, for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person, He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can shew no statues of my family! I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can shew the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance, as theirs: but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust, and seas of blood: scenes of action, where those effeminate Patricians, who endeavour by indirect means to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to shew their faces. *Sallust.*

§ 16. *The Character of* CATILINE.

Lucius Catiline was descended of an illustrious family: he was a man of great vigour, both of body and mind, but of a disposition extremely profligate and depraved. From his youth he took pleasure in civil wars, massacres, depredations, and intestine broils; and in these he employed his younger days. His body was formed for enduring cold, hunger, and want of rest, to a degree indeed incredible: his spirit was daring, subtle, and changeable: he was expert in all the arts of simulation and dissimulation; covetous of what belonged to others, lavish of his own; violent in his passions; he had eloquence enough, but a small share of wisdom. His boundless soul was constantly engaged in extravagant and romantic projects, too high to be attempted.

After Sylla's usurpation, he was fired with a violent desire of seizing the government; and, provided he could but carry his point, he was not at all solicitous by what means. His spirit, naturally violent, was daily more and more hurried on to the execution of his design, by his poverty, and the consciousness of his crimes; both which evils he had heightened by the practices above-mentioned. He was encouraged to it by the wickedness of the state, thoroughly debauched by luxury and avarice; vices equally fatal, though of contrary natures. *Sallust, by Mr. Rose.*

§ 17. *Speech of* TITUS QUINCTIUS *to the* ROMANS, *when the* ÆQUI *and* VOLSCI, *taking Advantage of their intestine Commotions, ravaged their Country to the Gates of* ROME.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consul-

ſhip of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volſci (ſcarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away again unchaſtiſed! The courſe of our manners, indeed, and the ſtate of our affairs, have long been ſuch, that I had no reaſon to preſage much good; but, could I have imagined that ſo great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by baniſhment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the ſtation I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if thoſe men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilſt I was conſul!—Of honours I had ſufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I ſhould have died in my third conſulate.

But who are they that our daſtardly enemies thus deſpiſe?—the conſuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depoſe us, or puniſh us yet more ſeverely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men puniſh your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquiſhed, not to know both themſelves and you. Diſcord, diſcord, is the ruin of this city! The eternal diſputes between the ſenate and the people are the ſole cauſe of our misfortunes. While we will ſet no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magiſtrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and preſumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You deſired Tribunes; for the ſake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we conſented to their creation. You grew weary of theſe Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred purſued them when reduced to private men; and we ſuffered you to put to death, or baniſh, Patricians of the firſt rank in the republic. You inſiſted upon the reſtoration of the Tribuneſhip; we yielded: we quietly ſaw Conſuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal: the Patricians are ſubjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have ſuffered it, and we ſtill ſuffer it. When ſhall we ſeen an end of diſcord? When ſhall we have one intereſt, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you ſhew leſs temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can ſeize the Aventine hill, you can poſſeſs yourſelves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the Æſquiline is near being taken, and nobody ſtirs to hinder it. But againſt us you are valiant, againſt us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, beſiege the ſenate-houſe, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles; and, when you have atchieved theſe glorious exploits, then, at laſt, ſally out at the Æſquiline gate, with the ſame fierce ſpirits againſt the enemy. Does your reſolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houſes plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waſte with fire and ſword. Have you any thing here to repair theſe damages? Will the Tribunes make up your loſſes to you? They'll give you words as many as you pleaſe; bring impeachments in abundance againſt the prime men in the ſtate; heap laws upon laws: aſſemblies you ſhall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from thoſe aſſemblies? Extinguiſh, O Romans, theſe fatal diviſions; generouſly break this curſed enchantment,

enchantment, which keeps you buried in a ſcandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and conſider the management of thoſe ambitious men, who, to make themſelves powerful in their party, ſtudy nothing but how they may foment diviſions in the commonwealth.—If you can but ſummon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your conſuls, there is no puniſhment you can inflict which I will not ſubmit to, if I do not in a few days drive thoſe pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you ſeem ſo grievouſly ſtruck, ſhall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.

Hooke.

§ 18. Micipsa *to* Jugurtha.

You know, Jugurtha, that I received you under my protection in your early youth, when left a helpleſs and hopeleſs orphan. I advanced you to high honours in my kingdom, in the full aſſurance that you would prove grateful for my kindneſs to you; and that, if I came to have children of my own, you would ſtudy to repay to them what you owed to me. Hitherto I have had no reaſon to repent of my favours to you. For, to omit all former inſtances of your extraordinary merit, your late behaviour in the Numantian war has reflected upon me, and my kingdom, a new and diſtinguiſhed glory. You have, by your valour, rendered the Roman commonwealth, which before was well affected to our intereſt, much more friendly. In Spain, you have raiſed the honour of my name and crown. And you have ſurmounted what is juſtly reckoned one of the greateſt difficulties; having, by your merit, ſilenced envy. My diſſolution ſeems now to be faſt approaching. I therefore beſeech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha! by this right hand, by the remembrance of my paſt kindneſs to you; by the honour of my kingdom; and by the majeſty of the gods; be kind to my two ſons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connection with any ſtranger, to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treaſures, that a kingdom is ſecured, but by well affected ſubjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important ſervices, that friendſhip (which neither gold will purchaſe, nor arms extort) is ſecured. But what friendſhip is more perfect, than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among ſtrangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom I leave you is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwiſe, it is weak. For by agreement a ſmall ſtate increaſes: by diviſion a great one falls into ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years than your brothers, to provide that no miſconduct produce any bad effect. And, if any difference ſhould ariſe between you and your brothers (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggreſſor, becauſe your years and abilities give you the ſuperiority. But I firmly perſuade myſelf, that you will treat them with kindneſs, and that they will honour and eſteem you, as your diſtinguiſhed virtue deſerves.

Salluſt.

§ 19. *The Character of* Hannibal.

Hannibal being ſent to Spain, on his arrival there attracted the eyes of the whole army. The veterans believed Hamilcar was revived and reſtored to them: they ſaw the ſame vigorous countenance, the ſame piercing eye, the ſame complexion and features. But in a ſhort time his behaviour occaſioned this reſemblance

ſemblance of his father to contribute the leaſt towards his gaining their favour. And, in truth, never was there a genius more happily formed for two things, moſt manifeſtly contrary to each other—to obey and to command. This made it difficult to determine, whether the general or ſoldiers loved him moſt. Where any enterprize required vigour, and valour in the performance, Aſdrubal always choſe him to command at the executing it; nor were the troops ever more confident of ſucceſs, or more intrepid, than when he was at their head. None ever ſhewed greater bravery in undertaking hazardous attempts, or more preſence of mind and conduct in the execution of them. No hardſhip could fatigue his body, or daunt his courage: he could equally bear cold and heat. The neceſſary refection of nature, not the pleaſure of his palate, he ſolely regarded in his meals. He made no diſtinction of day and night in his watching, or taking reſt; and appropriated no time to ſleep, but what remained after he had completed his duty: he never ſought for a ſoft or retired place of repoſe; but was often ſeen lying on the bare ground, wrapt in a ſoldier's cloak, amongſt the centinels and guards. He did not diſtinguiſh himſelf from his companions by the magnificence of his dreſs, but by the quality of his horſe and arms. At the ſame time, he was by far the beſt foot and horſe ſoldier in the army; ever the foremoſt in a charge, and the laſt who left the field after the battle was begun. Theſe ſhining qualities were however balanced by great vices; inhuman cruelty; more than Carthaginian treachery; no reſpect for truth or honour, no fear of the gods, no regard for the ſanctity of oaths, no ſenſe of religion. With a diſpoſition thus chequered with virtues and vices, he ſerved three years under Aſdrubal, without neglecting to pry into, or perform any thing, that could contribute to make him hereafter a complete general. *Livy.*

§ 20. *The* SCYTHIAN *Ambaſſadors to* ALEXANDER, *on his making Preparations to attack their Country.*

If your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt at the ſame time: you graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia; from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue nature. But, have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb to come at it. Take care leſt, while you ſtrive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on.

Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why ſhould you attack Scythia? You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia; you have ſeized Syria; you are maſter of Perſia; you have ſubdued the Bactrians, and attacked India: all this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! you graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger, by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the

more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgot how long the conquest of the Bactrians detained you? while you were subduing them the Sogdians revolted. Your victories serve to no other purpose than to find you employment by producing new wars; for the business of every conquest is twofold, to win, and to preserve: and though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible: for what people chuse to be under foreign dominion?

If you will cross the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business; you will find us at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp: for the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep with strict attention what you have gained: catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, That Fortune has no feet, and is furnished only with hands to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful.—You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Ammon: it suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom, than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself.

You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There is nothing between us and Bactria but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hostile manner, you may have our friendship. Nations which have never been at war are on an equal footing; but it is in vain that confidence is reposed in a conquered people: there can be no sincere friendship between the oppressors and the oppressed; even in peace, the latter think themselves entitled to the rights of war against the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is not by signing, sealing, and taking the gods to witness, as is the Grecian custom; but by doing actual services. The Scythians are not used to promise, but perform without promising. And they think an appeal to the gods superfluous; for that those who have no regard for the esteem of men will not hesitate to offend the gods by perjury.—You may therefore consider with yourself, whether you had better have a people of such a character, and so situated as to have it in their power either to serve you or to annoy you, according as you treat them, for allies or for enemies. *Q. Curtius.*

§ 21. Junius Brutus *over the dead Body of* Lucretia, *who had stabbed herself in consequence of the Rape of* Tarquin.

Yes, noble lady, I swear by this blood which was once so pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will pursue Lucius Tarquinius the Proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and sword: nor will I suffer any of that family, or of any other whatsoever, to be king

king in Rome.—Ye gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!

There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle! — the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand! See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman! but once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we, ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five-and-twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans; now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome: the Patricians are at the head of the enterprize: the city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſelves from ſlavery?

Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands: the ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſuch a groundleſs fear: the love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome; they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit, or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant: the number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life; their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the gods are for us; thoſe gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects.

Ye gods, who protected our forefathers! ye genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome! do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation. *Livy.*

§ 22. *Speech* of Adherbal *to the* Roman Senate, *imploring their Aſſiſtance againſt* Jugurtha.

Fathers!

It is known to you that king Micipſa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted ſon, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempſal and myſelf, the children of his own body, the adminiſtration of the kingdom of Numidia, directing us to conſider the ſenate and people of Rome as proprietors of it. He charged us to uſe our beſt endeavours to be ſerviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in peace and war; aſſuring us, that your protection would prove to

us a defence againſt all enemies, and would be inſtead of armies, fortifications, and treaſures.

While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourſelves according to the directions of our deceaſed father, Jugurtha—the moſt infamous of mankind! breaking through all ties of gratitude and common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth—procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Maſſiniſſa, and my father Micipſa, the friendſhip and alliance of the Romans.

For a prince to be reduced, by villainy, to my diſtreſsful circumſtances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the conſideration, that I find myſelf obliged to ſolicit your aſſiſtance, Fathers, for the ſervices done you by my anceſtors, not for any I have been able to render you in my own perſon. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deſerve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdenſome before I could be uſeful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeſerved miſery, who, from a powerful prince, the deſcendant of a race of illuſtrious monarchs, find myſelf, without any fault of my own, deſtitute of every ſupport, and reduced to the neceſſity of begging foreign aſſiſtance againſt an enemy who has ſeized my throne and kingdom; if my unequalled diſtreſſes were all I had to plead, it would become the greatneſs of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitreſs of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedneſs over helpleſs innocence. But, to provoke your vengeance to the utmoſt, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the ſenate and people of Rome gave to my anceſtors, and from which my grandfather and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindneſs to our family is defeated; and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverſe of fortune! O father Micipſa! is this the conſequence of your generoſity, that he whom your goodneſs raiſed to an equality with your own children, ſhould be the murderer of your children? Muſt then the royal houſe of Numidia always be a ſcene of havock and blood? While Carthage remained, we ſuffered, as was to be expected, all ſorts of hardſhips from their hoſtile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a diſtance; while we were ſo circumſtanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that ſcourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourſelves on the proſpect of eſtabliſhed peace. But inſtead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only ſurviving ſon of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and ſeeking that ſafety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—O whither ſhall I fly! If I return to the royal palace of my anceſtors, my father's throne is ſeized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha ſhould haſten to imbrue in my blood thoſe hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge, or for aſſiſtance to any other courts, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own

own family or friends I have no expectations. My royal father is no more: he is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation: but he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross; others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death itself.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.—I have been informed that he labours by his emissaries to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might for him have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble as I do. Then he who now, hardened in wickedness, triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will in his turn feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his blood-thirsty cruelty to my brother.

O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight!—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family? But as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood; but he lies in peace: he feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life: so far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of the world!—to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha.—By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury, and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty. *Sallust.*

§ 23. *Speech of* CANULEIUS, *a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the Law prohibiting*

hibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.

What an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion then for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin!—They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire then be unavoidably overturned? must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a plebeian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome: the elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne: Servius Tullius, the Son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected, or despised, on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper less for that? were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing now that a plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, "we find that, upon the abolition "of the regal power, no commoner was "chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days there was no Census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but what has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of patricians with plebeians, is not that a new thing? was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free estate. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a patrician; those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear, that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of patricians with plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost contempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families, if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they do not make a law against a com-

a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place: they might as well pretend, that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the child will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a patrician or a plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough, that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it, but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, consuls and patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to list them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls: whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour, spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages; if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare that this people, whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories, shall never more inlist themselves; not a man of them shall take arms; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

Hooke.

§ 24. *Character of* William *the Conqueror.*

Few princes have been more fortunate than this great monarch, or were better entitled to prosperity and grandeur for the abilities and vigour of mind which he displayed in all his conduct. His spirit was bold and enterprising, yet guided by prudence. His ambition, which was exorbitant, and lay little under the restraints of justice, and still less under those of humanity, ever submitted to the dictates of reason and sound policy. Born in an age when the minds of men were intractable and unacquainted with submission, he was yet able to direct them to his purposes; and, partly from the ascendant of his vehement disposition, partly from art and dissimulation, to establish an unlimited monarchy. Though not insensible to generosity, he was hardened against compassion, and seemed equally ostentatious and ambitious of eclat in his clemency and his severity. The maxims of his administration were severe; but might have been useful, had they been solely employed in preserving order in an established government: they were ill calculated for softening the rigours which under the most gentle management are inseparable from conquest. His attempt against England was the last enterprize of the kind, which, during the course of seven hundred years, had fully succeeded

in Europe; and the greatneſs of his genius broke through thoſe limits, which firſt the feudal inſtitutions, then the refined policy of princes, have fixed on the ſeveral ſtates of Chriſtendom. Though he rendered himſelf infinitely odious to his Engliſh ſubjects, he tranſmitted his power to his poſterity, and the throne is ſtill filled by his deſcendants; a proof that the foundation which he laid was firm and ſolid, and that amongſt all his violences, while he ſeemed only to gratify the preſent paſſion, he had ſtill an eye towards futurity. Died Sept. 9, 1087, aged 63*. *Hume.*

§ 25. *Another Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

From the tranſactions of William's reign, he appears to have been a prince of great courage, capacity, and ambition; politic, cruel, vindictive, and rapacious; ſtern and haughty in his deportment, reſerved and jealous in his diſpoſition. He was fond of glory; and, though parſimonipus in his houſehold, delighted much in oſtentation. Though ſudden and impetuous in his enterprizes, he was cool, deliberate, and indefatigable, in times of danger and difficulty. His aſpect was nobly ſevere and imperious, his ſtature tall and portly; his conſtitution robuſt, and the compoſition of his bones and muſcles ſtrong: there was hardly a man of that age, who could bend his bow, or handle his arms. *Smollett.*

§ 26. *Another Character of* WILLIAM *the Conqueror.*

The character of this prince has ſeldom been ſet in its true light; ſome eminent writers having been dazzled ſo much by the more ſhining parts of it, that they have hardly ſeen his faults; while others, out of a ſtrong deteſtation of tyranny, have been unwilling to allow him the praiſe he deſerves.

He may with juſtice be ranked among the greateſt generals any age has produced. There was united in him activity, vigilance, intrepidity, caution, great force of judgment, and never-failing preſence of mind. He was ſtrict in his diſcipline, and kept his ſoldiers in perfect obedience; yet preſerved their affection. Having been from his very childhood continually in war, and at the head of armies, he joined to all the capacity that genius could give, all the knowledge and ſkill that experience could teach, and was a perfect maſter of the military art, as it was practiſed in the times wherein he lived. His conſtitution enabled him to endure any hardſhips, and very few were equal to him in perſonal ſtrength, which was an excellence of more importance than it is now, from the manner of fighting then in uſe. It is ſaid of him, that none except himſelf could bend his bow. His courage was heroic, and he poſſeſſed it not only in the field, but (which is more uncommon) in the cabinet, attempting great things with means that to other men appeared totally unequal to ſuch undertakings, and ſteadily proſecuting what he had boldly reſolved; being never diſturbed or diſheartened by difficulties, in the courſe of his enterprizes; but having that noble vigour of mind, which, inſtead of bending to oppoſition, riſes againſt it, and ſeems to have a power of controlling and commanding Fortune herſelf.

Nor was he leſs ſuperior to pleaſure than to fear: no luxury ſoftened him, no riot diſordered, no ſloth relaxed. It helped not a little to maintain the high reſpect his ſubjects had for him, that the majeſty of his character was never let down by any incontinence or indecent

* Smollett ſays, 61.

cent excefs. His temperance and his chaſtity were conſtant guards, that ſecured his mind from all weakneſs, ſupported its dignity, and kept it always as it were on the throne. Through his whole life he had no partner of his bed but his queen; a moſt extraordinary virtue in one who had lived, even from his earlieſt youth, amidſt all the licence of camps, the allurements of a court, and the ſeductions of ſovereign power! Had he kept his oaths to his people as well as he did his marriage vow, he would have been the beſt of kings; but he indulged other paſſions of a worſe nature, and infinitely more detrimental to the public than thoſe he reſtrained. A luſt of power, which no regard to juſtice could limit, the moſt unrelenting cruelty, and the moſt inſatiable avarice, poſſeſſed his ſoul. It is true, indeed, that among many acts of extreme inhumanity, ſome ſhining inſtances of great clemency may be produced, that were either effects of his policy, which taught him this method of acquiring friends, or of his magnanimity, which made him ſlight a weak and ſubdued enemy, ſuch as was Edgar Atheling, in whom he found neither ſpirit nor talents able to contend with him for the crown. But where he had no advantage nor pride in forgiving, his nature diſcovered itſelf to be utterly void of all ſenſe of compaſſion; and ſome barbarities which he committed exceeded the bounds that even tyrants and conquerors preſcribe to themſelves.

Moſt of our ancient hiſtorians give him the character of a very religious prince; but his religion was after the faſhion of thoſe times, belief without examination, and devotion without piety. It was a religion that prompted him to endow monaſteries, and at the ſame time allowed him to pillage kingdoms; that threw him on his knees before a relic or croſs, but ſuffered him unreſtrained to trample upon the liberties and rights of mankind.

As to his wiſdom in government, of which ſome modern writers have ſpoken very highly, he was indeed ſo far wiſe that, through a long unquiet reign, he knew how to ſupport oppreſſion by terror, and employ the propereſt means for the carrying on a very iniquitous and violent adminiſtration. But that which alone deſerves the name of wiſdom in the character of a king, the maintaining of authority by the exerciſe of thoſe virtues which make the happineſs of his people, was what, with all his abilities, he does not appear to have poſſeſſed. Nor did he excel in thoſe ſoothing and popular arts, which ſometimes change the complexion of a tyranny, and give it a fallacious appearance of freedom. His government was harſh and deſpotic, violating even the principles of that conſtitution which he himſelf had eſtabliſhed. Yet ſo far he performed the duty of a ſovereign, that he took care to maintain a good police in his realm; curbing licentiouſneſs with a ſtrong hand, which, in the tumultuous ſtate of his government, was a great and difficult work. How well he performed it we may learn even from the teſtimony of a contemporary Saxon hiſtorian, who ſays, that during his reign a man might have travelled in perfect ſecurity all over the kingdom with his boſom full of gold, nor durſt any kill another in revenge of the greateſt offences, nor offer violence to the chaſtity of a woman. But it was a poor compenſation, that the highways were ſafe, when the courts of juſtice were dens of thieves, and when almoſt every man in authority, or in office, uſed his power to oppreſs and pillage the people. The king himſelf did not only tolerate, but encourage, ſup-

port, and even share these extortions. Though the greatness of the ancient landed estate of the crown, and the feudal profits to which he legally was entitled, rendered him one of the richest monarchs in Europe, he was not content with all that opulence, but by authorizing the sheriffs, who collected his revenues in the several counties, to practise the most grievous vexations and abuses, for the raising of them higher, by a perpetual auction of the crown lands, so that none of his tenants could be secure of possession, if any other would come and offer more; by various iniquities in the court of exchequer, which was entirely Norman; by forfeitures wrongfully taken; and, lastly, by arbitrary and illegal taxations, he drew into his treasury much too great a proportion of the wealth of his kingdom.

It must however be owned, that if his avarice was insatiably and unjustly rapacious, it was not meanly parsimonious, nor of that sordid kind which brings on a prince dishonour and contempt. He supported the dignity of his crown with a decent magnificence; and though he never was lavish, he sometimes was liberal, more especially to his soldiers and to the church. But looking on money as a necessary means of maintaining and increasing power, he desired to accumulate as much as he could, rather, perhaps, from an ambitious than a covetous nature; at least his avarice was subservient to his ambition, and he laid up wealth in his coffers, as he did arms in his magazines, to be drawn out, when any proper occasion required it, for the defence and enlargement of his dominions.

Upon the whole, he had many great qualities, but few virtues; and if those actions that most particularly distinguish the man or the king are impartially considered, we shall find that in his character there is much to admire, but still more to abhor. *Lyttelton.*

§ 27. *The Character of* William Rufus.

The memory of this monarch is transmitted to us with little advantage by the churchmen, whom he had offended; and though we may suspect in general that their account of his vices is somewhat exaggerated, his conduct affords little reason for contradicting the character which they have assigned him, or for attributing to him any very estimable qualities: he seems to have been a violent and tyrannical prince; a perfidious, encroaching, and dangerous neighbour; an unkind and ungenerous relation. He was equally prodigal and rapacious in the management of the treasury; and, if he possessed abilities, he lay so much under the government of impetuous passions, that he made little use of them in his administration; and he indulged intirely the domineering policy which suited his temper, and which, if supported, as it was in him, with courage and vigour, proves often more successful in disorderly times, than the deepest foresight and most refined artifice. The monuments which remain of this prince in England are, the Tower, Westminster-Hall, and London Bridge, which he built. Died August 2, 1100, aged 40. *Hume.*

§ 28. *Another Character of* William Rufus.

Thus fell William *, surnamed Rufus, from his red hair and florid complexion, after he had lived four-and-forty years, and reigned

* By the hand of Tyrrel, a French gentleman, remarkable for his address in archery, attending him in the recreation of hunting, as William had dismounted after a chace. Tyrrel, impatient to shew his dexterity, let fly at a stag which suddenly started before him; the arrow glancing from a tree, struck the king in his breast, and instantly slew him.

near

near thirteen; during which time he oppreſſed his people in every form of tyranny and inſult. He was equally void of learning, principle, and honour; haughty, paſſionate, and ungrateful; a ſcoffer at religion, a ſcourge to the clergy; vain-glorious, talkative, rapacious, laviſh, and diſſolute; and an inveterate enemy to the Engliſh, though he owed his crown to their valour and fidelity, when the Norman lords intended to expel him from the throne. In return for this inſtance of their loyalty, he took *all* opportunities to fleece and enſlave them; and at one time impriſoned fifty of the beſt families in the kingdom, on pretence of killing his deer; ſo that they were compelled to purchaſe their liberty at the expence of their wealth, though not before they had undergone the *fiery ordeal*. He lived in a ſcandalous commerce with proſtitutes, profeſſing his contempt for marriage; and, having no legitimate iſſue, the crown devolved to his brother Henry, who was ſo intent upon the ſucceſſion, that he paid very little regard to the funeral of the deceaſed king. *Smollett.*

§ 29. *Character of* HENRY I.

This prince was one of the moſt accompliſhed that has filled the Engliſh throne; and poſſeſſed all the qualities both of body and mind, natural and acquired, which could fit him for the high ſtation to which he attained: his perſon was manly; his countenance engaging; his eyes clear, ſerene, and penetrating. The affability of his addreſs encouraged thoſe who might be overawed by the ſenſe of his dignity or his wiſdom; and though he often indulged his facetious humour, he knew how to temper it with diſcretion, and ever kept at a diſtance from all indecent familiarities with his courtiers. His ſuperior eloquence and judgment would have given him an aſcendant, even if he had been born in a private ſtation; and his perſonal bravery would have procured him reſpect, even though it had been leſs ſupported by art and policy. By his great progreſs in literature he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc*, or the Scholar; but his application to ſedentary purſuits abated nothing of the activity and vigilance of his government: and though the learning of that age was better fitted to corrupt than improve the underſtanding; his natural good ſenſe preſerved itſelf untainted both from the pedantry and ſuperſtition which were then ſo prevalent among men of letters. His temper was very ſuſceptible of the ſentiments as well of friendſhip as reſentment; and his ambition, though high, might be eſteemed moderate, had not his conduct towards his brother ſhewed, that he was too much diſpoſed to ſacrifice to it all the maxims of juſtice and equity. Died December 1, 1135, aged 67, having reigned 35 years. *Hume.*

§ 30. *Another Character of* HENRY I.

Henry was of a middle ſtature and robuſt make, with dark brown hair, and blue ſerene eyes. He was facetious, fluent, and affable to his favourites. His capacity, naturally good, was improved and cultivated in ſuch a manner, that he acquired the name of *Beau Clerc* by his learning. He was cool, cautious, politic, and penetrating; his courage was unqueſtioned, and his fortitude invincible. He was vindictive, cruel, and implacable, inexorable to offenders, rigid and ſevere in the execution of juſtice; and, though temperate in his diet, a voluptuary in his amours, which produced a numerous family of illegitimate iſſue. His Norman de-

scent and connections with the continent inspired him with a contempt for the English, whom he oppressed in the most tyrannical manner. *Smollett.*

§ 31. *Character of* STEPHEN.

England suffered great miseries during the reign of this prince: but his personal character, allowing for the temerity and injustice of his usurpation, appears not liable to any great exception; and he seems to have been well qualified, had he succeeded by a just title, to have promoted the happiness and prosperity of his subjects. He was possessed of industry, activity, and courage, to a great degree; was not deficient in ability, had the talent of gaining men's affections; and, notwithstanding his precarious situation, never indulged himself in the exercise of any cruelty or revenge. His advancement to the throne procured him neither tranquillity nor happiness. Died 1154. *Hume.*

§ 32. *Another Character of* STEPHEN.

Stephen was a prince of great courage, fortitude, and activity, and might have reigned with the approbation of his people, had he not been harrassed by the efforts of a powerful competitor, which obliged him to take such measures for his safety as were inconsistent with the dictates of honour, which indeed his ambition prompted him to forego, in his first endeavours to ascend the throne. His necessities afterwards compelled him to infringe the charter of privileges he granted at his accession; and he was instigated by his jealousy and resentment to commit the most flagrant outrages against gratitude and sound policy. His vices, as a king, seem to have been the effect of troubles in which he was involved; for, as a man, he was brave, open, and liberal; and, during the short calm that succeeded the tempest of his reign, he made a progress through his kingdom, published an edict to restrain all rapine and violence, and disbanded the foreign mercenaries who had preyed so long on his people.

Smollett.

§ 33. *Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died, in the 58th year of his age, and thirty-fifth of his reign, the greatest prince of his time for wisdom, virtue, and ability, and the most powerful in extent of dominion, of all those that had ever filled the throne of England. His character, both in public and private life, is almost without a blemish; and he seems to have possessed every accomplishment, both of body and mind, which makes a man estimable or amiable. He was of a middle stature, strong, and well proportioned; his countenance was lively and engaging; his conversation affable, and entertaining; his elocution easy, persuasive, and ever at command. He loved peace, but possessed both conduct and bravery in war; was provident without timidity; severe in the execution of justice without rigour; and temperate without austerity. He preserved health, and kept himself from corpulency, to which he was somewhat inclined, by an abstemious diet, and by frequent exercise, particularly by hunting. When he could enjoy leisure, he recreated himself in learned conversation, or in reading; and he cultivated his natural talents by study, above any prince of his time. His affections, as well as his enmities, were warm and durable; and his long experience of ingratitude and infidelity of men never destroyed the natural sensibility of his temper, which disposed him to friendship and society. His character has been transmitted to us by

by many writers who were his contemporaries; and it resembles extremely, in its most remarkable strokes, that of his maternal grandfather, Henry I. excepting only that ambition, which was a ruling passion in both, found not in the first Henry such unexceptionable means of exerting itself, and pushed that prince into measures which were both criminal in themselves, and were the cause of further crimes, from which his grandson's conduct was happily exempted. Died 1189. *Hume.*

§ 34. *Another Character of* HENRY II.

Thus died Henry in the fifty-seventh year of his age (Hume says 58) and thirty-fifth of his reign, in the course of which he had, on sundry occasions, displayed all the abilities of a politician, all the sagacity of a legislator, and all the magnanimity of a hero. He lived revered above all the princes of his time; and his death was deeply lamented by his subjects, whose happiness seems to have been the chief aim of all his endeavours. He not only enacted wholesome laws, but saw them executed with great punctuality. He was generous, even to admiration, with regard to those who committed offences against his own person; but he never forgave the injuries that were offered to his people, for atrocious crimes were punished severely without respect of persons. He was of a middle stature, and the most exact proportion; his countenance was round, fair, and ruddy; his blue eyes were mild and engaging, except in a transport of passion, when they sparkled like lightning, to the terror of the beholders. He was broad-chested, strong, muscular, and inclined to be corpulent, though he prevented the bad effects of this disposition by hard exercise and continual fatigue; he was temperate in his meals, even to a degree of abstinence, and seldom or ever sat down, except at supper; he was eloquent, agreeable, and facetious; remarkably courteous and polite; compassionate to all in distress; so charitable, that he constantly allotted one tenth of his household provisions to the poor, and in time of dearth he maintained ten thousand indigent persons, from the beginning of spring till the end of autumn. His talents, naturally good, he had cultivated with great assiduity, and delighted in the conversation of learned men, to whom he was a generous benefactor. His memory was so surprisingly tenacious, that he never forgot a face nor a circumstance that was worth remembering. Though superior to his contemporaries in strength, riches, true courage, and military skill; he never engaged in war without reluctance, and was so averse to bloodshed, that he expressed an uncommon grief at the loss of every private soldier: yet he was not exempt from human frailties; his passions, naturally violent, often hurried him to excess; he was prone to anger, transported with the lust of power, and particularly accused of incontinence, not only in the affair of Rosamond, whom he is said to have concealed in a labyrinth at Woodstock, from the jealous enquiry of his wife, but also in a supposed commerce with the French princess Adalais, who was bred in England as the future wife of his son Richard. This infamous breach of honour and hospitality, if he was actually guilty, is the foulest stain upon his character; though the fact is doubtful, and we hope the charge untrue. *Smollett.*

§ 35. *Character of* RICHARD I.

The most shining part of this prince's character was his military talents; no man ever in

in that romantic age carried courage and intrepidity to a greater height; and this quality gained him the appellation of the *lion-hearted, cœur de lion*. He passionately loved glory; and as his conduct in the field was not inferior to his valour, he seems to have possessed every talent necessary for acquiring it: his resentments also were high, his pride unconquerable, and his subjects, as well as his neighbours, had therefore reason to apprehend, from the continuance of his reign, a perpetual scene of blood and violence. Of an impetuous and vehement spirit, he was distinguished by all the good as well as the bad qualities which are incident to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere, and brave; he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty, and cruel, and was thus better calculated to dazzle men by the splendour of his enterprizes, than either to promote their happiness, or his own grandeur by a sound and well-regulated policy. As military talents make great impression on the people, he seems to have been much beloved by his English subjects; and he is remarked to have been the first prince of the Norman line who bore a sincere affection and regard for them. He passed, however, only four months of his reign in that kingdom: the crusade employed him near three years: he was detained about four months in captivity; the rest of his reign was spent either in war, or preparations for war against France: and he was so pleased with the fame which he had acquired in the East, that he seemed determined, notwithstanding all his past misfortunes, to have further exhausted his kingdom, and to have exposed himself to new hazards, by conducting another expedition against the infidels. Died April 6, 1199, aged 42. Reigned ten years. *Hume.*

§ 36. *Another Character of* Richard I.

This renowned prince was tall, strong, straight, and well-proportioned. His arms were remarkably long, his eyes blue, and full of vivacity; his hair was of a yellowish colour; his countenance fair and comely, and his air majestic. He was endowed with good natural understanding; his penetration was uncommon; he possessed a fund of manly eloquence; his conversation was spirited, and he was admired for his talents of repartee; as for his courage and ability in war, both Europe and Asia resound with his praise. The Saracens stilled their children with the terror of his name; and Saladine, who was an accomplished prince, admired his valour to such a degree of enthusiasm, that immediately after Richard had defeated him on the plains of Joppa, he sent him a couple of fine Arabian horses, in token of his esteem; a polite compliment, which Richard returned with magnificent presents. These are the shining parts of his character, which, however, cannot dazzle the judicious observer so much, but that he may perceive a number of blemishes, which no historian has been able to efface from the memory of this celebrated monarch. His ingratitude and want of filial affection are unpardonable. He was proud, haughty, ambitious, choleric, cruel, vindictive, and debauched; nothing could equal his rapaciousness but his profusion, and, indeed, the one was the effect of the other; he was a tyrant to his wife, as well as to his people, who groaned under his taxations to such a degree, that even the glory of his victories did not exempt him from their execrations; in a word, he has been aptly compared to a lion, a species of animals which he resembled not only in courage, but likewise in ferocity. *Smollett.*

§ 37.

§ 37. *Character* of John.

The character of this prince is nothing but a complication of vices, equally mean and odious, ruinous to himself, and destructive to his people: cowardice, inactivity, folly, levity, licentiousness, ingratitude, treachery, tyranny, and cruelty; all these qualities too evidently appear in the several incidents of his life, to give us room to suspect, that the disagreeable picture has been anywise overcharged by the prejudice of the ancient historians. It is hard to say, whether his conduct to his father, his brother, his nephew, or his subjects, was most culpable; or whether his crimes in these respects were not even exceeded by the baseness which appeared in his transactions with the king of France, the pope, and the barons. His dominions, when they devolved to him by the death of his brother, were more extensive than have ever since his time been ruled by any English monarch. But he first lost, by his misconduct, the flourishing provinces in France; the ancient patrimony of his family. He subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage, under the see of Rome; he saw the prerogatives of his crown diminished by law, and still more reduced by faction; and he died at last when in danger of being totally expelled by a foreign power, and of either ending his life miserably in a prison, or seeking shelter as a fugitive from the pursuit of his enemies.

The prejudices against this prince were so violent, that he was believed to have sent an embassy to the emperor of Morocco, and to have offered to change his religion and become Mahometan, in order to purchase the protection of that monarch; but, though that story is told us on plausible authority, it is in itself utterly improbable, except that there is nothing so incredible as may not become likely from the folly and wickedness of John. Died 1216. *Hume.*

§ 38. *Another Character of* John.

John was in his person taller than the middle size, of a good shape and agreeable countenance; with respect to his disposition, it is strongly delineated in the transactions of his reign. If his understanding was contemptible, his heart was the object of detestation; we find him slothful, shallow, proud, imperious, cowardly, libidinous, and inconstant, abject in adversity, and overbearing in success; contemned and hated by his subjects, over whom he tyrannized to the utmost of his power; abhorred by the clergy, whom he oppressed with exactions; and despised by all the neighbouring princes of Europe: though he might have passed through life without incurring such a load of odium and contempt, had not his reign been perplexed by the turbulence of his barons, the rapaciousness of the pope, and the ambition of such a monarch as Philip Augustus; his character could never have afforded one quality that would have exempted him from the disgust and scorn of his people: nevertheless, it must be owned, that his reign is not altogether barren of laudable transactions. He regulated the form of the government in the city of London, and several other places in the kingdom. He was the first who coined sterling money.

Smollett.

§ 39. *Character of* Henry III.

The most obvious circumstance of Henry the Third's character, is his incapacity for government, which rendered him as much a prisoner

in the hands of his own ministers and favourites, and as little at his own disposal, as when detained a captive in the hands of his enemies. From this source, rather than from insincerity and treachery, arose his negligence in observing his promises; and he was too easily induced, for the sake of present convenience, to sacrifice the lasting advantages arising from the trust and confidence of his people. Hence were derived his profusion to favourites, his attachment to strangers, the variableness of his conduct, his hasty resentments, and his sudden forgiveness and return of affection. Instead of reducing the dangerous power of his nobles, by obliging them to observe the laws towards their inferiors, and setting them the salutary example in his own government, he was seduced to imitate their conduct, and to make his arbitrary will, or rather that of his ministers, the rule of his actions.

Instead of accommodating himself by a strict frugality, to the embarrassed situation in which his revenue had been left, by the military expedition of his uncle, the dissipations of his father, and the usurpations of the barons; he was tempted to levy money by irregular exactions, which, without enriching himself, impoverished, or at least disgusted, his people. Of all men, nature seemed least to have fitted him for being a tyrant; yet are there instances of oppression in his reign, which, though derived from the precedents left him by his predecessors, had been carefully guarded against by the great charter; and are inconsistent with all rules of good government: and, on the whole, we may say, that greater abilities, with his good dispositions, would have prevented him from falling into his faults; or, with worse dispositions, would have enabled him to maintain and defend them. Died November 16, 1272, aged 64. Reigned 56 years. *Hume.*

§ 40. *Another Character of* Henry III.

Henry was of a middle size and robust make, and his countenance had a peculiar cast from his left eye-lid, which hung down so far as to cover part of his eye. The particulars of his character may be gathered from the detail of his conduct. He was certainly a prince of very mean talents; irresolute, inconstant, and capricious; proud, insolent, and arbitrary; arrogant in prosperity, and abject in adversity; profuse, rapacious, and choleric, though destitute of liberality, œconomy, and courage; yet his continence was praiseworthy, as well as his aversion to cruelty; for he contented himself with punishing the rebels in their effects, when he might have glutted his revenge with their blood. He was prodigal even to excess, and therefore always in necessity. Notwithstanding the great sums he levied from his subjects, and though his occasions were never so pressing, he could not help squandering away his money upon worthless favourites, without considering the difficulty he always found in obtaining supplies from parliament. *Smollett.*

§ 41. *Character of* Edward I.

The enterprizes finished by this prince, and the projects which he formed, and brought very near to a conclusion, were more prudent and more regularly conducted, and more advantageous to the solid interests of this kingdom, than those which were undertaken in any reign either of his ancestors or successors. He restored authority to the government, disordered by the weakness of his father; he maintained the laws against all the efforts of his turbulent barons; he fully annexed

annexed to the crown the principality of Wales, he took the wiſeſt and moſt effectual meaſures for reducing Scotland to a like condition; and though the equity of this latter enterprize may reaſonably be queſtioned, the circumſtances of the two kingdoms promiſed ſuch ſucceſs, and the advantage was ſo viſible, of uniting the whole iſland under one head, that thoſe who give great indulgence to reaſons of ſtate in the meaſures of princes, will not be apt to regard this part of his conduct with much ſeverity.

But Edward, however exceptionable his character may appear on the head of juſtice, is the model of a politic and warlike king. He poſſeſſed induſtry, penetration, courage, vigour, and enterprize. He was frugal in all expences that were not neceſſary; he knew how to open the public treaſures on proper occaſions; he puniſhed criminals with ſeverity; he was gracious and affable to his ſervants and courtiers; and being of a majeſtic figure, expert at all bodily exerciſe, and in the main well proportioned in his limbs, notwithſtanding the great length of his legs, he was as well qualified to captivate the populace by his exterior appearance, as to gain the approbation of men of ſenſe by his more ſolid virtues. Died July 7, 1307, aged 69. Reigned 35 years, *Hume.*

§ 42. *Another Character of* EDWARD I.

He was a prince of a very dignified appearance, tall in ſtature; regular and comely in his features; with keen piercing eyes, and of an aſpect that commanded reverence and eſteem. His conſtitution was robuſt; his ſtrength and dexterity perhaps unequalled in his kingdom: and his ſhape was unblemiſhed in all other reſpects, but that of his legs, which are ſaid to have been too long in proportion to his body; whence he derived the epithet of *Long Shanks.* In the qualities of his head, he equalled the greateſt monarchs who have ſat on the Engliſh throne. He was cool, penetrating, ſagacious, and circumſpect. The remoteſt corners of the earth ſounded with the fame of his courage; and all over Europe he was conſidered as the flower of chivalry. Nor was he leſs conſummate in his legiſlative capacity, than eminent for his proweſs. He may be ſtyled the Engliſh Juſtinian: for, beſides the excellent ſtatutes that were enacted in his reign, he new-modelled the adminiſtration of juſtice, ſo as to render it more ſure and ſummary; he fixed proper bounds to the courts of juriſdiction; ſettled a new and eaſy method of collecting the revenue, and eſtabliſhed wiſe and effectual methods of preſerving peace and order among his ſubjects. Yet, with all theſe good qualities, he cheriſhed a dangerous ambition, to which he did not ſcruple to ſacrifice the good of his country; witneſs his ruinous war with Scotland, which drained the kingdom of men and money, and gave riſe to that rancorous enmity which proved ſo prejudicial to both nations. Though he is celebrated for his chaſtity and regular deportment, there is not, in the whole courſe of his reign, one inſtance of his liberality and munificence. He had great abilities, but no genius; and was an accompliſhed warrior, without the leaſt ſpark of heroiſm.

Smollett.

§ 43. *Character of* EDWARD II.

It is not eaſy to imagine a man more innocent or inoffenſive than this unhappy king; nor a prince leſs fitted for governing that fierce and turbulent people ſubjected to his authority. He was obliged to devolve on others the weight of government, which he had neither ability

ability nor inclination to bear; the same indolence and want of penetration led him to make choice of ministers and favourites, which were not always best qualified for the trust committed to them. The seditious grandees, pleased with his weakness, and complaining of it, under pretence of attaching his ministers, insulted his person, and invaded his authority; and the impatient populace, ignorant of the source of their grievances, threw all the blame upon the king, and increased the public disorders by their faction and insolence. It was in vain to look for protection from the laws, whose voice, always feeble in those times, was not heard in the din of arms: what could not defend the king, was less able to give shelter to any one of his people; the whole machine of government was torn in pieces, with fury and violence; and men, instead of complaining against the manners of the age, and the form of their constitution, which required the most steady and the most skilful hand to conduct them, imputed all errors to his person who had the misfortune to be intrusted with the reins of empire. Murdered 21 September, 1327. *Hume.*

§ 44. *Another Character of* Edward II.

Thus perished Edward II. after having atoned by his sufferings for all the errors of his conduct. He is said to have resembled his father in the accomplishments of his person, as well as in his countenance: but in other respects he seems only to have inherited the defects of his character; for he was cruel and illiberal, without his valour or capacity. He had levity, indolence, and irresolution, in common with other weak princes; but the distinguishing foible of his character was that unaccountable passion for the reigning favourites, to which he sacrificed every other consideration of policy and convenience, and at last fell a miserable victim. *Smollett.*

§ 45. *Character of* Edward III.

The English are apt to consider with peculiar fondness the history of Edward the Third, and to esteem his reign, as it was one of the longest, the most glorious also, which occurs in the annals of the nation. The ascendant which they began to have over France, their rival and national enemy, makes them cast their eyes on this period with great complacency, and sanctifies every measure which Edward embraced for that end. But the domestic government is really more admirable than his foreign victories; and England enjoyed, by his prudence and vigour of administration, a longer interval of domestic peace and tranquillity, than she had been blest with in any former period, or than she experienced for many years after. He gained the affections of the great, and curbed their licentiousness: he made them feel his power, without their daring, or even being inclined to murmur at it; his affable and obliging behaviour, his munificence and generosity, made them submit with pleasure to his dominion; his valour and conduct made them successful in most of their enterprizes; and their unquiet spirits, directed against a public enemy, had no leisure to breed disturbances, to which they were naturally so much inclined, and which the form of the government seemed so much to authorize. This was the chief benefit which resulted from Edward's victories and conquests. His foreign wars were, in other respects, neither founded in justice, nor directed to any very salutary purpose. His attempt against the king of Scotland, a minor, and a brother-in-law, and the revival of his grandfather's claim of superiority over that kingdom,

kingdom, were both unreasonable and ungenerous: and he allowed himself to be too soon seduced by the glaring prospects of French conquest, from the acquisition of a point which was practicable, and which might really, if attained, have been of lasting utility to his country and to his successors. But the glory of a conqueror is so dazzling to the vulgar, and the animosity of nations so extreme, that the fruitless desolation of so fine a part of Europe as France is totally disregarded by us, and never considered as a blemish in the character or conduct of this prince: and indeed, from the unfortunate state of human nature, it will commonly happen that a sovereign of great genius, such as Edward, who usually finds every thing easy in the domestic government, will turn himself towards military enterprizes, where alone he meets opposition, and where he has full exercise for his industry and capacity. Died 21st of June, aged 65, in the 51st year of his reign. *Hume.*

§ 46. *Another Character of* Edward III.

Edward's constitution had been impaired by the fatigues of his youth: so that he began to feel the infirmities of old age, before they approach the common course of nature: and now he was seized with a malignant fever, attended with eruptions, that soon put a period to his life. When his distemper became so violent, that no hope of his recovery remained, all his attendants forsook him as a bankrupt no longer able to requite their services. The ungrateful Alice, waiting until she perceived him in the agonies of death, was so inhuman as to strip him of his rings and jewels, and leave him without one domestic to close his eyes, and do the last offices to his breathless corse. In this deplorable condition, bereft of comfort and assistance, the mighty Edward lay expiring; when a priest, not quite so savage as the rest of his domestics, approached his bed; and, finding him still breathing, began to administer some comfort to his soul. Edward had not yet lost all perception, when he found himself thus abandoned and forlorn, in the last moments of his life. He was just able to express a deep sense of sorrow and contrition for the errors of his conduct, and died pronouncing the name of Jesus.

Such was the piteous and obscure end of Edward the Third, undoubtedly one of the greatest princes that ever swayed the sceptre of England; whether we respect him as a warrior, a lawgiver, a monarch, or a man. He possessed all the romantic spirit of Alexander; the penetration, the fortitude, the polished manners of Julius; the liberality, the munificence, the wisdom of Augustus Cæsar. He was tall, majestic, finely shaped, with a piercing eye, and aquiline visage. He excelled all his contemporaries in feats of arms, and personal address. He was courteous, affable, and eloquent; of a free deportment, and agreeable conversation; and had the art of commanding the affection of his subjects, without seeming to solicit popularity. The love of glory was certainly the predominant passion of Edward, to the gratification of which he did not scruple to sacrifice the feelings of humanity, the lives of his subjects, and the interests of his country. And nothing could have induced or enabled his people to bear the load of taxes with which they were encumbered in his reign, but the love and admiration of his person, the fame of his victories, and the excellent laws and regulations which the parliament enacted with his advice and concurrence. *Smollett.*

§ 47.

§ 47. *Character of* Richard II.

All the writers who have transmitted to us the history of Richard, composed their works during the reign of the Lancastrian princes; and candour requires that we should not give entire credit to the reproaches which have been thrown upon his memory. But after making all proper abatements, he still appears to have been a weak prince, and unfit for government; less for want of natural parts and capacity, than of solid judgment and good education. He was violent in his temper, profuse in his expences, fond of idle show and magnificence, devoted to favourites, and addicted to pleasure; passions, all of them, the most inconsistent with a prudent œconomy, and consequently dangerous in a limited and mixed government. Had he possessed the talents of gaining, and, still more, of overawing his great barons, he might have escaped all the misfortunes of his reign, and been allowed to carry much further his oppressions over his people, if he really was guilty of any, without their daring to rebel, or even murmur, against him. But when the grandees were tempted, by his want of prudence and rigour, to resist his authority, and execute the most violent enterprizes upon him, he was naturally led to seek for an opportunity of retaliation; justice was neglected; the lives of the chief nobility sacrificed; and all these evils seem to have proceeded more from a settled design of establishing arbitrary power, than from the insolence of victory, and the necessities of the king's situation. The manners, indeed, of the age, were the chief sources of such violence; laws, which were feebly executed in peaceable times, lost all their authority in public convulsions. Both parties were alike guilty; or, if any difference may be remarked between them, we shall find the authority of the crown, being more legal, was commonly carried, when it prevailed, to less desperate extremities than those of aristocracy *. *Hume.*

§ 48. *Another Character of* Richard II.

Such was the last conclusion of Richard II. a weak, vain, frivolous, inconstant prince; without weight to balance the scales of government, without discernment to choose a good ministry; without virtue to oppose the measures, or advice, of evil counsellors, even where they happened to clash with his own principles and opinion. He was a dupe to flattery, a slave to ostentation, and not more apt to give up his reason to the suggestion of sycophants, and vicious ministers, than to sacrifice those ministers to his safety. He was idle, profuse, and profligate; and, though brave by starts, naturally pusillanimous, and irresolute. His pride and resentment prompted him to cruelty and breach of faith; while his necessities obliged him to fleece his people, and degrade the dignity of his character and situation. Though we find none of his charities on record, all his historians agree, that he excelled all his predecessors in state hospitality, and fed a thousand every day from his kitchen. *Smollett.*

§ 49. *Another Character of* Richard II.

Richard of Bourdeaux (so called from the place of his birth) was remarkably beautiful, and handsome in his person; and doth not seem to be naturally defective, either in courage or understanding. For on some occa-

* He was starved to death in prison, or murdered, after having been dethroned, A. D. 1399, in the year of his age 34: of his reign 23.

sions,

sions, particularly in the dangerous insurrections of the crown, he acted with a degree of spirit and prudence superior to his years. But his education was miserably neglected; or, rather, he was intentionally corrupted and debauched by three ambitious uncles, who, being desirous of retaining the management of his affairs, encouraged him to spend his time in the company of dissolute young people of both sexes, in a continual course of feasting and dissipation. By this means, he contracted a taste for pomp and pleasure, and a dislike to business. The greatest foible in the character of this unhappy prince was an excessive fondness for, and unbounded liberality to his favourites, which enraged his uncles, particularly the duke of Gloucester, and disgusted such of the nobility as did not partake of his bounty. He was an affectionate husband, a generous master, and a faithful friend; and if he had received a proper education, might have proved a great and good king. *Henry.*

§ 50. *Character of* HENRY IV.

The great popularity which Henry enjoyed before he attained the crown, and which had so much aided him in the acquisition of it, was entirely lost, many years before the end of his reign, and he governed the people more by terror than affection, more by his own policy than their sense of duty and allegiance. When men came to reflect in cold blood on the crimes which led him to the throne; and the rebellion against his prince; the deposition of a lawful king, guilty sometimes of oppression, but more frequently of imprudences; the exclusion of the true heir; the murder of his sovereign and near relation; these were such enormities, as drew on him the hatred of his subjects, sanctified all the rebellions against him, and made the executions, though not remarkably severe, which he found necessary for the maintenance of his authority, appear cruel as well as iniquitous to his people. Yet, without pretending to apologize for these crimes, which must ever be held in detestation, it may be remarked, that he was insensibly led into this blameable conduct, by a train of incidents, which few men possess virtue enough to withstand. The injustice with which his predecessor had treated him, in first condemning him to banishment, and then despoiling him of his patrimony, made him naturally think of revenge, and of recovering his lost rights; the headstrong zeal of the people hurried him into the throne, the care of his own security, as well as his ambition, made him an usurper; and the steps have always been so few between the prisons of princes and their graves, that we need not wonder that Richard's fate was no exception to the general rule. All these considerations made the king's situation, if he retained any sense of virtue, very much to be lamented; and the inquietudes, with which he possessed his envied greatness, and the remorses by which, it is said, he was continually haunted, rendered him an object of our pity, even when seated upon the throne. But it must be owned, that his prudence, vigilance, and foresight in maintaining his power, were admirable; his command of temper remarkable; his courage, both military and political, without blemish: and he possessed many qualities, which fitted him for his high station, and which rendered his usurpation of it, though pernicious in after-times, rather salutary during his own reign, to the English nation. *Hume.*

Died 1413. Aged 43.

§ 51.

§ 51. *Another Character of* HENRY IV.

Henry IV. was of a middle ſtature, well proportioned, and perfect in all the exerciſes of arms and chivalry; his countenance was ſevere, rather than ſerene, and his diſpoſition ſour, ſullen, and reſerved: he poſſeſſed a great ſhare of courage, fortitude, and penetration; was naturally imperious, though he bridled his temper with a great deal of caution; ſuperſtitious though without the leaſt tincture of virtue and true religion; and meanly parſimonious, though juſtly cenſured for want of œconomy, and ill-judged profuſion. He was tame from caution, humble from fear, cruel from policy, and rapacious from indigence. He roſe to the throne by perfidy and treaſon; and eſtabliſhed his authority in the blood of his ſubjects, and died a penitent for his ſins, becauſe he could no longer enjoy the fruit of his tranſgreſſions.

Smollett.

§ 52. *Character of* HENRY V.

This prince poſſeſſed many eminent virtues; and, if we give indulgence to ambition in a monarch, or rank it, as the vulgar do, among his virtues, they were unſtained by any conſiderable blemiſh; his abilities appeared equally in the cabinet and in the field: the boldneſs of his enterprizes was no leſs remarkable than his perſonal valour in conducting them. He had the talent of attaching his friends by affability, and gaining his enemies by addreſs and clemency.

The Engliſh, dazzled by the luſtre of his character, ſtill more by that of his victories, were reconciled to the defects of his title. The French almoſt forgot he was an enemy; and his care of maintaining juſtice in his civil adminiſtration, and preſerving diſcipline in his armies, made ſome amends to both nations for the calamities inſeparable from thoſe wars in which his ſhort reign was almoſt occupied. That he could forgive the Earl of Marche, who had a better right to the throne than himſelf, is a ſure proof of his magnanimity; and that the earl relied ſo on his friendſhip, is no leſs a proof of his eſtabliſhed character for candour and ſincerity.

There remain, in hiſtory, few inſtances of ſuch mutual truſt; and ſtill fewer, where neither found reaſon to repent it.

The exterior figure of this great prince, as well as his deportment, was engaging. His ſtature was ſomewhat above the middle ſize; his countenance beautiful, his limbs genteel and ſlender, but full of vigour; and he excelled in all warlike and manly exerciſes.

Hume.

Died 31ſt Auguſt, 1422: in the year of his age 34; of his reign, the 10th.

§ 53. *Another Character of* HENRY V.

Henry was tall and ſlender, with a long neck, and engaging aſpect, and limbs of the moſt elegant turn. He excelled all the youth of that age, in agility, and the exerciſe of arms; was hardy, patient, laborious, and more capable of enduring cold, hunger, and fatigue, than any individual in his army. His valour was ſuch as no danger could ſtartle, and no difficulty oppoſe; nor was his policy inferior to his courage.

He managed the diſſenſions among his enemies with ſuch addreſs, as ſpoke him conſummate in the arts of the cabinet. He fomented their jealouſy, and converted their mutual reſentment to his own advantage.

Henry poſſeſſed a ſelf-taught genius, that blazed out at once, without the aid of inſtruction and experience; and a fund of natural ſagacity,

sagacity, that made ample amends for all these defects. He was chaste, temperate, moderate and devout, scrupulously just in his administration, and severely exact in the discipline of his army; upon which he knew his glory and success, in a great measure, depended. In a word, it must be owned, he was without an equal in the arts of war, policy, and government. But we cannot be so far dazzled with his great qualities, as to overlook the defects in his character. His pride and imperious temper lost him the hearts of the French nobility, and frequently fell out into outrage and abuse; as at the siege of Melun, when he treated the Marechal l'Isle d'Adam with the utmost indignity, although that nobleman had given him no other offence, than that of coming into his presence in plain decent apparel.

Smollett.

§ 54. Hume's *Account of* Henry VI. *(for there is no regular Character of this Prince given by this Historian) is expressed in the following Manner.*

In this manner finished the reign of Henry VI. who, while yet in his cradle, had been proclaimed king both of France and England, and who began his life with the most splendid prospects which any prince in Europe had ever enjoyed. The revolution was unhappy for his people, as it was the source of civil wars; but was almost entirely indifferent to Henry himself, who was utterly incapable of exercising his authority, and who, provided he met perpetually with good usage, was equally easy; as he was equally enslaved, in the hands of his enemies and of his friends. His weakness, and his disputed title, were the chief causes of his public misfortunes: but whether his queen and his ministers were not guilty of some great abuses of power, it is not easy for us, at this distance of time, to determine. There remain no proofs on record of any considerable violation of the laws, except in the death of the duke of Gloucester, which was a private crime, formed no precedent, and was but too much of a piece with the usual ferocity and cruelty of the times.

§ 55. Smollett's *Account of the Death* of Henry VI. *with some Strictures of Character, is as follows.*

This insurrection * in all probability hastened the death of the unfortunate Henry, who was found dead in the Tower, in which he had been confined since the restoration of Edward. The greater part of historians have alledged that he was assassinated by the duke of Gloucester, who was a prince of the most brutal disposition; while some moderns, from an affectation of singularity, affirm that Henry died of grief and vexation. This, no doubt, might have been the case; and it must be owned, that nothing appears in history, from which either Edward or Richard could be convicted of having contrived or perpetrated his murder: but, at the same time, we must observe some concurring circumstances that amount to strong presumption against the reigning monarch. Henry was of a hale constitution, but just turned of fifty, naturally insensible of affliction, and hackneyed in the vicissitudes of fortune, so that one would not expect he should have died of age and infirmity, or that his life would have been affected by grief arising from his last disaster. His sudden death was suspicious, as well as the conjuncture at which he died, immediately after the suppression of a rebellion, which seemed to declare

* Revolt of the bastard of Falconbridge,

that

that Edward would never be quiet, while the head of the houſe of Lancaſter remained alive: and laſtly, the ſuſpicion is confirmed by the characters of the reigning king and his brother Richard, who were bloody, barbarous, and unrelenting. Very different was the diſpoſition of the ill-fated Henry, who, without any princely virtue or qualification, was totally free from cruelty or revenge: on the contrary, he could not, without reluctance, conſent to the puniſhment of thoſe malefactors who were ſacrificed to the public ſafety; and frequently ſuſtained indignities of the groſſeſt nature, without diſcovering the leaſt mark of reſentment. He was chaſte, pious, compaſſionate, and charitable; and ſo inoffenſive, that the biſhop, who was his confeſſor for ten years, declares, that in all that time he had never committed any ſin that required penance or rebuke. In a word, he would have adorned a cloiſter, though he diſgraced a crown; and was rather reſpectable for thoſe vices he wanted, than for thoſe virtues he poſſeſſed. He founded the colleges of Eaton and Windſor, and King's College, in Cambridge, for the reception of thoſe ſcholars who had begun their ſtudies at Eaton.

On the morning that ſucceeded his death, his body was expoſed at St. Paul's church, in order to prevent unfavourable conjectures, and, next day, ſent by water to the abbey of Chertſey, where he was interred; but it was afterwards removed, by order of Richard III. to Windſor, and there buried with great funeral ſolemnity.

§ 56. *Character of* Edward IV.

Edward IV. was a prince more ſplendid and ſhewy, than either prudent or virtuous; brave, though cruel; addicted to pleaſure, though capable of activity in great emergencies; and leſs fitted to prevent ills by wiſe precautions, than to remedy them after they took place, by his vigour and enterprize.

Hume.

§ 57. *Another Character of* Edward IV.

He was a prince of the moſt elegant perſon and inſinuating addreſs; endowed with the utmoſt fortitude and intrepidity; poſſeſſed of uncommon ſagacity and penetration; but, like all his anceſtors, was brutally cruel and vindictive, perfidious, lewd, perjured, and rapacious; without one liberal thought, without one ſentiment of humanity. *Smollett.*

§ 58. *Another Character of* Edward IV.

When Edward aſcended the throne, he was one of the handſomeſt men in England, and perhaps in Europe. His noble mien, his free and eaſy way, his affable carriage, won the hearts of all at firſt ſight. Theſe qualities gained him eſteem and affection, which ſtood him in great ſtead in ſeveral circumſtances of his life. For ſome time he was exceeding liberal; but at length he grew covetous, not ſo much from his natural temper, as out of a neceſſity to bear the immediate expences which his pleaſures ran him into.

Though he had a great deal of wit, and a ſound judgment, he committed, however, ſeveral overſights. But the crimes Edward is moſt juſtly charged with, are his cruelty, perjury, and incontinence. The firſt appears in the great number of princes and lords he put to death, on the ſcaffold, after he had taken them in battle. If there ever was reaſon to ſhew mercy in caſe of rebellion, it was at that fatal time, when it was almoſt impoſſible to ſtand neuter, and ſo difficult to chuſe the

the juſteſt ſide between the two houſes that were contending for the crown.

And yet we do not ſee that Edward had any regard to that conſideration. As for Edward's incontinence, one may ſay, that his whole life was one continued ſcene of exceſs that way; he had abundance of miſtreſſes, but eſpecially three, of whom he ſaid, that one was the merrieſt, the other the wittieſt, and the other the holieſt in the world, ſince ſhe would not ſtir from the church but when he ſent for her.—What is moſt aſtoniſhing in the life of this prince is his good fortune, which ſeemed to be prodigious.

He was raiſed to the throne, after the loſs of two battles, one by the duke his father, the other by the Earl of Warwick, who was devoted to the houſe of York. The head of the father was ſtill upon the walls of York, when the ſon was proclaimed in London.

Edward eſcaped, as it were, by miracle, out of his confinement at Middleham. He was reſtored to the throne, or at leaſt received into London, at his return from Holland, before he had overcome, and whilſt his fortune yet depended upon the iſſue of a battle which the Earl of Warwick was ready to give him. In a word, he was ever victorious in all the battles wherein he fought in perſon. Edward died the 9th of April, in the 42d year of his age, after a reign of twenty-two years and one month. *Rapin.*

§ 59. EDWARD V.

Immediately after the death of the fourth Edward, his ſon was proclaimed king of England, by the name of Edward V. though that young prince was but juſt turned of twelve years of age, never received the crown, nor exerciſed any function of royalty; ſo that the interval between the death of his father, and the uſurpation of his uncle, the Duke of Glouceſter, afterwards Richard III. was properly an interregnum, during which the uncle took his meaſures for wreſting the crown from his nephew.

§ 60. *Character of* RICHARD III.

Thoſe hiſtorians who favour Richard, for even *He* has met partizans among later writers, maintain that he was well qualified for government, had he legally obtained it; and that he committed no crimes but ſuch as were neceſſary to procure him poſſeſſion of the crown: but this is a very poor apology, when it is confeſſed, that he was ready to commit the moſt horrid crimes which appeared neceſſary for that purpoſe; and it is certain that all his courage and capacity, qualities in which he really ſeems not to have been deficient, would never have made compenſation to the people, for the danger of the precedent, and for the contagious example of vice and murder, exalted upon the throne. This prince was of ſmall ſtature, hump-backed, and had a very harſh diſagreeable viſage; ſo that his body was in every particular no leſs deformed than his mind. *Hume.*

§ 61. *Another Character of* RICHARD III.

Such was the end * of Richard III. the moſt cruel, unrelenting tyrant that ever ſat on the throne of England. He ſeems to have been an utter ſtranger to the ſofter emotions of the human heart, and entirely deſtitute of every ſocial enjoyment. His ruling paſſion was ambition; for the gratification of which he trampled upon every law, both human and divine; but this thirſt of dominion was unattended with the leaſt work of generoſity, or any

* Slain at the battle of Boſworth.

desire of rendering himself agreeable to his fellow-creatures: it was the ambition of a savage, not of a prince; for he was a solitary king, altogether detached from the rest of mankind, and incapable of that satisfaction which results from private friendship and disinterested society. We must acknowledge, however, that after his accession to the throne, his administration in general was conducted by the rules of justice; that he enacted salutary laws, and established wise regulations; and that, if his reign had been protracted, he might have proved an excellent king to the English nation. He was dark, silent, and reserved, and so much master of dissimulation, that it was almost impossible to dive into his real sentiments, when he wanted to conceal his designs. His stature was small, his aspect cloudy, severe, and forbidding: one of his arms was withered, and one shoulder higher than another, from which circumstance of deformity he acquired the epithet of Crook-backed. *Smollett.*

§ 62. *Character of* Henry VII.

The reign of Henry VII. was in the main fortunate for his people at home, and honourable abroad. He put an end to the civil wars with which the nation had been so long harrassed; he maintained peace and order to the state; he depressed the former exorbitant power of the nobility; and, together with the friendship of some foreign princes, he acquired the consideration and regard of all.

He loved peace, without fearing war; though agitated with criminal suspicions of his servants and ministers, he discovered no timidity, either in the conduct of his affairs, or in the day of battle; and, though often severe in his punishments, he was commonly less actuated by revenge than by the maxims of policy.

The services which he rendered his people were derived from his views of private interest, rather than the motives of public spirit; and where he deviated from selfish regards, it was unknown to himself, and ever from malignant prejudices, or the mean projects of avarice; not from the sallies of passion, or allurements of pleasure; still less from the benign motives of friendship and generosity.

His capacity was excellent, but somewhat contracted by the narrowness of his heart; he possessed insinuation and address, but never employed these talents except some great point of interest was to be gained; and while he neglected to conciliate the affections of his people, he often felt the danger of resting his authority on their fear and reverence alone. He was always extremely attentive to his affairs; but possessed not the faculty of seeing far into futurity; and was more expert at promoting a remedy for his mistakes, than judicious in avoiding them. Avarice was on the whole his ruling passion; and he remained an instance almost singular, of a man placed in a high station, and possessed of talents for great affairs, in whom that passion predominated above ambition. Even among private persons, avarice is nothing but a species of ambition, and is chiefly incited by the prospect of that regard, distinction, and consideration, which attends on riches.

Died April 12th, 1509, aged 52, having reigned 23 years. *Hume.*

§ 63. *Another Character of* Henry VII.

Henry was tall, straight, and well-shaped, though slender; of a grave aspect, and saturnine complexion; austere in his dress, and reserved in conversation, except when he had a favourite

a favourite point to carry; and then he would fawn, flatter, and practiſe all the arts of inſinuation. He inherited a natural fond of ſagacity, which was improved by ſtudy and experience; nor was he deficient in perſonal bravery and political courage. He was cool, cloſe, cunning, dark, diſtruſtful, and deſigning; and of all the princes who had ſat on the Engliſh throne, the moſt ſordid, ſelfiſh, and ignorant. He poſſeſſed, in a peculiar manner, the art of turning all his domeſtic troubles, and all his foreign diſputes, to his own advantage; hence he acquired the appellation of the Engliſh Solomon; and all the powers of the continent courted his alliance, on account of his wealth, wiſdom, and uninterrupted proſperity.

The nobility he excluded entirely from the adminiſtration of public affairs, and employed clergymen and lawyers, who, as they had no intereſt in the nation, and depended entirely upon his favour, were more obſequious to his will, and ready to concur in all his arbitrary meaſures. At the ſame time it muſt be owned, he was a wiſe legiſlator; chaſte, temperate, and aſſiduous in the exerciſe of religious duties; decent in his deportment, and exact in the adminiſtration of juſtice, when his private intereſt was not concerned; though he frequently uſed religion and juſtice as cloaks for perfidy and oppreſſion. His ſoul was continually actuated by two ruling paſſions, equally baſe and unkingly, namely, the fear of loſing his crown, and the deſire of amaſſing riches: and theſe motives influenced his whole conduct. Nevertheleſs, his apprehenſion and avarice redounded, on the whole, to the advantage of the nation. The firſt induced him to depreſs the nobility, and aboliſh the feudal tenures, which rendered them equally formidable to the prince and people; and his avarice prompted him to encourage induſtry and trade, becauſe it improved his cuſtoms, and enriched his ſubjects, whom he could afterwards pillage at diſcretion.

Smollett.

§ 64. *Character of* Henry VIII.

It is difficult to give a juſt ſummary of this prince's qualities; he was ſo different from himſelf in different parts of his reign, that, as is well remarked by Lord Herbert, his hiſtory is his beſt character and deſcription. The abſolute and uncontrouled authority which he maintained at home, and the regard he obtained among foreign nations, are circumſtances which entitle him to the appellation of a great prince; while his tyranny and cruelty ſeem to exclude him from the character of a good one.

He poſſeſſed, indeed, great vigour of mind, which qualified him for exerciſing dominion over men; courage, intrepidity, vigilance, inflexibility; and though theſe qualities lay not always under the guidance of a regular and ſolid judgment, they were accompanied with good parts, and an extenſive capacity; and every one dreaded a conteſt with a man who was never known to yield, or to forgive; and who, in every controverſy, was determined to ruin himſelf, or his antagoniſt.

A catalogue of his vices would comprehend many of the worſt qualities incident to human nature. Violence, cruelty, profuſion, rapacity, injuſtice, obſtinacy, arrogance, bigotry, preſumption, caprice; but neither was he ſubject to all theſe vices in the moſt extreme degree, nor was he at intervals altogether devoid of virtues. He was ſincere, open, gallant, liberal, and capable at leaſt of a temporary friendſhip and attachment. In this reſpect he was unfortunate, that the incidents of his

times ſerved to diſplay his faults in their full light; the treatment he met with from the court of Rome provoked him to violence; the danger of a revolt from his ſuperſtitious ſubjects ſeemed to require the moſt extreme ſeverity. But it muſt at the ſame time be acknowledged, that his ſituation tended to throw an additional luſtre on what was great and magnanimous in his character.

The emulation between the emperor and the French King rendered his alliance, notwithſtanding his impolitic conduct, of great importance to Europe. The extenſive powers of his prerogative, and the ſubmiſſion, not to ſay ſlaviſh diſpoſition of his parliament, made it more eaſy for him to aſſume and maintain that entire dominion, by which his reign is ſo much diſtinguiſhed in Engliſh hiſtory.

It may ſeem a little extraordinary, that notwithſtanding his cruelty, his extortion, his violence, his arbitrary adminiſtration, this prince not only acquired the regard of his ſubjects, but never was the object of their hatred; he ſeems even, in ſome degree, to have poſſeſſed their love and affection. His exterior qualities were advantageous, and fit to captivate the multitude; his magnificence, and perſonal bravery, rendered him illuſtrious to vulgar eyes; and it may be ſaid with truth, that the Engliſh in that age were ſo thoroughly ſubdued, that, like eaſtern ſlaves, they were inclined to admire even thoſe acts of violence and tyranny, which were exerciſed over themſelves, and at their own expence.

Died January 28th, 1547, anno ætatis 57, regni 37. *Hume.*

§ 65. *Another Character of* Henry VIII.

Henry VIII. before he became corpulent, was a prince of a goodly perſonage, and commanding aſpect, rather imperious than dignified. He excelled in all the exerciſes of youth, and poſſeſſed a good underſtanding, which was not much improved by the nature of his education. Inſtead of learning that philoſophy which opens the mind, and extends the qualities of the heart, he was confined to the ſtudy of gloomy and ſcholaſtic diſquiſitions, which ſerved to cramp his ideas, and pervert the faculty of reaſon, qualifying him for the diſputant of a cloiſter, rather than the lawgiver of a people. In the firſt years of his reign, his pride and vanity ſeemed to domineer over all his other paſſions; though from the beginning he was impetuous, headſtrong, impatient of contradiction and advice. He was raſh, arrogant, prodigal, vain-glorious, pedantic, and ſuperſtitious. He delighted in pomp and pageantry, the baubles of a weak mind. His paſſions, ſoothed by adulation, rejected all reſtraint; and as he was an utter ſtranger to the finer feelings of the ſoul, he gratified them at the expence of juſtice and humanity, without remorſe or compunction.

He wreſted the ſupremacy from the biſhop of Rome, partly on conſcientious motives, and partly from reaſons of ſtate and conveniency. He ſuppreſſed the monaſteries, in order to ſupply his extravagance with their ſpoils; but he would not have made thoſe acquiſitions, had they not been productive of advantage to his nobility, and agreeable to the nation in general. He was frequently at war; but the greateſt conqueſt he obtained was over his own parliament and people.—Religious diſputes had divided them into two factions. As he had it in his power to make either ſcale preponderate, each courted his favour with the moſt obſequious ſubmiſſion, and, in trimming the balance, he kept them both in ſubjection. In accuſtoming them to theſe abject compliances, they degenerated

into

into slaves, and he from their prostitution acquired the most despotic authority. He became rapacious, arbitrary, froward, fretful, and so cruel that he seemed to delight in the blood of his subjects.

He never seemed to betray the least symptoms of tenderness in his disposition; and, as we already observed, his kindness to Cranmer was an inconsistence in his character. He seemed to live in defiance of censure, whether ecclesiastical or secular; he died in apprehension of futurity; and was buried at Windsor, with idle processions and childish pageantry, which in those days passed for real taste and magnificence. *Smollett.*

§ 66. *Character of* EDWARD VI.

Thus died Edward VI. in the sixteenth year of his age. He was counted the wonder of his time; he was not only learned in the tongues and the liberal sciences, but he knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a table-book, in which he had written the characters of all the eminent men of the nation: he studied fortification, and understood the mint well. He knew the harbours in all his dominions, with the depth of the water, and way of coming into them. He understood foreign affairs so well, that the ambassadors who were sent into England, published very extraordinary things of him, in all the courts of Europe. He had great quickness of apprehension; but, being distrustful of his memory, he took notes of every thing he heard (that was considerable) in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand what he writ, which he afterwards copied out fair in the journal that he kept. His virtues were wonderful: when he was made to believe that his uncle was guilty of conspiring the death of the other counsellors, he upon that abandoned him.

Barnaby Fitz Patrick was his favourite; and when he sent him to travel, he writ oft to him to keep good company, to avoid excess and luxury; and to improve himself in those things that might render him capable of employment at his return. He was afterwards made Lord of Upper Ossory in Ireland, by Queen Elizabeth, and did answer the hopes this excellent king had of him. He was very merciful in his nature, which appeared in his unwillingness to sign the warrant for burning the maid of Kent. He took great care to have his debts well paid, reckoning that a prince who breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrust, and extreme contempt. He took special care of the petitions that were given him by poor and oppress people. But his great zeal for religion crowned all the rest—it was not an angry heat about it that actuated him, but it was a true tenderness of conscience, founded on the love of God and his neighbour. These extraordinary qualities, set off with great sweetness and affability, made him universally beloved by his people. *Burnet.*

§ 67. *Another Character of* EDWARD VI.

All the English historians dwell with pleasure on the excellencies of this young prince, whom the flattering promises of hope, joined to many real virtues, had made an object of the most tender affections of the public. He possessed mildness of disposition, application to study and business, a capacity to learn and judge, and an attachment to equity and justice. He seems only to have contracted, from his education, and from the age in

which he lived, too much of a narrow prepossession in matters of religion, which made him incline somewhat to bigotry and persecution. But as the bigotry of Protestants, less governed by priests, lies under more restraints than that of Catholics, the effects of this malignant quality were the less to be apprehended, if a longer life had been granted to young Edward. *Hume.*

§ 68. *Another Character of* Edward VI.

Edward is celebrated by historians for the beauty of his person, the sweetness of his disposition, and the extent of his knowledge. By that time he had attained his sixteenth year, he understood the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish languages; he was versed in the sciences of logic, music, natural philosophy, and master of all theological disputes; insomuch that the famous Cardanus, in his return from Scotland, visiting the English court, was astonished at the progress he had made in learning; and afterwards extolled him in his works as a prodigy of nature. Notwithstanding these encomiums, he seems to have had an ingredient of bigotry in his disposition, that would have rendered him very troublesome to those of tender consciences, who might have happened to differ with him in religious principles; nor can we reconcile either to his boasted humanity or penetration, his consenting to the death of his uncle, who had served him faithfully; unless we suppose he wanted resolution to withstand the importunities of his ministers, and was deficient in that vigour of mind, which often exists independent of learning and culture.

Smollett.

§ 69. *Character of* Mary.

It is not necessary to employ many words in drawing the character of this princess. She possessed few qualities either estimable or amiable, and her person was as little engaging as her behaviour and address. Obstinacy, bigotry, violence, cruelty, malignity, revenge, and tyranny; every circumstance of her character took a tincture from her bad temper and narrow understanding. And amidst that complication of vices which entered into her composition, we shall scarcely find any virtue but sincerity; a quality which she seems to have maintained throughout her whole life, except in the beginning of her reign, when the necessity of her affairs obliged her to make some promises to the Protestants, which she certainly never intended to perform. But in these cases a weak bigoted woman, under the government of priests, easily finds casuistry sufficient to justify to herself the violation of an engagement. She appears, as well as her father, to have been susceptible of some attachment of friendship; and that without caprice and inconstancy, which were so remarkable in the conduct of that monarch. To which we may add, that in many circumstances of her life, she gave indications of resolution and vigour of mind; a quality which seems to have been inherent in her family.

Died Nov. 7, A. D. 1558. *Hume.*

§ 70. *Another Character of* Mary.

We have already observed, that the characteristics of Mary were bigotry and revenge; we shall only add, that she was proud, imperious, froward, avaricious, and wholly destitute of every agreeable qualification.

Smollett.

§ 71. *Character of* Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had a great deal of wit, and was

was naturally of a sound and solid judgment. This was visible by her whole management, from one end of her reign to the other. Nothing shews her capacity more, than her address in surmounting all the difficulties and troubles created by her enemies, especially when it is considered who these enemies were; persons the most powerful, the most artful, the most subtile, and the least scrupulous in Europe. The following are the maxims which she laid down for the rule and measures of her whole conduct, and from which she never swerved: "To make herself beloved "by her people: To be frugal of her trea-"sure: To keep up dissension amongst her "neighbours."

Her enemies pretend that her abilities consisted wholly in overstrained dissimulation, and a profound hypocrisy. In a word, they say she was a perfect comedian. For my part, I don't deny that she made great use of dissimulation, as well with regard to the courts of France and Spain, as to the queen of Scotland and the Scots. I am also persuaded that, being as much concerned to gain the love and esteem of her subjects, she affected to speak frequently, and with exaggeration, of her tender affection for them. And that she had a mind to make it believed that she did some things from an excessive love to her people, which she was led to more by her own interest.

Avarice is another failing which her own friends reproach her with. I will not deny that she was too parsimonious, and upon some occasions stuck too close to the maxims she had laid down, not to be at any expence but what was absolutely necessary. However in general I maintain, that if her circumstances did not require her to be covetous, at least they required that she should not part with her money but with great caution, both in order to preserve the affection of her people, and to keep herself always in a condition to withstand her enemies.

She is accused also of not being so chaste, as she affected to appear. Nay, some pretend that there are now in England, the descendants of a daughter she had by the Earl of Leicester; but as hitherto nobody has undertaken to produce any proofs of this accusation, one may safely reckon it among the slanders which they endeavoured to stain her reputation with, both in her life-time and after her decease.

It is not so easy to justify her concerning the death of the queen of Scots. Here it must be owned she sacrificed equity, justice, and it may be her own conscience, to her safety. If Mary was guilty of the murder of her husband, as there is ground to believe, it was not Elizabeth's business to punish her for it. And truly it was not for that she took away her life; but she made use of that pretence to detain her in prison, under the deceitful colour of making her innocence appear. On this occasion her dissimulation was blameworthy. This first piece of injustice, drew her in afterwards to use a world of artful devices to get a pretence to render Mary's imprisonment perpetual. From hence arose in the end, the necessity of putting her to death on the scaffold. This doubtless is Elizabeth's great blemish, which manifestly proves to what degree she carried the fear of losing a crown. The continual fear and uneasiness she was under on that account, is what characterises her reign, because it was the main spring of almost all her actions. The best thing that can be said in Elizabeth's behalf is, that the queen of Scots and her friends had brought matters to such a pass, that one of

the two queens must perish, and it was natural that the weakest should fall. I don't believe any body ever questioned her being a true Protestant. But, as it was her interest to be so, some have taken occasion to doubt whether the zeal she expressed for her religion, was the effect of her persuasion or policy. All that can be said is, that she happened sometimes to prefer her temporal concerns, before those of religion. To sum up in two words what may serve to form Elizabeth's character, I shall add she was a good and illustrious queen, with many virtues and noble qualities, and few faults. But what ought above all things to make her memory precious is, that she caused the English to enjoy a state of felicity unknown to their ancestors, under most part of the kings, her predecessors.

Died March 24, 1603, aged 70, having reigned 44 years, 4 months, and 8 days.

Rapin.

§ 72. *Another Character of* Elizabeth.

There are few great personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies, and the adulation of friends, than queen Elizabeth; and yet there is scarce any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat their panegyricks, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, and vigilance, are allowed to merit the highest praise, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne. A conduct less vigorous, less imperious; more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controuled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempt from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her active spirit from turbulency and a vain ambition. She guarded not herself with equal care, or equal success from lesser infirmities; the rivalship of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command of herself, she obtained an uncontrouled ascendant over her people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances; and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes in Europe, the most active, the most enterprizing, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness mean while untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors, who flourished during her reign, share the praise

praise of her success; but instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed all of them their advancement to her choice, they were supported by her constancy; and with all their ability they were never able to acquire any undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice which is more durable, because more natural, and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded in consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her great qualities and extensive capacity; but we are apt also to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is, to lay aside all those considerations, and consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

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thus left unfinished by *Hume.*

§ 73. *Another Character of* Elizabeth.

Elizabeth, in her person, was masculine, tall, straight, and strong-limbed, with an high round forehead, brown eyes, fair complexion, fine white teeth, and yellow hair; she danced with great agility; her voice was strong and shrill; she understood music, and played upon several instruments. She possessed an excellent memory, and understood the dead and living languages, and made good proficiency in the sciences, and was well read in history. Her conversation was sprightly and agreeable, her judgment solid, her apprehension acute, her application indefatigable, and her courage invincible. She was the great bulwark of the Protestant religion; she was highly commendable for her general regard to the impartial administration of justice; and even for her rigid œconomy, which saved the public money, and evinced that love for her people which she so warmly professed. Yet she deviated from justice in some instances when her interest and passions were concerned; and, notwithstanding all her great qualities, we cannot deny she was vain, proud, imperious, and in some cases cruel: her predominant passion was jealousy and avarice; though she was also subject to such violent gusts of anger as overwhelmed all regard to the dignity of her station, and even hurried her beyond the common bounds of decency. She was wise and steady in her principles of government, and above all princes fortunate in a ministry.

Smollett.

§ 74. *Character of* James I.

James was of a middle stature, of a fine complexion, and a soft skin; his person plump, but not corpulent, his eyes large and rolling, his beard thin, his tongue too big for his mouth, his countenance disagreeable, his

air awkward, and his gait remarkably ungraceful, from a weakneſs in his knees that prevented his walking without aſſiſtance; he was tolerably temperate in his diet, but drank of little elſe than rich and ſtrong wines. His character, from the variety of groteſque qualities that compoſe it, is not eaſy to be delineated. The virtues he poſſeſſed were ſo loaded with a greater proportion of their neighbouring vices, that they exhibit no lights, to ſet off the dark ſhades; his principles of generoſity were tainted by ſuch a childiſh profuſion, that they left him without means of paying his juſt obligations, and ſubjected him to the neceſſity of attempting irregular, illegal, and unjuſt methods of acquiring money. His friendſhip, not to give it the name of vice, was directed by ſo puerile a fancy, and ſo abſurd a caprice, that the objects of it were contemptible, and its conſequences attended with ſuch an unmerited profuſion of favours, that it was perhaps the moſt exceptionable quality of any he poſſeſſed. His diſtinctions were formed on principles of ſelfiſhneſs; he valued no perſon for any endowments that could not be made ſubſervient to his pleaſures or his intereſt; and thus he rarely advanced any man of real worth and preferment. His familiar converſation, both in writing and in ſpeaking, was ſtuffed with vulgar and indecent phraſes. Though proud and arrogant in his temper, and full of the importance of his ſtation, he deſcended to buffoonery, and ſuffered his favourites to addreſs him in the moſt diſreſpectful terms of groſs familiarity.

Himſelf affected a ſententious wit, but roſe no higher in thoſe attempts than to quaint, and often ſtale conceits. His education had been a more learned one than is commonly beſtowed on princes; this, from the conceit it gave him, turned out a very diſadvantageous circumſtance, by contracting his opinions to his own narrow views; his pretences to a conſummate knowledge in divinity, politics, and the art of governing, expoſe him to a high degree of ridicule; his conduct ſhewing him more than commonly deficient in all theſe points. His romantic idea of the natural rights of princes, cauſed him publicly to avow pretenſions that impreſſed into the minds of the people an incurable jealouſy; this, with an affectation of a profound ſkill in the art of diſſembling, or kingcraft, as he termed it, rendered him the object of fear and diſtruſt; when at the ſame time he was himſelf the only dupe to an impertinent uſeleſs hypocriſy.

If the laws and conſtitution of England received no prejudice from his government, it was owing to his want of ability to effect a change ſuitable to the purpoſe of an arbitrary ſway. Stained with theſe vices, and ſullied with theſe weakneſſes, if he is even exempt from our hatred, the exemption muſt ariſe from motives of contempt. Deſpicable as he appears through his own Britannic government, his behaviour when king of Scotland was in many points unexceptionable; but, intoxicated with the power he received over a people whoſe privileges were but feebly eſtabliſhed, and who had been long ſubjected to civil and eccleſiaſtical tyranny, he at once flung off that moderation that hid his deformities from the common eye. It is alledged that the corruption he met with in the court of England, and the time-ſerving genius of the Engliſh noblemen, were the great means that debauched him from his circumſpect conduct. Among the forwardeſt of the worthleſs tribe was Cecil, afterwards Earl of Saliſbury, who told him on his coming to the crown, that he ſhould find his Engliſh ſubjects like aſſes, on whom

whom he might lay any burden, and should need neither bit nor bridle, but their asses ears. Died March 27, A. D. 1625. Aged 59.
Macaulay.

§ 75. *Another Character of* JAMES.

James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean; his eyes, which were weak and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelty; his tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking, he beslabbered the by-standers; his knees were so weak as to bend under the weight of his body; his address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have in the course of his reign exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favour is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favour, which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation. *Smollett.*

§ 76. *Another Character of* JAMES.

No prince, so little enterprizing and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric. And the factions which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character be as much disputed to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of; but not one of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion, his learning on pedantry, his pacific disposition on pusillanimity, his wisdom on cunning, his friendship on light fancy, and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected in some of his actions, and still more of his pretensions, to have encroached on the liberties of his people. While he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable, but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business.

His intentions were just, but more adapted to the conduct of private life, than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect; partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love. Of a feeble temper more than of a frugal judgment; exposed to our ridicule from his vanity, but exempt from our hatred by his freedom from pride and arrogance. And upon the whole it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Political courage he was certainly devoid of; and from thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery: an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious. *Hume.*

§ 77. *Another Character of* James.

The principal thing which is made to serve for matter for king James's panegyric, is the constant peace he caused his subjects to enjoy. This cannot be said to be the effect of chance, since it clearly appears, it was his sole, or at least his chief aim in the whole course of his administration. Nothing, say his friends, is more worthy a great king than such a design. But the same design loses all its merit, if the prince discovers by his conduct, that he preserves peace only out of fear, carelessness, excessive love of ease and repose; and king James's whole behaviour shews he acted from these motives, though he coloured it with the pretence of his affection for the people.

His liberality, which some praise him for, is exclaimed against by others as prodigality. These last pretend he gave without measure and discretion, without any regard to his own wants, or the merit of those whom he heaped his favours upon.

As to his manners, writers are no less divided: some will have him to be looked on as a very wise and virtuous prince; whilst others speak of him as a prince of a dissolute life, given to drinking, and a great swearer in common conversation, especially when in a passion. He is likewise taxed with dissolving the Earl of Essex's marriage, the pardoning the Earl and Countess of Somerset, the death of Sir Walter Raleigh, and the confidence wherewith in full parliament he called God to witness, that he never had any thoughts of giving the Papists a toleration, which he could not affirm but by means of some mental reservation.

But whatever may be said for or against James's person, it is certain England never flourished less than in his reign; the English saw themselves exposed to the insults and jests of other nations, and all the world in general threw the blame on the king. *Rapin.*

§ 78. *Character of* Charles I.

Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles I. king of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well proportioned. His hair was of a dark colour, his forehead high, his complexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding, and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was altogether unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave, and we may join the noble historian in saying, "He was the "worthiest gentleman, the best master, the "best friend, the best husband, the best fa"ther, and the best christian of the age in "which he lived." He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honour and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counsellors, who were not only

only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desires of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favour of the Roman Catholics.

Such were the sources of all that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe, his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of this narration. He was not very liberal to his dependants; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart, and the innocence of his manners, won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch. Beheaded January 30, 1648-9. *Smollett.*

§ 79. *Another Character of* CHARLES I.

The character of this prince, as that of most men, if not of all men, was mixed, but his virtues predominated extremely above his vices; or, more properly speaking, his imperfections: for scarce any of his faults arose to that pitch, as to merit the appellation of vices. To consider him in the most favourable light, it may be affirmed, that his dignity was exempted from pride, his humanity from weakness, his bravery from rashness, his temperance from austerity, and his frugality from avarice: all these virtues in him maintained their proper bounds, and merited unreserved praise. To speak the most harshly of him, we may affirm, that many of his good qualities were attended with some latent frailty, which, though seemingly inconsiderable, was able, when seconded by the extreme malevolence of his fortune, to disappoint them of all their influence. His beneficent disposition was clouded by a manner not gracious, his virtue was tinctured with superstition, his good sense was disfigured by a deference to persons of a capacity much inferior to his own, and his moderate temper exempted him not from hasty and precipitate resolutions. He deserves the epithet of a good, rather than of a great man; and was more fitted to rule in a regular established government, than either to give way to the encroachments of a popular assembly, or finally to subdue their pretensions. He wanted suppleness and dexterity sufficient for the first measure; he was not endowed with vigour requisite for the second. Had he been born an absolute prince, his humanity and good sense had rendered his reign happy, and his memory precious. Had the limitations on the prerogative been in his time quite fixed and certain, his integrity had made him regard as sacred the boundaries of the constitution. Unhappily his fate threw him into a period, when the precedents of many former reigns favoured strongly of arbitrary power, and the genius of the people ran violently towards liberty. And if his political prudence was not sufficient to extricate him from so perilous a situation, he may be excused; since, even after the event, when it is commonly easy to correct all errors, one is at a loss to determine what conduct in his circumstances

cumstances would have maintained the authority of the crown, and preserved the peace of the nation. Exposed without revenue, without arms, to the assault of furious, implacable, and bigoted factions; it was never permitted him, but with the most fatal consequences, to commit the smallest mistake; a condition too rigorous to be imposed on the greatest human capacity.

Some historians have rashly questioned the good faith of this prince: but, for this reproach, the most malignant scrutiny of his conduct, which in every circumstance is now thoroughly known, affords not any reasonble foundation. On the contrary, if we consider the extreme difficulties to which he was so frequently reduced, and compare the sincerity of his professions and declarations, we shall avow, that probity and honour ought justly to be numbered among his most shining qualities. In every treaty, those concessions which he thought in conscience he could not maintain, he never would by any motive or persuasion be induced to make.

And though some violations of the petition of right may be imputed to him; those are more to be ascribed to the necessity of his situation, and to the lofty ideas of royal prerogative which he had imbibed, than to any failure of the integrity of his principles. This prince was of a comely presence; of a sweet and melancholy aspect; his face was regular, handsome, and well complexioned; his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and being of middle stature, he was capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. He excelled in horsemanship and other exercises; and he possessed all the exterior, as well as many of the essential qualities, which form an accomplished prince. *Hume.*

§ 80. *Another Character of* CHARLES I.

In the character of Charles, as represented by his panegyrists, we find the qualities of temperance, chastity, regularity, piety, equity, humanity, dignity, condescension, and equanimity; some have gone so far as to allow him integrity, and many writers, who condemn his political principles, give him the title of a moral man. In the comparison of this representation with Charles's conduct, accurately and justly described, it is discernible that vices of the worst tendency, when shaded by a plausible and formal carriage, when concordant to the interests of a faction, and the prejudices of the vulgar, assume the appearances of, and are imposed on the credulous world as, virtues of the first rank.

Passion for power was Charles's predominant vice; idolatry to his regal prerogatives, his governing principle. The interests of the crown, legitimated every measure, and sanctified in his eye the widest deviation from moral rule.

Neither gratitude, clemency, humanity, equity, nor generosity, have place in the fair part of Charles's character; of the virtues of temperance, fortitude, and personal bravery, he was undeniably possessed. His manners partook of dissipation, and his conversation of the indecency of a court. His chastity has been called in question, by an author of the highest repute; and were it allowed, it was tainted by an excess of uxoriousness, which gave it the properties and the consequences of vice. The want of integrity is manifest in every part of his conduct; which, whether the corruption of his judgment or heart, lost him fair opportunities of reinstatement in the throne, and was the vice for which above all others he paid the tribute

of

of his life. His intellectual powers were naturally good, and so improved by a continual exercise, that, though in the beginning of his reign he spoke with difficulty and hesitation, towards the close of his life he discovered in his writings purity of language and dignity of style; in his debates elocution, and quickness of perception. The high opinion he entertained of regal dignity, occasioned him to observe a stateliness and imperiousness in his manner; which, to the rational and intelligent, was unamiable and offensive; by the weak and formal it was mistaken for dignity.

In the exercise of horsemanship he excelled; had a good taste, and even skill, in several of the polite arts; but though a proficient in some branches of literature, was no encourager of useful learning, and only patronized adepts in jargon of the divine right, and utility of kings and bishops. His understanding in this point was so depraved by the prejudices of his education, the flattery of priests, and the affections of his heart, that he would never endure conversation which tended to inculcate the principles of equal right in men; and notwithstanding that the particularity of his situation enforced his attention to doctrines of this kind, he went out of the world with the same fond prejudices with which he had been fostered in his nursery, and cajoled in the zenith of his power.

Charles was of a middle stature, his body strong, healthy, and justly proportioned; and his aspect melancholy, yet not unpleasing. His surviving issue, were three sons and three daughters. He was executed in the 49th year of his age, and buried, by the appointment of the parliament, at Windsor, decently, yet without pomp.

Macaulay.

§ 81. *Character of* Oliver Cromwell*.

Oliver Cromwell was of a robust make and constitution, his aspect manly though clownish. His education extended no farther than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted to advantage at any juncture than that of a civil war, inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjuncture of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution, that overlooked all dangers, and saw no difficulties. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, whilst he concealed his own purposes, under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation.

He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligations. From the severest exercise of devotion, he relaxed into the most ridiculous and idle buffoonry: yet he preserved the dignity and distance of his character, in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannic from policy; just and temperate from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct; in a word, the strangest compound of villainy and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good sense, that we find on record in the annals of mankind†.

Noble.

§ 82.

* From Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral house of Cromwell.

† Cromwell died more than five millions in debt; though the parliament had left him in the treasury above five hundred thousand pounds, and in

§ 82. *Character of* Charles II.

If we survey the character of Charles the Second in the different lights which it will admit of, it will appear very various, and give rise to different and even opposite sentiments. When considered as a companion, he appears the most amiable and engaging of men; and indeed, in this view, his deportment must be allowed altogether unexceptionable. His love of raillery was so tempered with good-breeding, that it was never offensive. His propensity to satire was so checked with discretion, that his friends never dreaded their becoming the object of it. His wit, to use the expression of one who knew him well, and who was himself an exquisite judge *, could not be said so much to be very refined or elevated, qualities apt to beget jealousy and apprehension in company, as to be a plain, gaining, well-bred, recommending kind of wit. And though perhaps he talked more than strict rules of behaviour might permit, men were so pleased with the affable communicative deportment of the monarch, that they always went away contented both with him and with themselves. This indeed is the most shining part of the king's character, and he seems to have been sensible of it; for he was fond of dropping the formalities of state, and of relapsing every moment into the companion.

In the duties of private life, his conduct, though not free from exception, was in the main laudable. He was an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. The voluntary friendships, however, which this prince contracted, nay, even his sense of gratitude, were feeble; and he never attached himself to any of his ministers or courtiers with a very sincere affection. He believed them to have no other motive for serving him but self-interest, and he was still ready, in his turn, to sacrifice them to present ease and convenience.

With a detail on his private character we must set bounds to our panegyric on Charles. The other parts of his conduct may admit of some apology, but can deserve small applause. He was indeed so much fitted for private life, preferably to public, that he even possessed order, frugality, œconomy in the former; was profuse, thoughtless, negligent in the latter. When we consider him as a sovereign, his character, though not altogether void of virtues, was in the main dangerous to his people, and dishonourable to himself. Negligent of the interests of the nation, careless of its glory, averse to its religion, jealous of its liberty, lavish of its treasure, and sparing only of its blood; he exposed it by his measures (though he appeared ever but in sport) to the danger of a furious civil war, and even to the ruin and ignominy of a foreign contest. Yet may all these enormities, if fairly and candidly examined, be imputed, in a great measure, to the indolence of his temper: a fault, which, however unfortunate in a monarch, it is impossible for us to regard with great severity.

It has been remarked of this king, that he never said a foolish thing, nor ever did a wise one; a censure, which, though too far carried,

in stores to the value of seven hundred thousand pounds.

Richard, the son of Cromwell, was proclaimed protector in his room; but Richard, being of a very different disposition to his father, resigned his authority the 22d of April 1659; and soon after signed his abdication in form, and retired to live several years after his resignation, at first on the Continent, and afterwards upon his paternal fortune at home.

* Marquis of Halifax.

carried, seems to have some foundation in his character and deportment. Died Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54. *Hume.*

§ 83. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

Charles II. was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband, an obliging lover, an affectionate father, and an indulgent master; even as a prince, he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than overbalanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprize, a stranger to any manly friendship and gratitude, deaf to the voice of honour, blind to the allurements of glory, and in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch; he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans; who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments, he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honour and advantage of his people. *Smollett.*

§ 84. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

Thus lived and died king Charles the Second. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life, with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years in great inequalities, unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England.—While he was abroad at Paris, Colen, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay any thing to heart. He pursued all his diversions, and irregular pleasures, in a free career; and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown, as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects, with which, he complained often, his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expence. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading and study; and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most: so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing

verning was, to manage all things, and all perſons, with a depth of craft and diſſimulation. He deſired to become abſolute, and to overturn both our religion and laws; yet he would neither run the riſque, nor give himſelf the trouble, which ſo great a deſign required. He had an appearance of gentleneſs in his outward deportment; but he ſeemed to have no bowels nor tenderneſs in his nature; and in the end of his life he became cruel.

Burnet.

§ 85. *Another Character of* CHARLES II.

The character of Charles the Second, like the tranſactions of his reign, has aſſumed various appearances, in proportion to the paſſions and prejudices of different writers. To affirm that he was a great and good king, would be as unjuſt as to alledge that he was deſtitute of all virtue, and a bloody and inhuman tyrant. The indolence of his diſpoſition, and the diſſipation occaſioned by his pleaſures, as they were at firſt the ſource of his misfortunes, became afterwards the ſafety of the nation. Had he joined the ambition of power, and the perſeverance and attention of his brother, to his own inſinuating and engaging addreſs, he might have ſecured his reputation with writers, by enſlaving them with the nation.

In his perſon he was tall and well made. His complexion was dark, the lines of his face ſtrong and harſh, when ſingly traced: but when his features were comprehended in one view, they appeared dignified and even pleaſing. In the motions of his perſon he was eaſy, graceful, and firm. His conſtitution was ſtrong, and communicated an active vigour to all his limbs. Though a lover of eaſe of mind, he was fond of bodily exerciſe. He roſe early, he walked much, he mixed with the meaneſt of his ſubjects, and joined in their converſation, without diminiſhing his own dignity, or raiſing their preſumption. He was acquainted with many perſons in the lower ſtations of life. He captivated them with ſprightly terms of humour, and with a kind of good-natured wit, which rendered them pleaſed with themſelves. His guards only attended him on public occaſions. He took the air frequently in company with a ſingle friend; and though crowds followed him, it was more from a wiſh to attract his notice, than from an idle curioſity. When evident deſigns againſt his life were daily exhibited before the courts of juſtice, he changed not his manner of appearing in public. It was ſoon after the Rye-houſe plot was diſcovered, he is ſaid to have been ſevere on his brother's character, when he exhibited a ſtriking feature of his own. The duke returning from hunting with his guards, found the king one day in Hyde Park. He expreſſed his ſurpriſe how his majeſty could venture his perſon alone at ſuch a perilous time. "James," (replied the king,) "take you "care of yourſelf, and I am ſafe. No man "in England will kill ME, to make YOU "king."

When he was oppoſed with moſt violence in parliament, he continued the moſt popular man in the kingdom. His good-breeding as a gentleman, overcame the opinion conceived of his faults as a king. His affability, his eaſy addreſs, his attention to the very prejudices of his people, rendered him independent of all the arts of his enemies to inflame the vulgar. He is ſaid with reaſon to have died opportunely for his country. Had his life extended to the number of years which the ſtrength of his conſtitution ſeemed to promiſe, the nation would have loſt all memory of their liberties.

liberties. Had his fate placed Charles the Second in these latter times; when influence supplies the place of obvious power; when the crown has ceased to be distressed through the channel of its necessities; when the representatives of the people, in granting supplies for the public service, provide for themselves; his want of ambition would have precluded the jealousy, and his popular qualities secured the utmost admiration of his subjects. His gallantry itself would be construed into spirit, in an age where decency is only an improvement on vice. *Macpherson.*

§ 86. *Character of* James II.

In many respects it must be owned, that he was a virtuous man, as well as a good monarch. He was frugal of the public money; he encouraged commerce with great attention; he applied himself to naval affairs with success; he supported the fleet as the glory and protection of England. He was also zealous for the honour of his country; he was capable of supporting its interest with a degree of dignity in the scale of Europe. In his private life he was almost irreproachable; he was an indulgent parent, a tender husband, a generous and steady friend; in his deportment he was affable, though stately; he bestowed favours with peculiar grace; he prevented solicitation by the suddenness of his dispesal of places; though scarce any prince was ever so generally deserted, few ever had so many private friends; those who injured him most were the first to implore his forgiveness, and even after they had raised another prince to the throne, they respected his person, and were anxious for his safety. To these virtues he added a steadiness of counsels, a perseverance in his plans, and courage in his enterprizes. He was honourable and fair in all his dealings; he was unjust to men in their principles, but never with regard to their property. Though few monarchs ever offended a people more, he yielded to none in his love of his subjects; he even affirmed, that he quitted England to prevent the horrors of a civil war, as much as from fear of a restraint upon his person from the prince of Orange. His great virtue was a strict adherence to facts and truth in all he wrote and said, though some parts of his conduct had rendered his sincerity in his political profession suspected by his enemies. Abdicated his throne 1689. *Ibid.*

§ 87. *Another Character of* James II.

The enemies of James did not fail to make the most of the advantages they had gained by their subtle manœuvres; some said, that the king's flight was the effect of a disturbed conscience, labouring under the load of secret guilt; and those whose censures were more moderate, asserted, that his incurable bigotry had led him even to sacrifice his crown to the interests of his priests; and that he chose rather to depend on the precarious support of a French force to subdue the refractory spirit of his people, than to abide the issue of events which threatened such legal limitations as should effectually prevent any further abuse of power.

The whole tenor of the king's past conduct undoubtedly gave a countenance to insinuations which were in themselves sufficiently plausible to answer all the purposes for which they were industriously circulated; but when the following circumstances are taken into consideration, namely, that timidity is natural to the human mind, when oppressed with an uninterrupted series of misfortunes; that the king's life was put entirely into the hands of a rival, whose ambitious views were altogether

gether incompatible even with the ſhadow of regal power in his perſon; that the means taken to increaſe the apprehenſions which reflections of this nature muſt neceſſarily occaſion, were of the moſt mortifying kind; it muſt be acknowledged, that if the principles of heroic virtue might have produced conduct in ſome exalted individuals, yet that the generality of mankind would, in James's ſituation, have ſought ſhelter in the profeſſed generoſity of a truſted friend, from perſonal inſult, perſonal danger, and from all the harraſſing ſuſpenſe under which the mind of this imprudent and unfortunate monarch had long laboured.

The oppoſition of James's religious principles to thoſe of his ſubjects, his unpopular connections with the court of France; but, above all, the permanent eſtabliſhment of a rival family on the throne of England, has formed in his favour ſuch an union of prejudice and intereſt, as to deſtroy in the minds of poſterity, all that ſympathy which, on ſimilar occaſions, and in ſimilar misfortunes, has ſo wonderfully operated in favour of other princes; and whilſt we pay the tribute of unavailing tears over the memory of Charles the Firſt; whilſt, with the Church of England, we venerate him as a martyr to the power and office of prelates; whilſt we ſee, with regret, that he was ſtripped of his dignity and life at the very time when the chaſtening hand of affliction had, in a great meaſure, corrected the errors of a faulty education; the irreſiſtible power of truth muſt oblige us to confeſs, that the adherence to religious principle, which coſt the father his life, deprived the ſon of his dominions; that the enormous abuſes of power with which both ſovereigns are accuſed, owed their origin to the ſame ſource; the errors ariſing from a bad education, aggravated and extended by the impious flattery of deſigning prieſts; we ſhall alſo be obliged to confeſs, that the parliament itſelf, by an unprecedented ſervility, helped to confirm James in the exalted idea he had entertained of the royal office, and that the doctrines of an abſolute and unconditional ſubmiſſion on the part of ſubjects, which, in the reign of his father, was, in a great meaſure, confined to the precepts of a Laud, a Sibthorpe, and a Maynwaring, were now taught as the avowed doctrines of the Church of England, were acknowledged by the two Univerſities, and implicitly avowed by a large majority of the nation; ſo great, indeed, was the change in the temper, manners, and opinions of the people, from the commencement of the reign of Charles the Firſt to the commencement of the reign of his ſon James, that at this ſhameful period the people gloried in having laid all their privileges at the foot of the throne, and execrated every generous principle of freedom, as ariſing from a ſpirit totally incompatible with the peace of ſociety, and altogether repugnant to the doctrines of Chriſtianity.

This was the ſituation of affairs at the acceſſion of the unfortunate James; and had he been equally unprincipled as his brother, the deceaſed king; had he profeſſed himſelf a Proteſtant, whilſt he was in his heart a Papiſt; had he not regarded it as his duty to uſe his omnipotent power for the reſtoring to ſome parts of its ancient dignity a Church which he regarded as the only true Church of Chriſt; or had he, inſtead of attacking the prerogative of the prelacy, ſuffered them to ſhare the regal deſpotiſm which they had fixed on the baſis of conſcience, the moſt flagrant abuſes of civil power would never have been called in judgment againſt him, and parliament

liament themſelves would have lent their conſtitutional authority to have riveted the chains of the empire in ſuch a manner as ſhould have put it out of the power of the moſt determined votaries of freedom to have re-eſtabliſhed the government on its ancient foundation. From this immediate evil England owes its deliverance to the bigoted ſincerity of James; a circumſtance which ought, in ſome meaſure, to conciliate our affections to the memory of the ſufferer, and induce us to treat thoſe errors with lenity, which have led to the enjoyment of privileges which can never be entirely loſt, but by a general corruption of principle and depravity of manners.

It was ſaid by the witty duke of Buckingham, "that Charles the Second might do "well if he would, and that James would do "well if he could;" an obſervation which ſays little for the underſtanding of James, but a great deal for his heart; and, with all the blemiſhes with which his public character is ſtained, he was not deficient in ſeveral qualities neceſſary to compoſe a good ſovereign. His induſtry and buſineſs were exemplary, he was frugal of the public money, he cheriſhed and extended the maritime power of the empire, and his encouragement of trade was attended with ſuch ſucceſs, that, according to the obſervation of the impartial hiſtorian Ralph, as the frugality of his adminiſtration helped to increaſe the number of malcontents, ſo his extreme attention to trade was not leſs alarming to the whole body of the Dutch, than his reſolution not to ruſh into a war with France was mortifying to their ſtadtholder.

In domeſtic life, the character of James, though not irreproachable, was comparatively good. It is true, he was in a great meaſure tainted with that licentiouſneſs of manners, which at this time pervaded the whole ſociety, and which reigned triumphant within the circle of the court; but he was never carried into any exceſſes which trenched deeply on the duties of ſocial life; and if the qualities of his heart were only to be judged by his different conduct in the different characters of huſband, father, maſter, and friend, he might be pronounced a man of very amiable diſpoſition. But thoſe who know not how to forgive injuries, and can never pardon the errors, the infirmities, the vices, or even the virtues of their fellow-creatures, when in any reſpect they affect perſonal intereſt or inclination, will aim againſt them the ſenſibility of every humane mind, and can never expect from others that juſtice and commiſeration which themſelves have never exerciſed: but whilſt we execrate that rancorous cruelty with which James, in the ſhort hour of triumph, perſecuted all thoſe who endeavoured to thwart his ambitious hopes, it is but juſtice to obſerve, that the rank vices of pride, malice, and revenge, which blacken his conduct, whilſt he figured in the ſtation of preſumptive heir to the crown, and afterwards in the character of ſovereign, on the ſucceſsful quelling of the Monmouth rebellion, were thoroughly corrected by the chaſtiſing hand of affliction: that the whole period of his life, from his return to Ireland to the day of his death, was ſpent in the exerciſe of the firſt Chriſtian virtues, patience, fortitude, humility, and reſignation. Bretonneau, his biographer, records, that he always ſpoke with an extreme moderation of the individuals who had acted the moſt ſucceſsfully in his diſfavour; that he reproved thoſe who mentioned their conduct with ſeverity; that he read, even with a ſtoical apathy, the bitterest writings

writings which were publiſhed againſt him; that he regarded the loſs of empire as a neceſſary correction of the miſdemeanors of his life, and even rebuked thoſe who expreſſed any concern for the iſſue of events, which he reſpected as ordinations of the divine will.

According to the ſame biographer, James was exact in his devotion, moderate even to abſtinence in his life; full of ſentiments of the higheſt contrition for paſt offences; and, according to the diſcipline of the Romiſh church, was very ſevere in the auſterities which he inflicted on his perſon. As this prince juſtly regarded himſelf as a martyr to the Catholic faith, as his warmeſt friends were all of this perſuaſion, as his converſation in his retirement at St. Germains was entirely, in a great meaſure, confined to prieſts and devotees, it is natural that this ſuperſtition ſhould increaſe with the increaſe of religious ſentiment; and as he had made uſe of his power and authority, whilſt in England, to enlarge the number of proſelytes in popery, ſo, in a private ſtation, he laboured inceſſantly, by prayer, exhortation, and example, to confirm the piety of his Popiſh adherents, and to effect a reformation in thoſe who ſtill continued firm to the doctrines of the church of England. He viſited the monks of La Trappe once a year, the ſevereſt order of religioniſts in France; and his conformity to the diſcipline of the convent was ſo ſtrict and exact, that he impreſſed thoſe devotees with ſentiments of admiration at his piety, humility, and conſtancy.

Thus having ſpent twelve years with a higher degree of peace and tranquillity than he had ever experienced in the moſt triumphant part of his life, he was ſeized with a palſy in September 1701, and after having languiſhed fifteen days, died in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, having filled up the interval between his firſt ſeizure and final exit with the whole train of religious exerciſes enjoined on ſimilar occaſions by the church of Rome, with ſolemn and repeated profeſſions of his faith, and earneſt exhortation to his two children, the youngeſt of whom was born in the ſecond year of his exile, to keep ſtedfaſt to the religion in which they had been educated. Theſe precepts and commands have acted with a force ſuperior to all the temptations of a crown, and have been adhered to with a firmneſs which obliges an hiſtorian to acknowledge the ſuperiority which James's deſcendants, in the nice points of honour and conſcience, have gained over the character of Henry the Fourth, who, at the period when he was looked up to as the great hero of the Proteſtant cauſe, made no ſcruple to accept a crown on the diſgraceful terms of abjuring the principles of the Reformation, and embracing the principles of a religion, which, from his early infancy, he had been taught to regard as idolatrous and profane.

The dominion of error over the minds of the generality of mankind is irreſiſtible. James, to the laſt hour of his life, continued as great a bigot to his political as his religious errors: he could not help conſidering the ſtrength and power of the crown as a circumſtance neceſſary to the preſervation and happineſs of the people; and in a letter of advice which he wrote to his ſon, whilſt he conjures him to pay a religious obſervance to all the duties of a good ſovereign, he cautions him againſt ſuffering any entrenchment on the royal prerogative. Among ſeveral heads, containing

containing excellent instructions on the art of reigning happily and justly, he warns the young prince never to disquiet his subjects in their property or their religion; and, what is remarkable, to his last breath he persisted in asserting, that he never attempted to subvert the laws, or procure more than a toleration and equality of privilege to his Catholic subjects. As there is great reason to believe this assertion to be true, it shews, that the delusion was incurable under which the king laboured, by the trust he had put in the knavish doctrines of lawyers and priests; and that neither himself, nor his Protestant abettors, could fathom the consequences of that enlarged toleration which he endeavoured to establish. *Macaulay.*

§ 88. *Character of* William III.

William III. was in his person of the middle stature, a thin body, and delicate constitution, subject to an asthma and continual cough from his infancy. He had an aquiline nose, sparkling eyes, a large forehead, and a grave solemn aspect. He was very sparing of speech; his conversation was dry, and his manner disgusting, except in battle, when his deportment was free, spirited, and animating. In courage, fortitude, and equanimity, he rivalled the most eminent warriors of antiquity; and his natural sagacity made amends for the defects of his education, which had not been properly superintended. He was religious, temperate, generally just and sincere, a stranger to violent transports of passion, and might have passed for one of the best princes of the age in which he lived, had he never ascended the throne of Great Britain. But the distinguishing criterion of his character was ambition; to this he sacrificed the punctilios of honour and decorum, in deposing his own father-in-law and uncle; and this he gratified at the expence of the nation that raised him to sovereign authority. He aspired to the honour of acting as umpire in all the contests of Europe; and the second object of his attention was, the prosperity of that country to which he owed his birth and extraction. Whether he really thought the interests of the Continent and Great Britain were inseparable, or sought only to drag England into the confederacy as a convenient ally; certain it is, he involved these kingdoms in foreign connections, which, in all probability, will be productive of their ruin. In order to establish this favourite point, he scrupled not to employ all the engines of corruption, by which means the morals of the nation were totally debauched. He procured a parliamentary sanction for a standing army, which now seems to be interwoven in the constitution. He introduced the pernicious practice of borrowing upon remote funds; an expedient that necessarily hatched a brood of usurers, brokers, and stock-jobbers, to prey upon the vitals of their country. He entailed upon the nation a growing debt, and a system of politics big with misery, despair, and destruction. To sum up his character in a few words, William was a fatalist in religion, indefatigable in war, enterprising in politics, dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart, a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.

Died March 8th, 1701, aged 52, having reigned 13 years. *Smollett.*

§ 89. *Another Character of* William III.

William the Third, king of Great Britain and Ireland, was in his person of middle size, ill-

ill-shaped in his limbs, somewhat round in his shoulders, light brown in the colour of his hair, and in his complexion. The lines of his face were hard, and his nose was aquiline; but a good and penetrating eye threw a kind of light on his countenance, which tempered its severity, and rendered his harsh features, in some measure, agreeable. Though his constitution was weak, delicate, and infirm, he loved the manly exercises of the field; and often indulged himself in the pleasures, and even sometimes in the excesses, of the table. In his private character he was frequently harsh, passionate, and severe, with regard to trifles; but when the subject rose equal to his mind, and in the tumult of battle, he was dignified, cool, and serene. Though he was apt to form bad impressions, which were not easily removed, he was neither vindictive in his disposition, nor obstinate in his resentment. Neglected in his education, and, perhaps, destitute by nature of an elegance of mind, he had no taste for literature, none for the sciences, none for the beautiful arts. He paid no attention to music, he understood no poetry; he disregarded learning; he encouraged no men of letters, no painters, no artists of any kind. In fortification and the mathematics he had a considerable degree of knowledge. Though unsuccessful in the field, he understood military operations by land; but he neither possessed nor pretended to any skill in maritime affairs.

In the distributions of favours he was cold and injudicious. In the punishment of crimes, often too easy, and sometimes too severe. He was parsimonious where he should have been liberal; where he ought to be sparing, frequently profuse. In his temper he was silent and reserved, in his address ungraceful; and though not destitute of dissimulation, and qualified for intrigue, less apt to conceal his passions than his designs: these defects, rather than vices of the mind, combining with an indifference about humouring mankind through their ruling passions, rendered him extremely unfit for gaining the affections of the English nation. His reign, therefore, was crowded with mortifications of various kinds; the discontented parties among his subjects found no difficulty in estranging the minds of the people from a prince possessed of few talents to make him popular. He was trusted, perhaps, less than he deserved, by the most obsequious of his parliaments; but it seems, upon the whole, apparent, that the nation adhered to his government more from a fear of the return of his predecessor, than from any attachment to his own person, or respect for his right to the throne. *Macpherson.*

§ 90. *Character of* Mary, *Queen Consort of* William III.

Mary was in her person tall and well proportioned, with an oval visage, lively eyes, agreeable features, a mild aspect, and an air of dignity. Her apprehension was clear, her memory tenacious, and her judgment solid. She was a zealous Protestant, scrupulously exact in all the duties of devotion, of an even temper, of a calm and mild conversation; she was ruffled by no passion, and seems to have been a stranger to the emotions of natural affection, for she ascended the throne from which her father had been deposed, and treated her sister as an alien to her blood. In a word, Mary seems to have imbibed the cold disposition and apathy of her husband, and to have centered all her ambition in deserving the epithet of an humble and obedient wife. *Smollett.*

Died 28th December, 1694, aged 33.

§ 91.

§ 91. *Character of* Anne.

The queen continued to doſe in a lethargic inſenſibility, with very ſhort intervals, till the firſt day of Auguſt in the morning, when ſhe expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and in the thirteenth of her reign. Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, was in her perſon of the middle ſize, well proportioned; her hair was of dark brown colour, her complexion ruddy, her features were regular, her countenance was rather round than oval, and her aſpect more comely than majeſtic: her voice was clear and melodious, and her preſence engaging; her capacity was naturally good, but not much cultivated by learning; nor did ſhe exhibit any marks of extraordinary genius, or perſonal ambition: ſhe was certainly deficient in that vigour of mind by which a prince ought to preſerve her independence, and avoid the ſnares and fetters of ſycophants and favourites; but, whatever her weakneſs in this particular might have been, the virtues of her heart were never called in queſtion; ſhe was a pattern of conjugal affection and fidelity, a tender mother, a warm friend, an indulgent miſtreſs, a munificent patron, a mild and merciful princeſs; during whoſe reign no blood was ſhed for treaſon. She was zealouſly attached to the Church of England, from conviction rather than from prepoſſeſſion; unaffectedly pious, juſt, charitable, and compaſſionate. She felt a mother's fondneſs for her people, by whom ſhe was univerſally beloved with a warmth of affection which even the prejudice of party could not abate. In a word, if ſhe was not the greateſt, ſhe was certainly one of the beſt and moſt unblemiſhed ſovereigns that ever ſat upon the throne of England, and well deſerved the expreſſive, though ſimple epithet of, the "good queen Anne." *Smollett.*

She died in 1714.

§ 92. *Another Character of* Anne.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain, and one of the beſt and greateſt monarchs that ever filled that throne. What was moſt remarkable, was a clear harmonious voice, always admired in her graceful delivery of her ſpeeches to parliament, inſomuch that it uſed to be a common ſaying in the mouth of every one, "that her very ſpeech was muſic." Good-nature, the true characteriſtic of the Stuarts, predominated in her temper, which was a compound of benevolence, generoſity, indolence, and timidity, but not without a due ſenſibility of any ſlight which ſhe thought was offered to her perſon or her dignity; to theſe all her actions, both as a monarch and as a woman, may be aſcribed; theſe were the ſources both of her virtues and her failings; her greateſt bleſſing upon earth was that entire union of affections and inclinations between her and her royal conſort; which made them a perfect pattern of conjugal love. She was a fond and tender mother, an eaſy and indulgent miſtreſs, and a moſt gracious ſovereign; but ſhe had more than once reaſon to repent her giving up her heart, and truſting her ſecrets without reſerve to her favourites. She retained to the laſt the principle of that true religion which ſhe had imbibed early; being devout without affectation, and charitable without oſtentation. She had a great reverence for clergymen eminent for learning and good lives, and was particularly beneficent to the poorer ſort of them, of which ſhe left an evidence which bears her name,

and will perpetuate both that and her bounty to all ſucceeding generations.

Chamberlaine.

§ 93. *Another Character of* Anne.

Thus died Anne Stuart, queen of Great Britain and Ireland, in the fiftieth year of her age, and thirteenth of her reign. In her perſon ſhe was of a middle ſtature, and, before ſhe bore children, well made. Her hair was dark, her complexion ſanguine, her features ſtrong, but not irregular, her whole countenance more dignified than agreeable. In the accompliſhments of the mind, as a woman, ſhe was not deficient; ſhe underſtood muſic; ſhe loved painting; ſhe had even ſome taſte for works of genius; ſhe was always generous, ſometimes liberal, but never profuſe. Like the reſt of the family, ſhe was good-natured to a degree of weakneſs; indolent in her diſpoſition, timid by nature, devoted to the company of her favourites, eaſily led. She poſſeſſed all the virtues of her father, except political courage; ſhe was ſubject to all his weakneſſes, except enthuſiaſm in religion; ſhe was jealous of her authority, and ſullenly irreconcilable towards thoſe who treated either herſelf or prerogative with diſreſpect; but, like him alſo, ſhe was much better qualified to diſcharge the duties of a private life than to act the part of a ſovereign. As a friend, a mother, a wife, ſhe deſerved every praiſe. Her conduct as a daughter could ſcarcely be exceeded by a virtue much ſuperior to all theſe. Upon the whole, though her reign was crowded with great events, ſhe cannot, with any juſtice, be called a great princeſs. Subject to terror, beyond the conſtitutional timidity of her ſex, ſhe was altogether incapable of deciſive counſels, and nothing but her irreſiſtible popularity could have ſupported her authority amidſt the ferment of thoſe diſtracted times. *Macpherſon.*

§ 94. *The Character of* Mary *Queen of* Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmoſt elegance of external form, Mary added thoſe accompliſhments which render their impreſſion irreſiſtible. Polite, affable, inſinuating, ſprightly, and capable of ſpeaking and of writing with equal eaſe and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments; becauſe her heart was warm and unſuſpicious. Impatient of contradiction, becauſe ſhe had been accuſtomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No ſtranger, on ſome occaſions, to diſſimulation; which, in that perfidious court where ſhe received her education, was reckoned among the neceſſary arts of government. Not inſenſible to flattery, or unconſcious of that pleaſure, with which almoſt every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire; ſhe was an agreeable woman rather than an illuſtrious queen. The vivacity of her ſpirit, not ſufficiently tempered with ſound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the reſtraint of diſcretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To ſay that ſhe was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almoſt uninterrupted ſucceſſion of calamities which befel her; we muſt likewiſe add, that ſhe was often imprudent. Her paſſion for Darnly was raſh, youthful, and exceſſive. And though the ſudden tranſition to the oppoſite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, inſolence, and brutality; yet neither theſe, nor Bothwell's artful addreſs and important

ſervices,

ſervices, can juſtify her attachments to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy paſſion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous ſcene, which followed upon it, with leſs abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve, and may, perhaps, prompt ſome to impute her actions to her ſituation, more than to her diſpoſition; and to lament the unhappineſs of the former, rather than accuſe the perverſeneſs of the latter. Mary's ſufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, thoſe tragical diſtreſſes which fancy has feigned to excite ſorrow and commiſeration; and while we ſurvey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with leſs indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were ſhed for a perſon who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's perſon, a circumſtance not to be omitted in writing the hiſtory of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in aſcribing to Mary the utmoſt beauty of countenance and elegance of ſhape of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the faſhion of that age, ſhe frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquiſitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to ſhape and colour. Her ſtature was of a height that roſe to the majeſtic. She danced, ſhe walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taſte for muſic was juſt, and ſhe both ſung and played upon the lute with uncommon ſkill. Towards the end of her life ſhe began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldneſs of the houſes in which ſhe was impriſoned, brought on a rheumatiſm which deprived her of the uſe of her limbs. No man, ſays Brantome, ever beheld her perſon without admiration and love, or will read her hiſtory without ſorrow.

Robertſon.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

THE
PROSE EPITOME;
OR,
ELEGANT EXTRACTS ABRIDGED, &c.

BOOK IV. NARRATIVES, DIALOGUES, &c.

With other HUMOROUS, FACETIOUS, and ENTERTAINING PIECES;

And with SPECIMENS of NATURAL HISTORY.

§ 1. *The Story of* LE FEVRE.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—When my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board;—The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack; 'tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing 'till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast.—*I think*, says he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*——

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.——I hope in God he will still mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining an high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than

common

common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host; ——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him. ——Step after him, said my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and ask if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can ask his son again: ——Has he a son with him then? said my uncle Toby.——A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day;—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

——Stay in the room a little, says my uncle Toby.——

Trim!—said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.——Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—— My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. —I fear so, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it: How shall we manage it?—Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal; —I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant—I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the corporal—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in

the window-seat, and begin thy story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke, as plain as a bow could speak it—"Your honour is good:"—And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an' please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.—Poor youth! said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wish I had him here.

——I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' please your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou might'st have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no answer,—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it was wrong, added the corporal——I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs.—I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers,—for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side; and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers

prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate:——A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson;—and when he's fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world. —'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby.—But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harrassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harrassing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—resting this night upon his arms;—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, said I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.——Thou should'st not have said that, Trim, said my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.——It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will shew it thee to-morrow:—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, said the corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with thy story.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it:—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I suppose he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.——Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me,—if he was of Leven's—said the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.——Then, said he, I served three compaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—said he, a second time, musing;—possibly he may my story—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the story, an't please your honour,

said I, very well.——Do you so, said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice.——Here, Billy, said he,—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,——I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art upon:——'Tis finished already, said the corporal,—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal,—the lieutenant's last day's march is over.——Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves——That notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

——That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.——Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house,——thou shouldst have offered him my house too:——A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend

and

and look to him:——thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim,——and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your honour, in the world, said the corporal:——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:——He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The *accusing spirit*, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the *recording angel*, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him?——and without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

——You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulse flutter'd—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd—shall I go on?——No.

Sterne.

§ 2. Yorick's *Death*.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius stept in, with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and and asking how he felt himself, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him, for which, he said, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever.—I hope not, answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke,—I hope not, Yorick, said he,——Yorick replied, with a look up, and a gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to his heart.—Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him,—my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wantest them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare, I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee; and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is still enough of thee left to make a bishop,—and that I may live to see it.——I beseech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left hand,——his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius,——I beseech thee to take a view of my head.——I see nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, said Yorick; let me tell you, that it is so bruised and mis-shapened with the blows which have been so unhandsomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and "mitres thereupon be suffered to rain down "from heaven as thick as hail, not one of "them would fit it."——Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips, ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantic tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;——faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he squeezed his hand,——and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,——he then closed them——and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy——

Alas, poor YORICK!

Ten

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him;——a foot-way croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by, without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,—— and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

§ 3. *The Story of* ALCANDER *and* SEPTIMIUS. *Taken from a Byzantine Hiſtorian.*

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, ſtill continued the ſeat of learning, politeneſs, and wiſdom. Theodoric the Oſtrogoth repaired the ſchools which barbarity was ſuffering to fall into decay, and continued thoſe penſions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-ſtudents together: the one the moſt ſubtle reaſoner of all the Lyceum, the other the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this ſtate of harmony they lived for ſome time together; when Alcander, after paſſing the firſt part of his youth in the indolence of philoſophy, thought at length of entering into the buſy world; and, as a ſtep previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquiſite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happineſs, or being unable to enjoy any ſatisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-ſtudent; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himſelf equally happy in friendſhip and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no ſooner ſaw her, but he was ſmitten with an involuntary paſſion; and, though he uſed every effort to ſuppreſs deſires at once ſo imprudent and unjuſt, the emotions of his mind in a ſhort time became ſo ſtrong, that they brought on a fever, which the phyſicians judged incurable.

During this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in thoſe amiable offices of friendſhip. The ſagacity of the phyſicians, by theſe means, ſoon diſcovered that the cauſe of their patient's diſorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their diſcovery, at length extorted a confeſſion from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to deſcribe the conflict between love and friendſhip in the breaſt of Alcander on this occaſion; it is enough to ſay, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at ſuch refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to exceſs. In ſhort, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the conſtitution of the now happy Septimius: in a few days he was perfectly recovered, and ſet out with his fair partner

for Rome. Here, by an exertion of thoſe talents which he was ſo eminently poſſeſſed of, Septimius in a few years arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being ſeparated from his friend and his miſtreſs, but a proſecution was alſo commenced againſt him by the relations of Hypatia, for having baſely given up his bride, as was ſuggeſted, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withſtand the influence of a powerful party. He was caſt, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raiſe ſo large a ſum at the time appointed, his poſſeſſions were confiſcated, he himſelf was ſtripped of the habit of freedom, expoſed as a ſlave in the market-place, and ſold to the higheſt bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaſer, Alcander, with ſome other companions of diſtreſs, was carried into that region of deſolation and ſterility. His ſtated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious maſter, and his ſucceſs in hunting was all that was allowed him to ſupply his precarious ſubſiſtence. Every morning awaked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of ſeaſon ſerved but to aggravate his unſheltered diſtreſs. After ſome years of bondage, however, an opportunity of eſcaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; ſo that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to ſhorten a long ſtory, he at laſt arrived in Rome. The ſame day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius ſat adminiſtering juſtice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be inſtantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he ſtood the whole day amongſt the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was ſo much altered by a long ſucceſſion of hardſhips, that he continued unnoted among the the reſt; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulſed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himſelf under a neceſſity of ſeeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour ſo much wretchedneſs; and ſleeping in the ſtreets might be attended with interruption or danger: in ſhort, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the uſual retreat of guilt, poverty, and deſpair. In this manſion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miſeries for a while in ſleep; and found on his flinty couch, more eaſe than beds of down can ſupply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to diſagree about the diviſion of their plunder, one of them ſtabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In theſe circumſtances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther enquiry, an alarm was ſpread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accuſed of robbery and murder. The circumſtances againſt him were ſtrong, and the wretchedneſs of his appearance confirmed ſuſpicion. Misfortune and he were now ſo long acquainted, that he at laſt became regardleſs of life. He deteſted a world where he had found only ingratitude,

gratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther encreased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted: shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

§ 4. *The Monk.*

A poor Monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sous, and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The Monk, as I judge from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy——but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty——truth might lie between——He was certainly sixty five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild—pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands present to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent,

vent, and the poverty of his order——and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sous.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many great claims which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words "great claims," he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the order of Mercy, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The Monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore——The Monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent——But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have had done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door——Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times——but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along. *Sterne.*

§ 5. *Sir Bertrand. A Fragment.*

——— Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the woulds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but

but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendour from her veil, and then inſtantly retired behind it; having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage awhile urged him to puſh forwards, but at length the increaſing darkneſs and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground. He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up, and turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch, ſurrounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and by a momentary glimpſe of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vaniſhed; at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was ſilent—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed, and approaching the houſe, traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow footſteps—All was ſtill as death—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch, and ſeizing a maſſy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke—the noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again—he repeated the ſtrokes more boldly and louder—another interval of ſilence enſued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was ſtill. He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front—it again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away, as before—at the ſame inſtant a deep ſullen toll ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop—he was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door creaking upon its hinges reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open—he quitted it, and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt

caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—it retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs, and after a moment's deliberation aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery.—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs, and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerleſs with his—He dropt it, and ruſhed forwards with a deſperate valour. The ſtairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and looſe fragments of ſtone. The ſtair-caſe grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand puſhed it open—it led to an intricate winding paſſage, juſt large enough to admit a perſon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light ſerved to ſhew the nature of the place—Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan reſounded from a diſtance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the firſt turning, he diſcerned the ſame blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, ſuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midſt of which a figure appeared, compleatly armed, thruſting forwards the bloody ſtump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geſture, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly ſprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inſtantly vaniſhed, letting fall a maſſy iron key. The flame now reſted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—inſtantly the doors flew open, and diſcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin reſted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each ſide of it. Along the room, on both ſides, were gigantic ſtatues of black marble, attired in the Mooriſh habit, and holding enormous ſabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the ſame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ſtill glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand reſolutely followed, till he arrived within ſix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a ſhroud and black veil roſe up in it, and ſtretched out her arms towards him—at the ſame time the ſtatues claſhed their ſabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and claſped her in his arms—ſhe threw up her veil, and kiſſed his lips; and inſtantly the whole building ſhook as with an earthquake, and fell aſunder with a horrible craſh. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a ſudden trance, and on recovering found himſelf ſeated on a velvet ſofa, in the moſt magnificent room he had ever ſeen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luſtres of pure cryſtal. A ſumptuous banquet was ſet in the middle. The doors opening to ſoft muſic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing ſplendour, entered, ſurrounded by a troop of gay nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the knight, and falling on her knees,

knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast: delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the lady, who leading back the knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words: — —

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Aikin's Miscel.

§ 6. *On Human Grandeur.*

An alehouse keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long: for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout: at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orsini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world would have condemned the adulation of these barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal, and turning to Borgia, his son, said with a smile, "Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen, patibulum inter et statuam." "You see, my son, the small difference between a gibbet and a statue." If the great could be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach them upon how weak a foundation their glory stands: for, as popular applause is excited by what seems like merit, it as quickly condemns what has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet: her lovers must toil, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice; and, perhaps, at last, be jilted for their pains. True glory, on the other hand, resembles a woman of sense; her admirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxiety, for they are sure, in the end, of being rewarded in proportion to their merit. When Swift used to appear in public, he generally had the mob shouting at his train. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how much joy might all this bawling give "my lord-mayor?"

We

We have seen those virtues which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common-place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead, of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has "he fasted to death, to gain a renown which "has never travelled beyond the precincts of "China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was "there ever so much merit seen? no times so "important as our own! ages, yet unborn, "shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them where-ever they went, who were bepraised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.

Goldsmith.

§ 7.

§ 7. *The Hill of Science. A Vision.*

In that season of the year when the serenity of the sky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the discoloured foliage of the trees, and all the sweet, but fading graces of inspiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and dispose it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curiosity began to give way to weariness; and I sat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moss, where the rustling of the falling leaves, the dashing of waters, and the hum of the distant city, soothed my mind into the most perfect tranquillity, and sleep insensibly stole upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inspired.

I immediately found myself in a vast extended plain, in the middle of which arose a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom pressed forwards with the liveliest expression of ardour in their countenance, though the way was in many places steep and difficult. I observed, that those who had but just begun to climb the hill thought themselves not far from the top; but as they proceeded, new hills were continually rising to their view, and the summit of the highest they could before discern seemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to lose itself in the clouds. As I was gazing on these things with astonishment, my good genius suddenly appeared: The mountain before thee, said he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the temple of Truth, whose head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Observe the progress of her votaries; be silent and attentive.

I saw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a pensive and thoughtful appearance, whose lips were continually moving, as though she repeated something to herself. Her name was Memory. On entering this first enclosure, I was stunned with a confused murmur of jarring voices, and dissonant sounds; which increased upon me to such a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noise to nothing but the confusion of tongues at Babel. The road was also rough and stony; and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbish continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain; and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every step; insomuch that many, disgusted with so rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more: while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no spirits to ascend further, and sitting down on some fragment of the rubbish, harangued the multitude below with the greatest marks of importance and self-complacency.

About half way up the hill, I observed on each side the path a thick forest covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, cross alleys, and serpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briars. This was called the wood of Error: and I heard the voices of many who were lost up and down in it, calling to one another, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themselves. The trees in many places shot their boughs over the path, and a thick mist often rested on it; yet never so much but that it was discernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleasantest part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muses, whose office

office it was to cheer the ſpirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting ſteps with ſongs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers ſpringing up in the greateſt luxuriance, of richer ſcents and brighter colours than I had obſerved in any other climate. And near them was the dark walk of Allegory, ſo artificially ſhaded, that the light at noon-day was never ſtronger than that of a bright moon-ſhine. This gave it a pleaſing romantic air for thoſe who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the ſtatue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muſe.

After I had obſerved theſe things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the ſteep aſcent, and obſerved amongſt them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and ſomething fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle up the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration: but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made ſo many excurſions from the road, that his feebler companions often out-ſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld him with partiality; but truth often frowned, and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his ſtrength in eccentric flights, I ſaw a perſon of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw moſt of thoſe below him who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed there were few who aſcended the hill with equal and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for, beſide the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when they had once complied with, they became leſs and leſs able to reſiſt; and though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were more ſeverely felt, the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged, the fruits which were wholeſome and refreſhing ſeemed harſh and ill-taſted, their ſight grew dim, and their feet tript at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſurpriſe, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of Pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the Paſſions; they accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forſook them when they loſt ſight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away, without reſiſtance, to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Amongſt the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts, that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence (for ſo ſhe was called) far from proceeding to open hoſtilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had

a power

a power like that of the torpedo, which withered the ſtrength of thoſe who came within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to ſlide from beneath their feet, and they found themſelves at the bottom, before they ſuſpected they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity, which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom, as they glided down the ſtream of Inſignificance; a dark and ſluggiſh water which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where ſtartled paſſengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of Oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment when their tyrants were languid or aſleep to eſcape from their enchantment; but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted, and ſeldom reſiſted, till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other evergreens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the goddeſs ſeemed to ſhed a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I ſaw ſtanding beſide me a form of diviner features and a more benign radiance. Happier, ſaid ſhe, are thoſe whom Virtue conducts to the manſions of Content! What, ſaid I, does Virtue then reſide in the vale? I am found, ſaid ſhe, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain: I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me I am already preſent. Science may raiſe you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the goddeſs was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my ſlumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward, and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation. *Aikin's Miſcel.*

§ 8. *The Canal and the Brook. A Reverie.*

A delightfully pleaſant evening ſucceeding a ſultry ſummer-day, invited me to take a ſolitary walk; and, leaving the duſt of the highway, I fell into a path which led along a pleaſant little valley watered by a ſmall meandring brook. The meadow ground on its banks had been lately mown, and the new graſs was ſpringing up with a lively verdure. The brook was hid in ſeveral places by the ſhrubs that grew on each ſide, and intermingled their branches. The ſides of the valley were roughened by ſmall irregular thickets; and the whole ſcene had an air of ſolitude and retirement, uncommon in the neighbourhood of a populous town. The Duke of Bridgewater's canal croſſed the valley, high raiſed on a mound of earth, which preſerved a level with the elevated ground on each ſide. An arched road was carried under it, beneath which the brook that ran along the valley was conveyed by a ſubterraneous paſſage. I threw myſelf upon a green bank, ſhaded by a leafy thicket,

thicket, and resting my head upon my hand, after a welcome indolence had overcome my senses, I saw, with the eyes of fancy, the following scene.

The firm-built side of the aqueduct suddenly opened, and a gigantic form issued forth, which I soon discovered to be the Genius of the Canal. He was clad in a close garment of russet hue. A mural crown, indented with battlements, surrounded his brow. His naked feet were discoloured with clay. On his left shoulder he bore a huge pick-axe; and in his right hand he held certain instruments, used in surveying and levelling. His looks were thoughtful, and his features harsh. The breach through which he proceeded instantly closed, and with a heavy tread he advanced into the valley. As he approached the brook, the Deity of the Stream arose to meet him. He was habited in a light green mantle, and the clear drops fell from his dark hair, which was encircled with a wreath of water-lily, interwoven with sweet-scented flag: an angling rod supported his steps. The Genius of the Canal eyed him with a contemptuous look, and in a hoarse voice thus began:

"Hence, ignoble rill! with thy scanty "tribute to thy lord the Mersey; nor thus "waste thy almost-exhausted urn in lingering "windings along the vale. Feeble as thine "aid is, it will not be unacceptable to that "master stream himself; for, as I lately "crossed his channel, I perceived his sands "loaded with stranded vessels. I saw, and "pitied him, for undertaking a task to which "he is unequal. But thou, whose languid "current is obscured by weeds, and interrupted by mishapen pebbles; who loosest "thyself in endless mazes, remote from any "sound but thy own idle gurgling; how "canst thou support an existence so contemptible and useless? For me, the noblest "child of Art, who hold my unremitting "course from hill to hill, over vales and "rivers; who pierce the solid rock for my "passage, and connect unknown lands with "distant seas; wherever I appear I am viewed with astonishment, and exulting Commerce hails my waves. Behold my channel thronged with capacious vessels for the "conveyance of merchandize, and splendid "barges for the use and pleasure of travellers; my banks crowned with airy bridges "and huge warehouses, and echoing with "the busy sounds of industry! Pay then the "homage due from Sloth and Obscurity to "Grandeur and Utility."

"I readily acknowledge," replied the Deity of the Brook, in a modest accent, "the "superior magnificence and more extensive "utility of which you so proudly boast; yet, "in my humble walk, I am not void of a "praise less shining, but not less solid than "yours. The nymph of this peaceful valley, "rendered more fertile and beautiful by my "stream; the neighbouring sylvan deities, to "whose pleasure I contribute; will pay a "grateful testimony to my merit. The "windings of my course, which you so much "blame, serve to diffuse over a greater extent "of ground the refreshment of my waters; "and the lovers of nature and the Muses, "who are fond of straying on my banks, are "better pleased that the line of beauty marks "my way, than if, like yours, it were directed in a straight, unvaried line. They "prize the irregular wildness with which "I am decked, as the charms of beauteous "simplicity. What you call the weeds "which darken and obscure my waves, afford "to the botanist a pleasing speculation of the "works of nature; and the poet and painter

think

" think the luſtre of my ſtream greatly im-
" proved by glittering through them. The
" pebbles which diverſify my bottom, and
" make theſe ripplings in my current, are
" pleaſing objects to the eye of taſte; and
" my ſimple murmurs are more melodious to
" the learned ear than all the rude noiſes of
" your banks, or even the muſic that reſounds
" from your ſtately barges. If the unfeel-
" ing ſons of Wealth and Commerce judge of
" me by the mere ſtandard of uſefulneſs, I
" may claim no undiſtinguiſhed rank. While
" your waters, confined in deep channels, or
" lifted above the valleys, roll on, a uſeleſs
" burden to the fields, and only ſubſervient to
" the drudgery of bearing temporary merchan-
" dizes, my ſtream will beſtow unvarying fer-
" tility on the meadows, during the ſummers
" of future ages. Yet I ſcorn to ſubmit my
" honours to the deciſion of thoſe whoſe hearts
" are ſhut up to taſte and ſentiment: let me
" appeal to nobler judges. The philoſopher
" and poet, by whoſe labours the human
" mind is elevated and refined, and opened to
" pleaſures beyond the conception of vulgar
" ſouls, will acknowledge that the elegant
" deities who preſide over ſimple and natural
" beauty have inſpired them with their charm-
" ing and inſtructive ideas. The ſweeteſt and
" moſt majeſtic bard that ever ſung has taken
" a pride in owning his affection to woods
" and ſtreams; and, while the ſtupendous mo-
" numents of Roman grandeur, the columns
" which pierced the ſkies, and the aqueducts
" which poured their waves over mountains
" and vallies, are ſunk in oblivion, the gently-
" winding Mincius ſtill retains his tranquil
" honours. And when thy glories, proud
" Genius! are loſt and forgotten; when the
" flood of commerce, which now ſupplies thy
" urn, is turned into a another courſe, and
" has left thy channel dry and deſolate; the
" ſoftly-flowing Avon ſhall ſtill murmur in
" ſong, and his banks receive the homage of
" all who are beloved by Phœbus and the
" Muſes." *Aikin's Miſcell.*

§ 9. *The Story of a diſabled Soldier.*

No obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than, That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our

our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attatched an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows:

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't "pretend to have gone through any more "than other folks; for, except the loss of "my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I "don't know any reason, thank Heaven, that "I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, "of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, "and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it "is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire; my father "was a labourer, and died when I was five "years old; so that I was put upon the pa-"rish. As he had been a wandering sort of "a man, the parishioners were not able to "tell to what parish I belonged, or where I "was born, so they sent me to another parish, "and that parish sent me to a third. I "thought in my heart, they kept sending me "about so long, that they would not let me "be born in any parish at all; but at last, "however, they fixed me. I had some dis-"position to be a scholar, and was resolved, "at least, to know my letters; but the mas-"ter of the workhouse put me to business as "soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and "here I lived an easy kind of life for five "years. I only wrought ten hours in the "day, and had my meat and drink provided "for my labour. It is true, I was not suf-"fered to stir out of the house, for fear, as "they said, I should run away; but what of "that, I had the liberty of the whole house, "and the yard before the door, and that was "enough for me. I was then bound out to "a farmer, where I was up both early and "late; but I ate and drank well, and liked "my business well enough, till he died, when "I was obliged to provide for myself; so I "was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to "town, worked when I could get employ-"ment,

" ment, and ſtarved when I could get none: " when happening one day to go through a " field belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpy'd " a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; " and I believe the devil put it in my head to " fling my ſtick at it:—well, what will you " have on't? I killed the hare, and was " bringing it away, when the juſtice himſelf " met me; he called me a poacher and a " villain; and, collaring me, deſired I would " give an account of myſelf. I fell upon my " knees, begged his worſhip's pardon, and " began to give a full account of all that I " knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation; " but, though I gave a very true account, the " juſtice ſaid I could give no account; ſo I " was indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of " being poor, and ſent up to London to New- " gate, in order to be tranſported as a vaga- " bond.

" People may ſay this and that of being " in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate " as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all " my life. I had my belly-full to eat and " drink, and did no work at all. This kind " of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I " was taken out of priſon, after five months, " put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two " hundred more, to the plantations. We " had but an indifferent paſſage, for being all " confined in the hold, more than a hundred " of our people died for want of ſweet air; " and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough, " God knows. When we came a-ſhore, we " were ſold to the planters, and I was bound " for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcho- " lar, for I did not know my letters, I was " obliged to work among the negroes; and " I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to " do.

" When my time was expired, I worked " my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee " Old England again, becauſe I loved my " country. I was afraid, however, that I " ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once " more, ſo I did not much care to go down " into the country, but kept about the town, " and did little jobs when I could get them.

" I was very happy in this manner for " ſome time, till one evening, coming home " from work, two men knocked me down, " and then deſired me to ſtand. They be- " longed to a preſs-gang: I was carried " before the juſtice, and, as I could give no " account of myſelf, I had my choice left, " whether to go on board a man of war, or " liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe the latter; and, " in this poſt of a gentleman, I ſerved two " campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles " of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one " wound, through the breaſt here; but the " doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well " again.

" When the peace came on I was diſ- " charged; and, as I could not work, be- " cauſe my wound was ſometimes trouble- " ſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt " India company's ſervice. I have fought " the French in ſix pitched battles; and I " verily believe that, if I could read or " write, our captain would have made me " a corporal. But it was not my good for- " tune to have any promotion, for I ſoon " fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home " again with forty pounds in my pocket. " This was at the beginning of the preſen " war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and " to have the pleaſure of ſpending my mo- " ney; but the government wanted men, " and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before " ever I could ſet foot on ſhore.

" The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an

" obſtinate fellow: he ſwore he knew that I " underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I " ſhammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God " knows, I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, " and he beat me, without conſidering what " he was about. I had ſtill, however, my " forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort " to me under every beating; and the mo- " ney I might have had to this day, but that " our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo " I loſt all.

" Our crew was carried into Breſt, and " many of them died, becauſe they were not " uſed to live in a jail; but, for my part, it " was nothing to me, for I was ſeaſoned. " One night, as I was aſleep on the bed of " boards, with a warm blanket about me, for " I always loved to lie well, I was awakened " by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn " in his hand: 'Jack,' ſays he to me, 'will " you knock out the French centry's brains?' 'I don't care,' ſays I, ſtriving to keep my- " ſelf awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then " follow me,' ſays he, 'and I hope we ſhall " do buſineſs.' So up I got, and tied my " blanket, which was all the cloaths I had, " about my middle, and went with him to " fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, " becauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden " ſhoes.

" Though we had no arms, one Engliſh- " man is able to beat five French at any " time; ſo we went down to the door, " where both the centries were poſted, and, " ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a " moment, and knocked them down. From " thence nine of us ran together to the quay, " and ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out " of the harbour, and put to ſea. We had " not been here three days before we were " taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were " glad of ſo many good hands, and we con- " ſented to run our chance. However, we " had not as much luck as we expected. In " three days we fell in with the Pompadour " privateer, of forty guns, while we had but " twenty-three; ſo to it we went, yard-arm " and yard-arm. The fight laſted for three " hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have " taken the Frenchman, had we but had " ſome more men left behind; but, unfortu- " nately, we loſt all our men juſt as we were " going to get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of the " French, and I believe it would have gone " hard with me had I been brought back to " Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were re- " taken by the Viper. I had almoſt forgot " to tell you that, in that engagement, I was " wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers " off the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off. " If I had had the good fortune to have loſt " my leg and uſe of my hand on board a " king's ſhip, and not a-board a privateer, I " ſhould have been entitled to cloathing and " maintenance during the reſt of my life! " but that was not my chance: one man is " born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and " another with a wooden ladle. However, " bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and " will for ever love liberty and Old Eng- " land. Liberty, property, and Old England " for ever, huzza!"

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it. *Goldſmith.*

§ 10. *A Dialogue between* Ulysses *and* Circe, *in* Circe's *Iſland.*

Circe. You will go then, Ulyſſes; but why will you go? I deſire you to ſpeak the thoughts

thoughts of your heart. Speak without reserve.—What carries you from me?

Ulysses. Pardon, goddess, the weakness of human nature. My heart will sigh for my country. It is a tenderness which all my attachment to you cannot overcome.

Circe. This is not all. I perceive you are afraid to declare your whole mind: but what do you fear? my terrors are gone. The proudest goddess on earth, when she has favoured a mortal as I have favoured you, has laid her divinity and power at his feet.

Ulysses. It may be so, while there still remains in her heart the fondness of love, or in her mind the fear of shame. But you, Circe, are above those vulgar sensations.

Circe. I understand your caution, it belongs to your character; and, therefore, to take all diffidence from you, I swear by Styx, I will do no harm to you or your friends for any thing which you say, though it should offend me ever so much, but will send you away with all marks of my friendship. Tell me now, truly, what pleasures you hope to enjoy in the barren island of Ithaca, which can compensate for those you leave in this paradise, exempt from all cares, and overflowing with all delights?

Ulysses. The pleasures of virtue; the supreme happiness of doing good. Here I do nothing: my mind is in a palsy; its faculties are benumbed. I long to return into action again, that I may employ those talents and virtues which I have cultivated from the earliest days of my youth. Toils and cares fright not me: they are the exercise of my soul; they keep it in health and in vigour. Give me again the fields of Troy, rather than those vacant groves: there I could reap the bright harvest of glory; here I am hid from the eyes of mankind, and begin to appear contemptible in my own. The image of my former self haunts and seems to upbraid me wherever I go: I meet it under the gloom of every shade; it even intrudes itself into your presence, and chides me from your arms. O goddess! unless you have power to lay that troublesome spirit, unless you can make me forget myself, I cannot be happy here, I shall every day be more wretched

Circe. May not a wise and good man, who has spent all his youth in active life and honourable danger, when he begins to decline, have leave to retire, and enjoy the rest of his days in quiet and pleasure?

Ulysses. No retreat can be honourable to a wise and good man, but in company with the Muses; I am deprived of that sacred society here. The Muses will not inhabit the abodes of voluptuousness and sensual pleasure. How can I study, how can I think, while so many beasts (and the worst beasts I know are men turned into beasts) are howling, or roaring, or grunting about me?

Circe. There is something in this; but this is not all: you suppress the strongest reason that draws you to Ithaca. There is another image, besides that of your former self, which appears to you in all parts of this island, which follows your walks, which interposes itself between you and me, and chides you from my arms: it is Penelope, Ulysses; I know it is.—Do not pretend to deny it: you sigh for her in my bosom itself.—And yet she is not an immortal.—She is not, as I am, endowed with the gift of unfading youth: several years have past since her's has been faded. I think, without vanity, that she was never so handsome as I. But what is she now?

Ulysses. You have told me yourself, in a former conversation, when I enquired of you

about her, that she is true to my bed, and as fond of me now, after twenty years absence, as when I left her to go to Troy. I left her in the bloom of her youth and her beauty. How much must her constancy have been tried since that time! how meritorious is her fidelity! Shall I reward her with falshood? shall I forget her who cannot forget me; who has nothing so dear to her as my remembrance?

Circe. Her love is preserved by the continual hope of your speedy return. Take that hope from her: let your companions return, and let her know that you have fixed your abode here with me; that you have fixed it for ever: let her know that she is free to dispose of her heart and her hand as she pleases. Send my picture to her; bid her compare it with her own face.—If all this does not cure her of the remains of her passion, if you do not hear of her marrying Eurymachus in a twelvemonth, I understand nothing of womankind.

Ulysses. O cruel goddess! why will you force me to tell you those truths I wish to conceal? If by such unjust, such barbarous usage, I could lose her heart, it would break mine. How should I endure the torment of thinking that I had wronged such a wife? what could make me amends for her not being mine, for her being another's? Do not frown, Circe; I own, (since you will have me speak) I own you could not: with all your pride of immortal beauty, with all your magical charms to assist those of nature, you are not such a powerful charmer as she. You feel desire, and you give it; but you never felt love, nor can you inspire it. How can I love one who would have degraded me into a beast? Penelope raised me into a hero: her love ennobled, invigorated, exalted my mind. She bid me go to the siege of Troy, though the parting with me was worse than death to herself: she bid me expose myself there to all perils among the foremost heroes of Greece, though her poor heart trembled to think of the least I should meet, and would have given all its own blood to save a drop of mine. Then there was such a conformity in all our inclinations! when Minerva taught me the lessons of wisdom, she loved to be present; she heard, she retained the moral instructions, the sublime truths of nature, she gave them back to me, softened and sweetened with the peculiar graces of her own mind. When we unbent our thoughts with the charms of poetry, when we read together the poems of Orpheus, Musæus, and Linus, with what taste did she mark every excellence in them! My feelings were dull, compared to her's. She seemed herself to be the Muse who had inspired those verses, and had tuned their lyres to infuse into the hearts of mankind the love of wisdom and virtue, and the fear of the gods. How beneficent was she, how good to my people! what care did she take to instruct them in the finer and more elegant arts; to relieve the necessities of the sick and the aged: to superintend the education of children; to do my subjects every good office of kind intercession; to lay before me their wants; to assist their petitions; to mediate for those who were objects of mercy; to sue for those who deserved the favours of the crown! And shall I banish myself for ever from such a consort? shall I give up her society for the brutal joys of a sensual life, keeping indeed the form of a man, but having lost the human soul, or at least all its noble and godlike powers? Oh, Circe, forgive me; I cannot bear the thought.

Circe. Be-gone—do not imagine I ask you

to ſtay. The daughter of the Sun is not ſo mean-ſpirited as to ſolicit a mortal to ſhare her happineſs with her. It is a happineſs which I find you cannot enjoy. I pity you and deſpiſe you. That which you ſeem to value ſo much I have no notion of. All you have ſaid ſeems to me a jargon of ſentiments fitter for a ſilly woman than for a great man. Go, read, and ſpin too, if you pleaſe, with your wife. I forbid you to remain another day in my iſland. You ſhall have a fair wind to carry you from it. After that, may every ſtorm that Neptune can raiſe purſue and overwhelm you! Be gone, I ſay; quit my ſight.

Ulyſſes. Great Goddeſs, I obey—but remember your oath.——

§ 11. *Scene between Colonel* RIVERS *and Sir* HARRY; *in which the Colonel, from Principles of Honour, refuſes to give his Daughter to Sir* HARRY.

Sir *Har.* Colonel, your moſt obedient: I am come upon the old buſineſs; for, unleſs I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miſs Rivers, I ſhall be the moſt miſerable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you perſonally, I cannot liſten to your propoſals.

Sir *Har.* No, Sir!

Riv. No, Sir: I have promiſed my daughter to Mr. Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir *Har.* I do: but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know——

Riv. So then, you do know I have promiſed her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir *Har.* I do—But I alſo know that matters are not finally ſettled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine; therefore——

Riv. Sir Harry, let me aſk you one queſtion before you make your conſequence.

Sir *Har.* A thouſand, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me aſk you, what you have ever obſerved in me, or my conduct, that you deſire me ſo familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you conſidered me as a man of honour?

Sir *Har.* And ſo I do, Sir—a man of the niceſt honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you aſk me to violate the ſanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my intereſt to be a raſcal!

Sir *Har.* I really don't underſtand you, Colonel; I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet ſigned——

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witneſs! And ſo you think, becauſe I am not legally bound, I am under no neceſſity of keeping my word? Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own ſentiments; and laws are of no uſe but to bind the villains of ſociety.

Sir *Har.* Well! but, my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, ſhew ſome little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I ſhew the greateſt regard for my daughter, by giving her to a man of honour; and I muſt not be inſulted with any farther repetition of your propoſals.

Sir *Har.* Inſult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an inſult? Is my readineſs to make what ſettlements you think proper——

Riv. Sir Harry, I ſhould conſider the offer of a kingdom an inſult, if it were to be purchaſed by the violation of my word. Beſides,

fides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir *Har.* Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe——

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

§ 12. *On Vulgarity.*

A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend, to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles: he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by shewing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company: it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood; all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say, that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that "what is one man's meat is another "man's poison." If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him; he gives them *tit for tat*, aye, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words

words carries the mark of the beaſt along with it. He calls the earth *yearth*; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *towards*, and not *towards* ſuch a place. He ſometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of faſhion never has recourſe to proverbs and vulgar aphoriſms; uſes neither favourite words nor hard words; but takes great care to ſpeak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly; that is, according to the uſage of the beſt companies.

An awkward addreſs, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedneſs (if I may uſe that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company; for it is impoſſible to ſuppoſe, that a man can have frequented good company, without having catched ſomething, at leaſt, of their air and motions. A new-raiſed man is diſtinguiſhed in a regiment by his awkwardneſs; but he muſt be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at leaſt the common manual exerciſe, and look like a ſoldier. The very accoutrements of a man of faſhion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loſs what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; deſtroys them firſt, and then accompanies them in their fall. His ſword is formidable only to his own legs, which would poſſibly carry him faſt enough out of the way of any ſword but his own. His cloaths fit him ſo ill, and conſtrain him ſo much, that he ſeems rather their priſoner than their proprietor. He preſents himſelf in company like a criminal in a court of juſtice; his very air condemns him; and people of faſhion will no more connect themſelves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulſe drives and ſinks him into low company; a gulph from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Lord Cheſterfield.

§ 13. *On Good-breeding.*

A friend of yours and mine has very juſtly defined good-breeding to be, "the reſult of much good ſenſe, ſome good-nature, and a little ſelf-denial for the ſake of others, and with a view to obtain the ſame indulgence from them." Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be diſputed) it is aſtoniſhing to me, that any body, who has good ſenſe and good-nature, can eſſentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to perſons, places, and circumſtances; and are only to be acquired by obſervation and experience; but the ſubſtance of it is every where and eternally the ſame. Good manners are, to particular ſocieties, what good morals are to ſociety in general, their cement and their ſecurity. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at leaſt to prevent the ill effects of bad ones; ſo there are certain rules of civility, univerſally implied and received, to enforce good manners, and puniſh bad ones. And, indeed, there ſeems to me to be leſs difference both between the crimes and puniſhments, than at firſt one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is juſtly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man who, by his ill-manners, invades and diſturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common conſent as juſtly baniſhed ſociety. Mutual complaiſances, attentions, and ſacrifices of little conveniencies, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people, as

protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing: and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good-breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should shew to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public persons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of shewing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent; but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man, who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly; one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal: but I never saw the worst-bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such-like indecencies, in companies that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to shew that respect which every body means to shew, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest; and, consequently, as there is no one principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good-breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously; it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to shew him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women; who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good-breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, and fancies, must be officiously attended to, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated, by a well-bred man. You must never usurp to yourself those conveniencies and gratifications which are of common right; such as the best places, the best dishes, &c. but on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others; who, in their turns, will offer them to you: so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be endless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shews his good-breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good-nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce the practice.

There is a third sort of good-breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all.

all. I mean, with regard to one's moſt familiar friends and acquaintances, or thoſe who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of eaſe is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, ſocial life. But eaſe and freedom have their bounds, which muſt by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and careleſſneſs becomes injurious and inſulting, from the real or ſuppoſed inferiority of the perſons; and that delightful liberty of converſation among a few friends, is ſoon deſtroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiouſneſs. But example explains things beſt, and I will put a pretty ſtrong caſe: — Suppoſe you and me alone together; I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company, as either you or I can poſſibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe too, that you would indulge me in that freedom, as far as any body would. But, notwithſtanding this, do you imagine that I ſhould think there was no bounds to that freedom? I aſſure you, I ſhould not think ſo; and I take myſelf to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. The moſt familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendſhips, require a degree of good-breeding, both to preſerve and cement them. The beſt of us have our bad ſides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred, to exhibit them. I ſhall not uſe ceremony with you; it would be miſplaced between us: but I ſhall certainly obſerve that degree of good-breeding with you, which is, in the firſt place, decent, and which, I am ſure, is abſolutely neceſſary to make us like one another's company long. *Lord Cheſterfield.*

§ 14. *A Dialogue betwixt* MERCURY, *an Engliſh Duelliſt, and a North-American Savage.*

Duelliſt. Mercury, Charon's boat is on the other ſide of the water; allow me, before it returns, to have ſome converſation with the North-American Savage, whom you brought hither at the ſame time as you conducted me to the ſhades. I never ſaw one of that ſpecies before, and am curious to know what the animal is. He looks very grim.—Pray, Sir, what is your name? I underſtand you ſpeak Engliſh.

Savage. Yes, I learned it in my childhood, having been bred up for ſome years in the town of New-York: but before I was a man I returned to my countrymen, the valiant Mohawks; and being cheated by one of yours in the ſale of ſome rum, I never cared to have any thing to do with them afterwards. Yet I took up the hatchet for them with the reſt of my tribe in the war againſt France, and was killed while I was out upon a ſcalping party. But I died very well ſatisfied: for my friends were victorious, and before I was ſhot I had ſcalped ſeven men and five women and children. In a former war I had done ſtill greater exploits. My name is The Bloody Bear: it was given me to expreſs my fierceneſs and valour

Duelliſt. Bloody Bear, I reſpect you, and am much your humble ſervant. My name is Tom Puſhwell, very well known at Arthur's. I am a gentleman by my birth, and by profeſſion a gameſter, and man of honour. I have killed men in fair fighting, in honourable ſingle combat, but do not underſtand cutting the throats of women and children.

Savage. Sir, that is our way of making war. Every nation has its own cuſtoms.

But by the grimneſs of your countenance, and that hole in your breaſt, I preſume you were killed, as I was myſelf, in ſome ſcalping party. How happened it that your enemy did not take off your ſcalp?

Duelliſt. Sir, I was killed in a duel. A friend of mine had lent me ſome money; after two or three years, being in great want himſelf, he aſked me to pay him; I thought his demand an affront to my honour, and ſent him a challenge. We met in Hyde-Park; the fellow could not fence: I was the adroiteſt ſwordſman in England. I gave him three or four wounds; but at laſt he ran upon me with ſuch impetuoſity, that he put me out of my play, and I could not prevent him from whipping me through the lungs. I died the next day, as a man of honour ſhould, without any ſniveling ſigns of repentance: and he will follow me ſoon; for his ſurgeon has declared his wounds to be mortal. It is ſaid that his wife is dead of her fright, and that his family of ſeven children will be undone by his death. So I am well revenged; and that is a comfort. For my part, I had no wife—I always hated marriage: my whore will take good care of herſelf, and my children are provided for at the Foundling Hoſpital.

Savage. Mercury, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. He has murdered his countryman; he has murdered his friend: I ſay, I won't go in a boat with that fellow. I will ſwim over the river: I can ſwim like a duck.

Mercury. Swim over the Styx! it muſt not be done; it is againſt the laws of Pluto's empire. You muſt go in the boat, and be quiet.

Savage. Do not tell me of laws: I am a Savage: I value no laws. Talk of laws to the Engliſhman: there are laws in his country, and yet you ſee he did not regard them. For they could never allow him to kill his fellow-ſubject in time of peace, becauſe he aſked him to pay a debt. I know that the Engliſh are a barbarous nation; but they cannot be ſo brutal as to make ſuch things lawful.

Mercury. You reaſon well againſt him. But how comes it that you are ſo offended with murder: you who have maſſacred women in their ſleep, and children in their cradles.

Savage. I killed none but my enemies: I never killed my own countrymen: I never killed my friend. Here, take my blanket, and let it come over in the boat; but ſee that the murderer does not ſit upon it, or touch it; if he does I will burn it in the fire I ſee yonder. Farewell.—I am reſolved to ſwim over the water.

Mercury. By this touch of my wand I take all thy ſtrength from thee.—Swim now if thou canſt.

Savage. This is a very potent enchanter. ——Reſtore me my ſtrength, and I will obey thee.

Mercury. I reſtore it; but be orderly, and do as I bid you, otherwiſe worſe will befal you.

Duelliſt. Mercury, leave him to me. I will tutor him for you. Sirrah, Savage, doſt thou pretend to be aſhamed of my company? Doſt thou know that I have kept the beſt company in England?

Savage. I know thou art a ſcoundrel.—Not pay thy debts! kill thy friend, who lent thee money, for aſking thee for it! Get out of my ſight. I will drive thee into Styx.

Mercury. Stop—I command thee. No violence.—Talk to him calmly.

Savage.

Savage. I must obey thee.—Well, Sir, let me know what merit you had to introduce you into good company. What could you do?

Duellist. Sir, I gamed, as I told you.—Besides, I kept a good table.—I eat as well as any man in England or France.

Savage. Eat! Did you ever eat the chine of a Frenchman, or his leg, or his shoulder? there is fine eating! I have eat twenty.—My table was always well served. My wife was the best cook for dressing of man's flesh in all North America. You will not pretend to compare your eating with mine.

Duellist. I danced very finely.

Savage. I will dance with thee for thy ears.—I can dance all day long. I can dance the war-dance with more spirit and vigour than any man of my nation: let us see thee begin it. How thou standest like a post! Has Mercury struck thee with his enfeebling rod? or art thou ashamed to let us see how awkward thou art? If he would permit me, I would teach thee to dance in a way that thou hast not yet learnt. I would make thee caper and leap like a buck. But what else canst thou do, thou bragging rascal?

Duellist. Oh, heavens! must I bear this? what can I do with this fellow? I have neither sword nor pistol; and his shade seems to be twice as strong as mine.

Mercury. You must answer his questions. It was your own desire to have a conversation with him. He is not well-bred; but he will tell you some truths which you must hear in this place. It would have been well for you if you had heard them above. He asked you what you could do besides eating and dancing.

Duellist. I sung very agreeably.

Savage. Let me hear you sing your death-song, or the war-hoop. I challenge you to sing.—The fellow is mute.—Mercury, this is a liar.—He tells us nothing but lies. Let me pull out his tongue.

Duellist. The lie given me!—and, alas! I dare not resent it. Oh, what a disgrace to the family of the Pushwells! this indeed is damnation.

Mercury. Here, Charon, take these two savages to your care. How far the barbarism of the Mohawk will excuse his horrid acts, I leave Minos to judge; but the Englishman, what excuse can he plead? The custom of duelling? A bad excuse at the best! but in his case cannot avail. The spirit that made him draw his sword in this combat against his friend is not that of honour; it is the spirit of the furies, of Alecto herself. To her he must go, for she hath long dwelt in his merciless bosom.

Savage. If he is to be punished, turn him over to me. I understand the art of tormenting. Sirrah, I begin with this kick on your breech. Get you into the boat, or I'll give you another. I am impatient to have you condemned.

Duellist. Oh, my honour, my honour, to what infamy art thou fallen!

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 15. *The Art of Pleasing.*

The desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or bene-

fits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature and malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not shew the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable, will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends, as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c. but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good-nature and of good-sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to, and experience of, good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary out-work of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible, and to the well-bred part of the world. *Chesterfield.*

§ 16. *Humorous Scene at an Inn between* Boniface *and* Aimwell.

Bon. This way, this way, Sir.
Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?
Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface: pretty

pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr. Boniface, your servant.

Bon. O, Sir, what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale!—Here, Tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster *with a Tankard.*

Now, Sir, you shall see——Your worship's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you liv'd so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, Sir: but it killed my wife, poor woman! as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir—She would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—But the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Ods my life, Sir, We'll drink her health: [*Drinks.*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim.

Aim. A ſportſman, I ſuppoſe?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleaſure; he plays at whiſt, and ſmokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together ſometimes.

Aim. A fine ſportſman, truly!—and married you ſay?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's my landlord, and ſo a man you know, would not—— Sir, my humble ſervice to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O, that's right, you have a good many of thoſe gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the ſaying is, that I could wiſh we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we pay good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and ſo they are willing to reimburſe us a little: one of 'em lodges in my houſe. [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worſhip's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

§ 17. *A Dialogue between* M. Apicius *and* Darteneuf.

Darteneuf. Alas! poor Apicius.—I pity thee much, for not having lived in my age and my country. How many good diſhes have I eat in England, that were unknown at Rome in thy days!

Apicius. Keep your pity for yourſelf.—How many good diſhes have I eat in Rome, the knowledge of which has been loſt in theſe latter degenerate days! the fat paps of a ſow, the livers of ſcari, the brains of phenicopters, and the tripotanum, which conſiſted of three ſorts of fiſh for which you have no names, the lupus marinus, the myxo, and the muræna.

Darteneuf. I thought the muræna had been our lamprey. We have excellent ones in the Severn.

Apicius. No:—the muræna was a ſalt-water fiſh, and kept in ponds into which the ſea was admitted.

Darteneuf. Why then I dare ſay our lampreys are better. Did you ever eat any of them potted or ſtewed?

Apicius. I was never in Britain. Your country then was too barbarous for me to go thither. I ſhould have been afraid that the Britons would have eat me.

Darteneuf. I am ſorry for you, very ſorry: for if you never were in Britain, you never eat the beſt oyſters in the whole world.

Apicius. Pardon me, Sir, your Sandwich oyſters were brought to Rome in my time.

Darteneuf. They could not be freſh: they were good for nothing there:—You ſhould have come to Sandwich to eat them: it is a ſhame for you that you did not.—An epicure talk of danger when he is in ſearch of a dainty! did not Leander ſwim over the Helleſpont to get to his miſtreſs? and what is a wench to a barrel of excellent oyſters?

Apicius. Nay—I am ſure you cannot blame me for any want of alertneſs in ſeeking fine fiſhes. I ſailed to the coaſt of Afric, from Minturnæ in Campania, only to taſte of one ſpecies, which I heard was larger there than it was on our coaſt, and finding that I had received a falſe information, I returned again without deigning to land.

Darteneuf. There was ſome ſenſe in that: but

but why did you not also make a voyage to Sandwich? Had you tasted those oysters in their perfection you would never have come back: you would have eat till you burst.

Apicius. I wish I had:—It would have been better than poisoning myself, as I did, because, when I came to make up my accounts, I found I had not much above the poor sum of fourscore thousand pounds left, which would not afford me a table to keep me from starving.

Darteneuf. A sum of fourscore thousand pounds not keep you from starving! would I had had it! I should not have spent it in twenty years, though I had kept the best table in London, supposing I had made no other expence.

Apicius. Alas, poor man! this shews that you English have no idea of the luxury that reigned in our tables. Before I died, I had spent in my kitchen 807,291*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

Darteneuf. I do not believe a word of it: there is an error in the account.

Apicius. Why, the establishment of Lucullus for his suppers in the Apollo, I mean for every supper he eat in the room which he called by that name, was 5000 drachms, which is in your money 1614*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*

Darteneuf. Would I had supped with him there! But is there no blunder in these calculations?

Apicius. Ask your learned men that.—I count as they tell me.—But perhaps you may think that these feasts were only made by great men, like Lucullus, who had plundered all Asia to help him in his house-keeping. What will you say, when I tell you that the player Æsopus had one dish that cost him 6000 sestertia, that is, 4843*l.* 10*s.* English.

Darteneuf. What will I say! why that I pity poor Cibber and Booth; and that, if I had known this when I was alive, I should have hang'd myself for vexation that I did not live in those days.

Apicius. Well you might, well you might.—You do not know what eating is. You never could know it. Nothing less than the wealth of the Roman empire is sufficient to enable a man to keep a good table. Our players were richer by far than your princes.

Darteneuf. Oh that I had but lived in the blessed reign of Caligula, or of Vitellius, or of Heliogabalus, and had been admitted to the honour of dining with their slaves!

Apicius. Aye, there you touch me.—I am miserable that I died before their good times. They carried the glories of their table much farther than the best eaters of the age that I lived in. Vitellius spent in eating and drinking, within one year, what would amount in your money to above seven millions two hundred thousand pounds. He told me so himself in a conversation I had with him not long ago. And the others you mentioned did not fall short of his royal magnificence.

Darteneuf. These indeed were great princes. But what affects me most is the dish of that player, that d——d fellow Æsopus. I cannot bear to think of his having lived so much better than I. Pray, of what ingredients might the dish he paid so much for consist?

Apicius. Chiefly of singing birds. It was that which so greatly enhanced the price.

Darteneuf. Of singing birds! choak him!—I never eat but one, which I stole from a lady of my acquaintance, and all London was in an uproar about it, as if I had stolen and roasted a child. But, upon recollection, I begin to doubt whether I have so much reason to envy Æsopus; for the singing bird which I eat was no better in its taste

taſte than a fat lark or a thruſh; it was not ſo good as a wheatear or becafigue; and therefore I ſuſpect that all the luxury you have bragged of was nothing but vanity and fooliſh expence. It was like that of the ſon of Æſopus, who diſſolved pearls in vinegar, and drunk them at ſupper. I will be d——d, if a haunch of veniſon, and my favourite ham-pye, were not much better diſhes than any at the table of Vitellius himſelf. I do not find that you had ever any good ſoups; without which no man of taſte can poſſibly dine. The rabbits in Italy are not fit to eat, and what is better than the wing of one of our Engliſh wild rabbits? I have been told that you had no turkies. The mutton in Italy is very ill-flavoured; and as for your boars roaſted whole, I deſpiſe them; they were only fit to be ſerved up to the mob at a corporation feaſt, or election dinner. A ſmall barbecued hog is worth a hundred of them; and a good collar of Shrewſbury brawn is a much better diſh.

Apicius. If you had ſome kinds of meat that we wanted, yet our cookery muſt have been greatly ſuperior to yours. Our cooks were ſo excellent, that they could give to hog's fleſh the taſte of all other meats.

Darteneuf. I ſhould not have liked their d——d imitations. You might as eaſily have impoſed on a good connoiſſeur the copy of a fine picture for the original. Our cooks, on the contrary, give to all other meats a rich flavour of bacon, without deſtroying that which makes the diſtinction of one from another. I have not the leaſt doubt that our eſſence of hams is a much better ſauce than any that ever was uſed by the ancients. We have a hundred ragouts, the compoſition of which exceeds all deſcription. Had yours been as good, you could not have lolled, as you did, upon couches, while you were eating; they would have made you ſit up and attend to your buſineſs. Then you had a cuſtom of hearing things read to you while you were at ſupper. This ſhews you were not ſo well entertained as we are with our meat. For my own part, when I was at table, I could mind nothing elſe: I neither heard, ſaw, nor ſpoke: I only ſmelt and taſted. But the worſt of all is, that you had no wine fit to be named with good claret, or Burgundy, or Champagne, or old hock, or Tokay. You boaſted much of your Falernum; but I have taſted the Lachrymæ Chriſti, and other wines that grow upon the ſame coaſt, not one of which would I drink above a glaſs or two of if you would give me the kingdom of Naples. You boiled your wines, and mixed water with them, which ſhews that in themſelves they were not fit to drink.

Apicius. I am afraid you beat us in wines, not to mention your cyder, perry, and beer, of all which I have heard great fame from ſome Engliſh with whom I have talked; and their report has been confirmed by the teſtimony of their neighbours who have travelled into England. Wonderful things have been alſo ſaid to me of a liquor called punch.

Darteneuf. Aye — to have died without taſting that is unhappy indeed! There is rum-punch and arrack-punch; it is hard to ſay which is beſt: but Jupiter would have given his nectar for either of them, upon my word and honour.

Apicius. The thought of it puts me into a fever with thirſt. From whence do you get your arrack and your rum?

Darteneuf. Why, from the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, which you knew nothing of. That is enough to decide the diſpute. Your trade to the Eaſt Indies was very far ſhort of what we

we carry on, and the West Indies were not discovered. What a new world of good things for eating and drinking has Columbus opened to us! Think of that, and despair.

Apicius. I cannot indeed but lament my ill fate, that America was not found before I was born. It tortures me when I hear of chocolate, pine-apples, and twenty other fine meats or fine fruits produced there, which I have never tasted. What an advantage it is to you, that all your sweet-meats, tarts, cakes, and other delicacies of that nature, are sweetened with sugar instead of honey, which we were obliged to make use of for want of that plant! but what grieves me most is, that I never eat a turtle; they tell me that it is absolutely the best of all foods.

Darteneuf. Yes, I have heard the Americans say so:—but I never eat any; for, in my time, they were not brought over to England.

Apicius. Never eat any turtle! how didst thou dare to accuse me of not going to Sandwich to eat oysters, and didst not thyself take a trip to America to riot on turtles? but know, wretched man, that I am informed they are now as plentiful in England as sturgeon. There are turtle boats that go regularly to London and Bristol from the West-Indies. I have just seen a fat Alderman, who died in London last week of a surfeit he got at a turtle feast in that city.

Darteneuf. What does he say? Does he tell you that turtle is better than venison?

Apicius. He says there was a haunch of venison untouched, while every mouth was employed on the turtle; that he ate till he fell asleep in his chair? and, that the food was so wholesome he should not have died, if he had not unluckily caught cold in his sleep, which stopped his perspiration, and hurt his digestion.

Darteneuf. Alas! how imperfect is human felicity! I lived in an age when the pleasure of eating was thought to be carried to its highest perfection in England and France; and yet a turtle feast is a novelty to me! Would it be impossible, do you think, to obtain leave from Pluto of going back for one day, just to taste of that food? I would promise to kill myself by the quantity I would eat before the next morning.

Apicius. You have forgot, Sir, that you have no body: that which you had has been rotten a great while ago; and you can never return to the earth with another, unless Pythagoras carries you thither to animate that of a hog. But comfort yourself, that, as you have ate dainties which I never tasted, so the next generation will eat some unknown to the present. New discoveries will be made, and new delicacies brought from other parts of the world. We must both be philosophers. We must be thankful for the good things we have had, and not grudge others better, if they fall to their share. Consider that, after all, we could but have eat as much as our stomachs would hold, and that we did every day of our lives.—But see, who comes hither? I think it is Mercury.

Mercury. Gentlemen, I must tell you that I have stood near you invisible, and heard your discourse; a privilege which we deities use when we please. Attend therefore to a discovery which I shall make to you, relating to the subject upon which you were talking. I know two men, one of whom lived in ancient, and the other in modern times, that had more pleasure in eating than either of you ever had in your lives.

Apicius. One of these, I presume, was a Sybarite,

Sybarite, and the other a French gentleman ſettled in the Weſt Indies.

Mercury. No; one was a Spartan ſoldier, and the other an Engliſh farmer.—I ſee you both look aſtoniſhed; but what I tell you is truth. The ſoldier never ate his black broth till the exerciſes, to which by their diſcipline the Spartan troops were obliged, had got him ſuch an appetite, that he could have gnawed a bone like a dog. The farmer was out at the tail of his plough, or ſome other wholeſome labour, from morning till night; and when he came home his wife dreſſed him a piece of good beef, or a fine barn door fowl and a pudding, for his dinner, which he ate much more ravenouſly, and conſequently with a great deal more reliſh and pleaſure, than you did your tripotanum or your ham-pye. Your ſtomachs were always ſo overcharged, that I queſtion if ever you felt real hunger, or eat one meal in twenty years without forcing your appetites, which makes all things inſipid. I tell you therefore again, that the ſoldier and the farmer had much more of the joy of eating than you.

Darteneuf. This is more mortifying than not to have ſhared a turtle feaſt. I fear indeed we have been in quite a wrong ſyſtem, and never had any true notions of pleaſure.

Apicius. It is a ſad thing not to know what good living is before one is dead. I wiſh, Mercury, you had taught me your art of cookery in my life-time, or held your tongue about it here.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 18. *Scene between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which* CASSIO *regrets his Folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

Caſ. Paſt all ſurgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound: there is more ſenſe in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition: oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, ——— Drunk! and ſquabble! ſwagger! ſwear! and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow! O thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you followed with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Caſ. It has pleaſed the devil Drunkenneſs to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this

this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my place again—he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard!——Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!——Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I muſt to the watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt Iago.

Shakeſpeare.

§ 19. *A Dialogue between* MERCURY *and a modern fine Lady.*

Mrs. Modiſh. Indeed, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleaſure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, abſolutely engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an amiable affectionate huſband, and ſeveral fine children: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal attachments, maternal affections, nor even the care of a kingdom's welfare or a nation's glory, can excuſe a perſon who has received a ſummons to the realms of death. If the grim meſſenger was not as peremptory as unwelcome, Charon would not get a paſſenger (except now and then an hypochondriacal Engliſhman) once in a century. You muſt be content to leave your huſband and family, and paſs the Styx.

Mrs. Modiſh. I did not mean to inſiſt on any engagement with my huſband and children; I never thought myſelf engaged to them. I had no engagements but ſuch as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will ſee I was engaged to the play on Mondays, balls on Tueſdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card aſſemblies the reſt of the week, for two months to come; and it would be the rudeſt thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will ſtay for me till the ſummer ſeaſon, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elyſian fields may be leſs deteſtable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I ſhould not diſlike drinking the Lethe waters, when you have a full ſeaſon.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleaſure

pleasure the business, end, and aim of your life! It is good to drown cares: but who would wash away the remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over again? Late hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural chearfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore away my youthful vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very meritorious?

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to think at all: so far indeed my manner of life was agreeable enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured me dissipation was good for my spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's friends, comply with one's doctor, and contradict one's husband; and besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du bon ton* *.

Mercury. Bon ton! what's that, Madam? Pray define it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In conversation it is not wit; in manners it is not politeness; in behaviour it is not address; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain persons who have not certain virtues, and who have certain vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by courtesy, it gets an higher rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedency dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this something and this nothing called the *bon ton?*

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing: I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your time, your reason, and your duties to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's happiness, and your children's education.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and drawing-master, and a French governess to teach them behaviour and the French language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon ton.* Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal affection, and mothers without

* *Du bon ton* is a cant phrase in the modern French language, for the fashionable air of conversation and manners.

without maternal care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just concluded. Minos is a sour old gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advise you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep happiness in your view, but never take the road that leads to it. Remain on this side Styx; wander about without end or aim; look into the Elysian fields, but never attempt to enter into them, lest Minos should push you into Tartarus: for duties neglected may bring on a sentence not much less severe than crimes committed.

Dialogues of the Dead.

§ 20. *Scene between the Jews* SHYLOCK *and* TUBAL; *in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an Account of the Extravagance of his Daughter* JESSICA, *and the Misfortunes of* ANTONIO.

Shy. How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! O would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what spent in the search: loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding!

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me; I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Shy. I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Shy. Out upon her! thou torturest me, Tubal! it was my ruby, I had it of Leah when I was a batchelor; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkies.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true: go see me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

Shakespeare.

§ 21.

§ 21. *Humorous Scene between Prince* HENRY *and* FALSTAFF, *in which the Prince detects* FALSTAFF'*s monſtrous Lies.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack!—Where haſt thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of ſack, boy:—ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]—You rogue, here's lime in this ſack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villainous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring. There live not three good men unhang'd in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I ſay—A plague of all cowards! I ſay ſtill.

P. Henry. How now Woolſack! what mutter you?

Fal. A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects afore thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee hang'd ere I'll call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. Your ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders; you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of friends? a plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me—give me a cup of ſack: I am a rogue if I drank to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drank'ſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! ſtill, ſay I.

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us.

P. Henry. What! a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hack'd like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum!* I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. Henry. Pray Heav'n you have not murder'd ſome of them!

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am ſure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell

I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me.

P. Henry. What, four! thou ſaidſt but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal, I told thee four.—— Theſe four came all a-front, and mainly thruſt at me: I made no more ado, but took all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why they were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram?

P. Henry. Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

Fal. Seven by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to. Theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—ſeven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

Fal. But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; (for it was ſo dark, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.)

P. Henry. Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obſcene greaſy tallow-catch—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal-green, when it was ſo dark thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this? Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

Fal. What upon compulſion!—No: were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulſion! Give you a reaſon on compulſion! If reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh—

Fal. Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you ſtock-fiſh! O, for breath to utter! what is like thee? you taylor's yard, you ſheath, you bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck—

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou haſt tir'd thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this: —Poins and I ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-fac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carry'd your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roar'd for mercy, and ſtill ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick, what device, what ſtarting-hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you?—By the Lord, I knew you as well as he that made you. Why, hear ye, my maſter, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent?

apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you: and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me. *Shakespeare.*

§ 21. *Scene in which* Moody *gives* Manly *an Account of the Journey to* London.

Manly. Honest John!—

Moody. Measter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be prais'd, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th' awld weazle-belly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two forewheels came crash dawn at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And pray, how many are there within the coach?

Moody. Why there's my lady and his worship, and the younk 'squoire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumb-cake, and baskets of tongues and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody.

Moody. Meaſter! you're a wiſe mon; and, for that matter, ſo am I—Whoam's whoam, I ſay: I am ſure we ha' got but little good e'er ſin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but miſchief! ſome devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! ſays Roger—Then, ſowle! we are all ſet faſt in a ſlough. Whaw! cries Miſs: Scream! go the maids; and bawl juſt as thof they were ſtuck. And ſo, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honeſt John——

Moody. Dear Meaſter Manly! the goodneſs of goodneſs bleſs and preſerve you!

§ 22. *Cruelty to Animals.*

Montaigne thinks it ſome reflection upon human nature itſelf, that few people take delight in ſeeing beaſts careſs or play together, but almoſt every one is pleaſed to ſee them lacerate and worry one another. I am ſorry this temper is become almoſt a diſtinguiſhing character of our own nation, from the obſervation which is made by foreigners of our beloved paſtimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like. We ſhould find it hard to vindicate the deſtroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonneſs: yet in this principle our children are bred up; and one of the firſt pleaſures we allow them, is the licence of inflicting pain upon poor animals: almoſt as ſoon as we are ſenſible what life is ourſelves, we make it our ſport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good uſe might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and inſects. Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who permitted them to her children, but rewarded or puniſhed them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a daily exerciſe of humanity, and improving their very diverſion to a virtue.

I fancy, too, ſome advantage might be taken of the common notion, that 'tis ominous or unlucky to deſtroy ſome ſorts of birds, as ſwallows and martins. This opinion might poſſibly ariſe from the confidence theſe birds ſeem to put in us by building under our roofs; ſo that this is a kind of violation of the laws of hoſpitality to murder them. As for Robin red-breaſts in particular, it is not improbable they owe their ſecurity to the old ballad of "The children in the wood." However it be, I don't know, I ſay, why this prejudice, well improved, and carried as far as it would go, might not be made to conduce to the preſervation of many innocent creatures, which are now expoſed to all the wantonneſs of an ignorant barbarity.

There are other animals that have the misfortune, for no manner of reaſon, to be treated as common enemies, wherever found. The conceit that a cat has nine lives has coſt at leaſt nine lives in ten of the whole race of them: ſcarce a boy in the ſtreets but has in this point outdone Hercules himſelf, who was famous for killing a monſter that had but three lives. Whether the unaccountable animoſity againſt this uſeful domeſtic may be any cauſe of the general perſecution of owls (who are a ſort of feathered cats) or whether it be only an unreaſonable pique the moderns have taken to a ſerious countenance, I ſhall not determine: though I am inclined to believe the former; ſince I

obſerve the ſole reaſon alledged for the deſtruction of frogs is becauſe they are like toads. Yet, amidſt all the misfortunes of theſe unfriended creatures, 'tis ſome happineſs that we have not yet taken a fancy to eat them: for ſhould our countrymen refine upon the French never ſo little, 'tis not to be conceived to what unheard-of torment, owls, cats, and frogs may be yet reſerved.

When we grow up to men, we have another ſucceſſion of ſanguinary ſports; in particular, hunting. I dare not attack a diverſion which has ſuch authority and cuſtom to ſupport it; but muſt have leave to be of opinion, that the agitation of that exerciſe, with the example and number of the chaſers, not a little contributes to reſiſt thoſe checks, which compaſſion would naturally ſuggeſt in behalf of the animal purſued. Nor ſhall I ſay, with Monſieur Fleury, that this ſport is a remain of the Gothic barbarity; but I muſt animadvert upon a certain cuſtom yet in uſe with us, and barbarous enough to be derived from the Goths, or even the Scythians: I mean that ſavage compliment our huntſmen paſs upon ladies of quality, who are preſent at the death of a ſtag, when they put the knife in their hands to cut the throat of a helpleſs, trembling, and weeping creature.

Queſtuque cruentus,
Atque imploranti ſimilis.———

But if our ſports are deſtructive, our gluttony is more ſo, and in a more inhuman manner. Lobſters roaſted alive, pigs whipped to death, fowls ſewed up, are teſtimonies of our outrageous luxury. Thoſe who (as Seneca expreſſes it) divide their lives betwixt an anxious conſcience, and a nauſeated ſtomach, have a juſt reward of their gluttony in the diſeaſes it brings with it: for human ſavages, like other wild beaſts, find ſnares and poiſon in the proviſions of life, and are allured by their appetite to their deſtruction. I know nothing more ſhocking, or horrid, than the proſpect of one of their kitchens covered with blood, and filled with the cries of the creatures expiring in tortures. It gives one an image of a giant's den in a romance, beſtrewed with the ſcattered heads and mangled limbs of thoſe who were ſlain by his cruelty. *Pope.*

§ 23. *Halfpenny, its Adventures.*

" Sir,

" I ſhall not pretend to conceal from you the illegitimacy of my birth, or the baſeneſs of my extraction: and though I ſeem to bear the venerable marks of old age, I received my being at Birmingham not ſix months ago. From thence I was tranſported, with many of my brethren of different dates, characters, and configurations, to a Jew pedlar in Duke's-place, who paid for us in ſpecie ſcarce a fifth part of our nominal and extrinſic value. We were ſoon after ſeparately diſpoſed of, at a more moderate profit, to coffee-houſes, chop-houſes, chandlers-ſhops, and gin-ſhops. I had not been long in the world, before an ingenious tranſmuter of metals laid violent hands on me; and obſerving my thin ſhape and flat ſurface, by the help of a little quickſilver exalted me into a ſhilling. Uſe, however, ſoon degraded me again to my native low ſtation; and I unfortunately fell into the poſſeſſion of an urchin juſt breeched, who received me as a Chriſtmas-box of his god-mother.

" A love of money is ridiculouſly inſtilled into children ſo early, that before they can poſſibly comprehend the uſe of it, they conſider

it

it as of great value: I loſt therefore the very eſſence of my being, in the cuſtody of this hopeful diſciple of avarice and folly; and was kept only to be looked at and admired: but a bigger boy after a while ſnatched me from him, and releaſed me from my confinement.

"I now underwent various hardſhips among his play-fellows, and was kicked about, huſtled, toſſed up, and chucked into holes; which very much battered and impaired me: but I ſuffered moſt by the pegging of toys, the marks of which I have borne about me to this day. I was in this ſtate the unwitting cauſe of rapacity, ſtrife, envy, rancour, malice, and revenge, among the little apes of mankind; and became the object and the nurſe of thoſe paſſions which diſgrace human nature, while I appeared only to engage children in innocent paſtimes. At length I was diſmiſſed from their ſervice by a throw with a barrow-woman for an orange.

"From her it is natural to conclude, I poſted to the gin-ſhop; where, indeed, it is probable I ſhould have immediately gone, if her huſband, a foot-ſoldier, had not wreſted me from her, at the expence of a bloody noſe, black eye, ſcratched face, and torn regimentals. By him I was carried to the Mall in St. James's Park, where I am aſhamed to tell how I parted from him—let it ſuffice that I was ſoon after depoſited in a night-cellar.

"From hence I got into the coat-pocket of a blood, and remained there with ſeveral of my brethren for ſome days unnoticed. But one evening as he was reeling home from the tavern, he jerked a whole handful of us through a ſaſh-window into the dining-room of a tradeſman, who he remembered had been ſo unmannerly to him the day before, as to deſire payment of his bill. We repoſed in ſoft eaſe on a fine Turkey carpet till the next morning, when the maid ſwept us up; and ſome of us were allotted to purchaſe tea, ſome to buy ſnuff, and I myſelf was immediately trucked away at the door for the Sweethearts Delight.

"It is not my deſign to enumerate every little accident that has befallen me, or to dwell upon trivial and indifferent circumſtances, as is the practice of thoſe important egotiſts, who write narratives, memoirs, and travels. As uſeleſs to community as my ſingle ſelf may appear to be, I have been the inſtrument of much good and evil in the intercourſe of mankind: I have contributed no ſmall ſum to the revenues of the crown, by my ſhare in each news-paper; and in the conſumption of tobacco, ſpirituous liquors, and other taxable commodities. If I have encouraged debauchery, or ſupported extravagance; I have alſo rewarded the labours of induſtry, and relieved the neceſſities of indigence. The poor acknowledge me as their conſtant friend; and the rich, though they affect to ſlight me, and treat me with contempt, are often reduced by their follies to diſtreſſes, which it is even in my power to relieve.

"The preſent exact ſcrutiny into our conſtitution has, indeed, very much obſtructed and embarraſſed my travels; tho' I could not but rejoice in my condition laſt Tueſday, as I was debarred having any ſhare in maiming, bruiſing, and deſtroying the innocent victims of vulgar barbarity: I was happy in being confined to the mock encounters with feathers and ſtuffed leather; a childiſh ſport, rightly calculated to initiate tender minds in acts of cruelty, and prepare them for the exerciſe of inhumanity on helpleſs animals.

"I shall conclude, Sir, with informing you by what means I came to you in the condition you see. A choice spirit, a member of the kill-care club, broke a link-boy's pate with me last night, as a reward for lighting him across the channel; the lad waited half his tar flambeau in looking for me, but I escaped his search, being lodged snugly against a post. This morning a parish girl picked me up, and carried me with raptures to the next baker's shop to purchase a roll. The master, who was churchwarden, examined me with great attention, and then gruffly threatening her with Bridewell for putting off bad money, knocked a nail through my middle, and fastened me to the counter: but the moment the poor hungry child was gone, he whipt me up again, and sending me away with others in change to the next customer, gave me this opportunity of relating my adventures to you." *Adventurer.*

§ 24. *Patience exemplified in the Story of an Ass.*

I was just receiving the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône——when I was stopped at the gate——

'Twas by a poor ass, who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosinary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike——there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me; and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage——I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough——in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—— I never exchange a word with them——nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay, my dog and my cat, though I value them both——(and for my dog, he would speak if he could)—yet, somehow or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the proposition, the reply, and rejoinder, which terminated my father's and my mother's conversations, in his beds of justice—and those uttered—there's an end of the dialogue——

——But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

Come Honesty! said I—seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—art thou for coming in, or going out?

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street——

Well—replied I—we'll wait a minute for thy driver.

He

——— He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way———

I understand thee perfectly, answered I—if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death——— Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unsavouriness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick'd it up again.——God help thee, Jack! said I, thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages—'tis all—all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others.——— And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot—(for he had cast aside the stem) and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.———In saying this, I pulled out a paper of them, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit, of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon——than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press'd him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seem'd to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look'd up pensive in my face—"Don't thrash me with it—but if you will, you may." —— If I do, said I, I'll be d——d.

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andouillets—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil's crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

Out upon it!

cried I———but the interjection was equivocal——and, I think, wrong placed too—for the end of an osier, which had started out from the contexture of the ass's pannier, had caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the *Out upon it!* in my opinion, should have come in here. *Sterne.*

§ 25. *An Enumeration of Superstitions observed in the Country.*

You must know, Mr. Town, that I am just returned from a visit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional superstitions, which are most religiously preserved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their sagacious grandmothers.

When I arrived, I found the mistress of the house very busily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horseshoe to the threshold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard against the spiteful designs of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a mischief, because one of my young cousins laid two straws across, to see if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady assured me, that she had several times heard Goody Cripple muttering to herself; and to be sure she was saying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Besides, the old woman had very often asked

them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was ſharp, becauſe ſhe ſhould not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the ſame as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they aſſured me, that the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was little, uſed to have fits, till the mother flung a knife at another old witch (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind), and fetched blood from her.

When I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thouſand apologies for not putting me in the beſt room in the houſe; which (ſhe ſaid) had never been lain in ſince the death of an old waſherwoman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money ſomewhere, and could not reſt till ſhe had told ſomebody; and my couſin aſſured me, that ſhe might have had it all to herſelf; for the ſpirit came one night to her bed-ſide, and wanted to tell her, but ſhe had not courage to ſpeak to it. I learned alſo, that they had a footman once, who hanged himſelf for love; and he walked for a great while, till they got the parſon to lay him in the Red Sea.

I had not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. Towzer one night howled moſt terribly; which was a ſure ſign, that ſomebody belonging to them would die. The youngeſt miſs declared, that ſhe had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognoſtic. They told me, that, juſt before uncle died, Towzer howled ſo for ſeveral nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly as if there had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who ſat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the ſtairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this diſcourſe, I overheard one of my couſins whiſper the other, that ſhe was afraid their mamma would not live long; for ſhe ſmelt an ugly ſmell, like a dead carcaſe. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearſe had ſtopt at their door in its way to church: and the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was but thirteen, ſaw her own brother's ghoſt (who was gone to the Weſt Indies) walking in the garden; and to be ſure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ſhip, the very ſame day, and hour of the day, that miſs ſaw his apparition.

I need not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no leſs prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haſte to examine whether it was a purſe or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, becauſe they had ſeen a ſtranger on the grate. The youngeſt miſs will let nobody uſe the poker but herſelf; becauſe, when ſhe ſtirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a ſign ſhe will have a briſk huſband: and ſhe is no leſs ſure of a good one, becauſe ſhe generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle leſs oracular than the fire: for the 'ſquire of the pariſh came one night to pay them a viſit, when the tallow winding-ſheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck ſoon after in a fox-chaſe. My aunt one night obſerved with great pleaſure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her ſon in London. We knew when a ſpirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor couſin Nancy was ready to cry one time, when ſhe ſnuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her ſiſter did it at a whiff,

whiff, and consequently triumphed in her superior virtue.

We had no occasion for an almanack or the weather-glass, to let us know whether it would rain or shine. One evening I proposed to ride out with my cousins the next day to see a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood; but my aunt assured us it would be wet, she knew very well, from the shooting of her corn. Besides, there was a great spider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to sing; which were both of them as certain forerunners of rain. But the most to be depended on in these cases is a tabby cat, which usually lies basking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard frost; if the cat licked her tail, rain would certainly ensue. They wondered what stranger they should see; because puss washed her face over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and her eldest daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for she observed that poor Tab had sneezed several times. Poor Tab, however, once flew at one of my cousins: for which she had like to have been destroyed, as the whole family began to think she was no other than a witch.

It is impossible to tell you the several tokens by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the salt, or laying knives across, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a strange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my cousins tell the cook-maid, that she boiled away all her sweethearts, because she had let her dish-water boil over. The same young lady one morning came down to breakfast with her cap the wrong side out; which the mother observing, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear she should turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognostics which the old lady and her daughters used to collect from almost every part of the body. A white speck upon the nails made them as sure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The elder sister is to have one husband more than the youngest, because she has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by snapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to set down every circumstance, which I observed of this sort during my stay with them: I shall therefore conclude my letter with the several remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for, as I was a relation, you know, they had less reserve.

If the head itches, it is a sign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will see a stranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your nose itches, you will shake hands with or kiss a fool, drink a glass of wine, run against a cuckold's door, or miss them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your stomach itches, you will eat pudding. If your back itches, butter will be cheap when grass grows there. If your side itches,

somebody is wishing for you. If your gartering-place itches, you will go to a strange place. If your foot itches, you will tread upon strange ground. Lastly, If you shiver, somebody is walking over your grave.

Connoisseur.

§ 26. *Painting disagreeable in Women.*

A lady's face, like the coat in the Tale of a Tub, if left alone, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you destroy the original ground.

Among other matter of wonder on my first coming to town, I was much surprised at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At present there is no distinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric; yet at the same time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the same lady. I have known an olive beauty on Monday grow very ruddy and blooming on Tuesday; turn pale on Wednesday; come round to the olive hue again on Thursday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfashionable people, whom no body knows; the rest still continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a mystery that I could not unriddle, till on being introduced to some ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair-one, who unthinkingly had turned her cheek; and found that my kisses were given (as is observed in the epigram) like those of Pyramus, through a wall. I then discovered, that this surprising youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as Hamlet says) "God had given them one face, and they had made themselves another,"

I have mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a salute, that your courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while such fashions prevail, they shall still remain in Yorkshire. There, I think, they are pretty safe; for this unnatural fashion will hardly make its way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not stand against the rays of the sun, and would inevitably melt away in a country-dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greatest enemies to their own beauty, and seem to have a design against their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipsed in a black velvet mask; at another it was blotted with patches; and at present it is crusted over with plaister of Paris. In those battered belles who still aim at conquest, this practice is in some sort excusable; but it is surely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good set of teeth merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

Indeed so common is this fashion among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a group of beauties, I consider them as so many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion as I do at Hudson's: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement of the tints, and delicate touches of the painter. Art very often seems almost to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by considering the texture and hue of the skin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engrossed by the wood and canvass.

Connoisseur.

§ 27.

§ 27. *The study of Astronomy peculiarly delightful.*

In fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow and the glaring comet, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and the rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature, and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of our Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind (I hope it was not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to sit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it. And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial structure, and those admirable scenes whereby the passions of a philosopher are gratefully agitated, and his soul affected with the sweet emotions of joy and surprise!

How many fox-hunters and rural squires are to be found all over Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have lived all this time in a planet; that the sun is several thousand times bigger than the earth; and that there are several other worlds within our view, greater and more glorious than our own! "Ay, but," says some illiterate fellow, "I enjoy the world, and leave it to others to contemplate it." Yes, you eat, and drink, and run about upon it; that is, you enjoy as a brute; but to enjoy as a rational being is to know it, to be sensible of its greatness and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by these reflections to obtain just sentiments of the almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarrassed with vulgar cares, leisurely attends to the flux of things in heaven and things on earth, and observes the laws by which they are governed, hath secured to himself an easy and convenient seat, where he beholds with pleasure all that passes on the stage of nature, while those about him are, some fast asleep, and others struggling for the highest places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by Providence, to play at push-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profusion of good things that distinguish the seasons, yields a prospect which annihilates all human grandeur. *Tatler.*

§ 28. *The Character of Toby Bumper.*

It is one of the greatest advantages of education, that it encourages an ingenuous spirit, and cultivates a liberal disposition. We do not wonder that a lad who has never been sent to school, and whose faculties have been suffered to rust at the hall-house, should form too close an intimacy with his best friends, the

groom and the game-keeper; but it would amaze us to see a boy well educated cherish this ill-placed pride, of being, as it is called, the head of the company. A person of this humble ambition will be very well content to pay the reckoning, for the honour of being distinguished by the title of 'the gentleman,' while he is unwilling to associate with men of fashion, lest they should be his superiors in rank or fortune; or with men of parts, lest they should excel him in abilities. Sometimes indeed it happens that a person of genius and learning will stoop to receive the incense of mean and illiterate flatterers in a porter-house and cyder-cellar; and I remember to have heard of a poet, who was once caught in a brothel, in the very fact of reading his verses to the good old mother, and and a circle of her daughters.

There are some few, who have been led into low company, merely from an affectation of humour, and, from a desire of seeing the droller scenes of life, have descended to associate with the meanest of the mob, and picked their cronies from lanes and alleys. The most striking instance I know of this low passion for drollery, is Toby Bumber, a young fellow of family and fortune, and not without talents, who has taken more than ordinary pains to degrade himself; and is now become almost as low a character, as any of those whom he has chosen for his companions. Toby will drink purl in a morning, smoke his pipe in a night-cellar, dive for a dinner, or eat black-puddings at Bartholomew-fair, for the humour of the thing. He has also studied, and practises, all the plebeian arts and exercises, under the best masters; and has disgraced himself with every unpolite accomplishment. He has had many a set-to with Buckhorse; and has now and then the honour of receiving a fall from the great Broughton himself. Nobody is better known among the hackney-coachmen, as a brother whip: at the noble game of prison-bars, he is a match even for the natives of Essex and Cheshire; and he is frequently engaged at the Artillery-ground with Faulkner and Dingate at cricket; and is himself esteemed as good a bat as either of the Bennets. Another of Toby's favourite amusements is, to attend the executions at Tyburn; and it once happened, that one of his familiar intimates was unfortunately brought thither; when Toby carried his regard to his deceased friend so far, as to get himself knocked down in endeavouring to rescue the body from the surgeons.

As Toby affects to mimic, in every particular, the art and manners of the vulgar, he never fails to enrich his conversation with their emphatic oaths and expressive dialect, which recommends him as a man of excellent humour and high fun, among the Choice Spirits at Comus's court, or at the meeting of the *Sons of sound Sense and Satisfaction*. He is also particularly famous for singing those cant songs, drawn up in the barbarous dialect of sharpers and pickpockets; the humour of which he often heightens, by screwing up his mouth, and rolling about a large quid of tobacco between his jaws. These and other like accomplishments frequently promote him to the chair in these facetious societies.

Toby has indulged the same notions of humour even in his amours; and is well-known to every street-walker from Cheapside to Charing-cross. This has given several shocks to his constitution, and often involved him in unlucky scrapes. He has been frequently bruised, beaten, and kicked, by the bullies of Wapping and Fleet-ditch; and was once soundly drubbed by a soldier for engaging with

with his trull. The last time I saw him he was laid up with two black eyes, and a broken pate, which he got in a midnight skirmish, about a mistress, in a night-cellar.

Connoisseur.

§ 29. *The Characters of Gamesters.*

The whole tribe of gamesters may be ranked under two divisions: Every man who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a dupe or a sharper; two characters equally the objects of envy and admiration. The dupe is generally a person of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' nose,
"As asses are." SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards and dice, but because it is the fashion; and if whist or hazard are proposed, he will no more refuse to make one at the table, than among a set of hard drinkers he would object drinking his glass in turn, because he is not dry.

There are some few instances of men of sense, as well as family and fortune, who have been dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has seized them, that they have sacrificed every thing to it, and have seemed wedded to seven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of sense thus infatuated. He makes himself and family a prey to a gang of villains more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very scoundrels that destroyed him, and live upon the spoil of others, whom he can draw into the same follies that proved so fatal to himself.

Here we may take a survey of the character of a sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be startled, Mr. Town, when I mention the excellencies of a sharper; but a gamester, who makes a decent figure in the world, must be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great lustre, were they not eclipsed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common business of his profession, he must be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a stoical calmness of temper, and a constant presence of mind. He must smile at the loss of thousands; and is not to be discomposed, though ruin stares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he must not want politeness and affability; he must be submissive, but not servile; he must be master of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a seeming openness of behaviour.

These must be the chief accomplishments of our hero: but lest I should be accused of giving too favourable a likeness of him, now we have seen his outside, let us take a view of his heart. There we shall find avarice the main spring that moves the whole machine. Every gamester is eaten up with avarice; and when this passion is in full force, it is more strongly predominant than any other. It conquers even lust; and conquers it more effectually than age. At sixty we look at a fine woman with pleasure; but when cards and dice have engrossed our attention, women and all their charms are slighted at five-and-twenty. A thorough gamester renounces Venus and Cupid for Plutus and Ames-ace, and owns no mistress of his heart except the queen of trumps. His insatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocrisy; so that all those specious virtues already

ready mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, must be directed in a gamester towards the destruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts serve only to instruct and assist him in the most dexterous method of packing the cards and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to lose thousands without emotion, must often be practised against the stings and reproaches of his conscience, and his liberal deportment and affected openness is a specious veil to recommend and conceal the blackest villainy.

It is now necessary to take a second survey of his heart; and as we have seen its vices, let us consider its miseries. The covetous man, who has not sufficient courage or inclination to increase his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up thousands by thefts less public, or by cheats less liable to uncertainty, lives in a state of perpetual suspicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the gamester are infinitely greater. He is constantly to wear a mask; and like Monsieur St. Croix, *coadjuteur* to that famous *empoisonneuse*, Madame Brinvillier, if his mask falls off, he runs the hazard of being suffocated by the stench of his own poisons. I have seen some examples of this sort not many years ago at White's. I am uncertain whether the wretches are still alive; but if they are still alive, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidst old walls, and paths long since unfrequented.

But supposing that the Sharper's hypocrisy remains undetected, in what a state of mind must that man be, whose fortune depends upon the insincerity of his heart, the disingenuity of his behaviour, and the false bias of his dice! What sensations must he suppress, when he is obliged to smile, although he is provoked; when he must look serene in the height of despair: and when he must act the stoic, without the consolation of one virtuous sentiment, or one moral principle! How unhappy must he be, even in that situation from which he hopes to reap most benefit; I mean amidst stars, garters, and the various herds of nobility! Their lordships are not always in a humour for play: they choose to laugh; they choose to joke; in the mean while our hero must patiently await the good hour, and must not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but must humour every turn and caprice to which that set of spoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother Thicket's employment, of sauntering on horseback in the wind and rain till the Reading coach passes through Smallberry-green, is the more eligible, and no less honest occupation.

The Sharper has also frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his designs. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever present themselves. The false dice cannot be constantly produced, nor the packed cards always be placed upon the table. It is then our gamester is in the greatest danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his side, he must stand the brunt, and perhaps give away his last guinea, as coolly as he would lend a nobleman a shilling.

Our hero is now going off the stage, and his catastrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own pistol. An inquest is bribed, he is buried at midnight—and forgotten before sun-rise.

These two portraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to shew different likenesses

in

in the same man, put me in mind of an old print, which I remember at Oxford, of Count Guiscard. At first sight he was exhibited in a full-bottomed wig, a hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court dress of those days; but by pulling a string the folds of the paper were shifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count Guiscard appeared to be a devil. *Connoisseur.*

§ 30. *The various Faults in Conversation and Behaviour pointed out.*

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can: but it often happens, that those, who most aim at shining in conversation, over-shoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a particular grimace or gesture: they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-shew with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to those, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable

syllable with excessive vehemence and energy These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through an hearing-trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who enquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tatlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion" make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud*, *ad's fish*, and *demme*; the gothic humbuggers, and those who "nick-name God's creatures," and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other*; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native wood-notes, as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-

German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligibly as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and growlers may be justly compared to hogs: Snarlers are curs, that continually shew their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses: Critics in general are venemous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them, who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies. *Connoisseur.*

§ 31. *A Citizen's Country House described.*

Sir,

I remember to have seen a little French novel giving an account of a citizen of Paris making an excursion into the country. He imagines himself about to undertake a long voyage to some strange region, where the natives were as different from the inhabitants of his own city as the most distant nations. He accordingly takes boat, and is landed at a village about a league from the capital. When he is set on shore, he is amazed to see the people speak the same language, wear the same dress, and use the same customs with himself. He, who had spent all his life within the sight of Pont Neuf, looked upon every one that lived out of Paris as a foreigner; and though the utmost extent of his travels was not three miles, he was as much surprised, as he would have been to meet with a colony of Frenchmen on the Terra Incognita.

In your late paper on the amusements of Sunday, you have set forth in what manner our citizens pass that day, which most of them devote to the country; but I wish you had been more particular in your descriptions of those elegant rural mansions, which at once shew the opulence and the taste of our principal merchants, mechanics, and artificers.

I went last Sunday, in compliance with a most pressing invitation from a friend, to spend the whole day with him at one of these little seats, which he had fitted out for his retirement once a week from business. It is pleasantly situated about three miles from London, on the side of a public road, from which it is separated by a dry ditch, over which is a little bridge, consisting of two narrow planks, leading to the house. From the lower part of the house there is no prospect; but from the garrets, indeed, one may see two men hanging in chains on Kennington-common, with a distant view of St. Paul's cupola enveloped in a cloud of smoke. I set out in the morning with my friend's book-keeper, who was my guide. When I came to the house, I found my friend in a black velvet cap sitting at the door smoking: he welcomed me into the country; and after having made me observe the turnpike on my left, and the Golden Sheaf on my right, he conducted me into his house, where I was received by his lady, who made a thousand apologies for being catched in such a dishabille.

The hall (for so I was taught to call it) had

had its white wall almoſt hid by a curious collection of prints and paintings. On one ſide was a large map of London, a plan and elevation of the Manſion Houſe, with ſeveral leſſer views of the public buildings and halls: on the other, was the Death of the Stag, finely coloured by Mr. Overton: cloſe by the parlour-door there hung a pair of ſtag's horns; over which there was laid acroſs a red roccelo, and an amber-headed cane. Over the chimney-piece was my friend's picture, who was drawn bolt upright in a full-bottomed perriwig, a laced cravat with the fringed ends appearing through a button-hole, a ſnuff-coloured velvet coat with gold buttons, a red velvet waiſtcoat trimmed with gold, one hand ſtuck in the boſom of his ſhirt, and the other holding out a letter with this ſuperſcription: "To Mr. ——, common-council-man of Farringdon-ward without." My eyes were then directed to another figure in a ſcarlet gown, who I was informed was my friend's wife's great great uncle, and had been ſheriff and knighted in the reign of king James the Firſt. Madam herſelf filled up a pannel on the oppoſite ſide, in the habit of a ſhepherdeſs, ſmelling to a noſegay, and ſtroking a ram with gilt horns.

I was then invited by my friend to ſee what he has pleaſed to call his garden, which was nothing more than a yard about thirty feet in length, and contained about a dozen little pots ranged on each ſide with lilies and cox-combs, ſupported by ſome old laths painted green, with bowls of tobacco-pipes on their tops. At the end of this garden he bade me take notice of a little ſquare building ſurrounded with filleroy, which he told me an alderman of great taſte had turned into a temple, by erecting ſome battlements and ſpires of painted wood on the front of it: but concluded with a hint, that I might retire to it upon occaſion.

As the riches of a country are viſible in the number of its inhabitants, and the elegance of their dwellings, we may venture to ſay that the preſent ſtate of England is very flouriſhing and proſperous; and if our taſte for building encreaſes with our opulence, for the next century, we ſhall be able to boaſt of finer country-ſeats belonging to our ſhopkeepers, artificers, and other plebeians, than the moſt pompous deſcriptions of Italy or Greece have ever recorded. We read, it is true, of country-ſeats belonging to Pliny, Hortenſius, Lucullus, and other Romans. They were Patricians of great rank and fortune: there can therefore be no doubt of the excellence of their villas. But who has ever read of a Chineſe-bridge belonging to an Attic tallow-chandler, or a Roman paſtry cook? Or could any of their ſhoe-makers or taylors boaſt a villa with his tin caſcades, paper ſtatutes, and Gothic root-houſes? Upon the above principles we may expect, that poſterity will perhaps ſee a cheeſe-monger's *apiarium* at Brentford, a poulterer's *theriotrophium* at Chiſwick, and an *ornithon* in a fiſhmonger's garden at Putney.

Connoiſſeur.

§ 32. *The two Bees.*

On a fine morning in May, two bees ſet forward in queſt of honey; the one wiſe and temperate, the other careleſs and extravagant. They ſoon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the moſt fragrant flowers, and the moſt delicious fruits. They regaled themſelves for a time on the various dainties that were ſpread before them: the one loading his thigh at intervals with proviſions for the hive againſt the diſtant winter; the other revelling in ſweets without regard to any thing

but

but his present gratification. At length they found a wide mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friends remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitably destruction.

§ 33. *Pleasant Scene of Anger, and the Disappointment of it.*

There came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air; who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it: it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume; I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, can'st thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library, as in your shop? Yes, Sir; but it is you have lost the first volume; and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man; your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm: I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?—Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself. *Spectator.*

§ 34. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit,—The second property

of

of your excellent ſherris, is, the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and ſettled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of puſillanimity and cowardice. But the ſherris warms it, and makes it courſe from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the reſt of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then, the vital commoners, and inland petty ſpirits, muſter me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of ſherris. So that ſkill in the weapon is nothing without ſack, for that ſets it awork; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till ſack commences it, and ſets it in act and uſe. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father he hath, like lean, ſterile, and bare land, manured, huſbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile ſherris.—If I had a thouſand ſons, the firſt human principle I would teach them, ſhould be — To forſwear thin potations, and to addict themſelves to ſack. *Shakeſpeare.*

§ 35. *Falſtaff's Soliloquy on Honour.*

Owe Heaven a death! 'Tis not due yet; and I would be loth to pay him before his day. What need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me?—Well, 'tis no matter, honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour ſet to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no ſkill in ſurgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word honour? air; a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it inſenſible then? yea to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not ſuffer it; therefore, I'll none of it: honour is a mere 'ſcutcheon: and ſo ends my catechiſm. *Ibid.*

§ 36. *Diſtempers of the Mind cured.*

Sir,

Being bred to the ſtudy of phyſic, and having obſerved, with ſorrow and regret, that whatever ſucceſs the faculty may meet with in bodily diſtempers, they are generally baffled by diſtempers of the mind, I have made the latter the chief ſubject of my attention, and may venture to affirm, that my labour has not been thrown away. Though young in my profeſſion, I have had a tolerable ſhare of experience, and have a right to expect, that the credit of ſome extraordinary cures I have performed will furniſh me with opportunities of performing more. In the mean time, I require it of you, not as a favour to myſelf, but as an act of juſtice to the public, to inſert the following in your Chronicle.

Mr. Abraham Buſkin, taylor, was horribly infected with the itch of ſtage-playing, to the grievous diſcomfiture of his wife, and the great detriment of nine ſmall children. I prevailed with the manager of one of the theatres to admit him for a ſingle night in the character of Othello, in which it may be remembered that a button-maker had formerly diſtinguiſhed himſelf; when, having ſecured a ſeat in a convenient corner of the gallery, by the dexterous application of about three pecks of potatoes to the *ſinciput* and *occiput* of the patient, I entirely cured him of his delirium; and he has ever ſince betaken himſelf quietly to his needle and thimble.

Mr. Edward Snap was of ſo choleric a temper,

temper, and so extremely apt to think himself affronted, that it was reckoned dangerous even to look at him. I tweaked him by the nose, and administered the proper application behind; and he is now so good-humoured, that he will take the grossest affront imaginable without shewing the least resentment.

The reverend Mr. Puff, a methodist preacher, was so extravagantly zealous and laborious in his calling, that his friends were afraid he would bawl himself into a consumption. By my interest with a noble lord, I procured him a living with a reasonable income; and he now behaves himself like a regular divine of the established church, and never gets into a pulpit.

Mrs. Diana Bridle, a maiden lady, about forty years of age, had a conceit that she was with child. I advised her to convert her imaginary pregnancy into a real one, by taking a husband; and she has never been troubled with any *fancies* of that kind since.

Mr. William Moody, an elderly gentleman, who lived in a solitary part of Kent, was apt to be very low-spirited in an easterly wind. I nailed his weather-cock to a westerly point; and at present, whichsoever way the wind blows, he is equally cheerful.

Alexander Stingo, Esq; was so strongly possessed by the spirit of witticism, that he would not condescend to open his lips for any thing less than an epigram. Under the influence of this malady he has been so deplorably dull, that he has often been silent a whole week together. I took him into my own house: instead of laughing at his jests, I either pronounced them to be puns, or paid no attention to them at all. In a month I perceived a wonderful alteration in him for the better: from thinking without speaking, he began to speak without thinking; at present never says a good thing, and is a very agreeable companion.

I likewise cured a lady of a longing for ortolans, by a dozen of Dunstable larks; and could send you many other remarkable instances of the efficacy of my prescriptions; but these are sufficient for a specimen.

I am, &c.

Bonnel Thornton.

§ 37. *Character of a Choice Spirit.*

Sir,

That a tradesman has no business with humour, unless perhaps in the way of his dealing; or with writing, unless in his shop-book, is a truth, which I believe nobody will dispute with me. I am so unfortunate however as to have a nephew, who, not contented with being a grocer, is in danger of absolute ruin by his ambition of being a wit; and having forsaken his counter for Comus's Court, and dignified himself with the appellation of a Choice Spirit, is upon the point of becoming a bankrupt. Instead of distributing his shop-bills as he ought, he wastes a dozen in a morning, by scribbling shreds of his nonsense upon the back of them; and a few days since affronted an alderman, his best customer, by sending him a pound of prunes wrapt up in a ballad he had just written, called, The Citizen outwitted, or a Bob for the Mansion-House.

He is likewise a regular frequenter of the play-houses, and being acquainted with every underling of each theatre, is at an annual expence of ten pounds in tickets for their respective benefits. They generally adjourn together from the play to the tavern; and there is hardly a watchman, within a mile of Covent-garden, but has had his head or his lantern

lantern broke by one or other of the ingenious fraternity.

I turned into his shop this morning, and had no sooner set my foot upon the threshold, than he leaped over the counter, threw himself into an attitude, as he calls it, and asked me, in the words of some play that I remember to have seen formerly, "Whether I was a spirit "of health, or a goblin damn'd?" I told him he was an undutiful young dog for daring to accost his uncle in that irreverent manner; and bid him speak like a Christian, and a reasonable person. Instead of being sensible of my rebuke, he took off his wig, and having very deliberately given it two or three twirls upon his fist, and pitched it upon his head again, said I was a dry old fellow, and should certainly afford them much entertainment at the club, to which he had the impudence to invite me: at the same time he thrust a card into my hand, containing a bill of fare for the evening's entertainment; and as a farther inducement, assured me that Mr. Twister himself would be in the chair; that he was a great creature, and so prodigiously droll, that though he had heard him sing the same songs, and repeat the same stories, a thousand times, he could still attend to him with as much pleasure as at first. I cast my eye over the list, and can recollect the following items:

"*To all true Lovers of Fun and Jocularity.*

"Mr. Twister will this evening take off a "cat, worried by two bull-dogs; ditto mak- "ing love in a gutter; the knife-grinder "and his wheel; High-Dutch squabble; and "a hog in a slaughter-house."

I assured him, that so far from having any relish for these detestable noises, the more they resembled the originals the less I should like them; and, if I could ever be fool enough to go, should at least be wise enough to stop my ears till I came out again.

Having lamented my deplorable want of taste, by the elevation of his eye-brows, and a significant shrug of his shoulders, he thrust his fore-finger against the inside of his cheek, and plucking it out of his mouth with a jerk, made a noise which very much resembled the drawing of a cork: I found, that by this signal he meant to ask me, if I chose a whet? I gave my consent by a sulky kind of nod, and walked into the back-room, as much ashamed of my nephew, as he ought to have been of himself. While he was gone to fetch a pint of mountain from the other side of the street, I had an opportunity to minute down a few of the articles of which the litter of his apartment consisted, and have selected these, as the most material from among them:

On one of the sconces by the chimney, a smart grizzle bob-wig, well oiled and powdered, feather-topt, and bag-fronted.

On the opposite sconce, a scratch.

On the window-seat, a Nankin waistcoat, bound with silver twist, without skirts or pockets, stained with red wine, and pretty much shrunk.

Item, A pair of buck-skin breeches, in one pocket a cat-call, in the other the mouth of a quart-bottle chipt and ground into a smooth ring, very fit to be used as a spying-glass by those who never want one.

Item, A red plush frock lapelled with ditto, one pocket stuffed with orange-peel, and the other with square bits of white paper ready cut and dried for a shower.

In the corner, a walking-staff, not portable.

Item, A small switch.

On the head of the bureau, a letter-case, containing a play-bill, and a quack-bill; a copy of verses, being an encomium upon

upon Mr. Twister; another of four lines, which he calls a distich; and a third, very much blotted and scratched, and yet not finished, entitled, An Extempore Epigram.

Having taken this inventory of his goods and furniture, I sat down before the fire, to devise, if possible, some expedient to reclaim him; when, on a sudden, a sound like the braying of an ass, at my elbow, alarmed me to such a degree, that I started from my seat in an instant, and, to my farther astonishment, beheld my nephew, almost black in the face, covering his ear with the hollow of his hand, and exerting the whole force of his lungs in imitating that respectable animal: I was so exasperated at this fresh instance of his folly, that I told him hastily, he might drink his wine alone, and that I would never see his face again, till he should think proper to appear in a character more worthy of himself and his family. He followed me to the door without making any reply; and, having advanced into the middle of the street, fell to clapping his sides, and crowing like a cock, with the utmost vehemence; and continued his triumphant ejaculations till I was fairly out of hearing.

Having reached my lodgings, I immediately resolved to send you an account of his absurdities; and shall take this opportunity to inform him, that as he is blest with such a variety of useful talents, and so completely accomplished as a Choice Spirit, I shall not do him the injury to consider him as a tradesman, or mortify him hereafter by endeavouring to give him any assistance in his business.

I am, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 38. *Character of a mighty good Kind of Man.*

Sir,

I have always thought your mighty good kind of man to be a very good-for-nothing fellow; and whoever is determined to think otherwise may as well pass over what follows.

The good qualities of a mighty good kind of a man (if he has any) are of the negative kind. He does very little harm; but you never find him do any good. He is very decent in appearance, and takes care to have all the externals of sense and virtue; but you never perceive the heart concerned in any word, thought, or action. Not many love him, though very few think ill of him: to him every body is his "Dear Sir," though he cares not a farthing for any body but himself. If he writes to you, though you have but the slightest acquaintance with him, he begins with "Dear Sir," and ends with "I "am, good Sir, your ever sincere and affec- "tionate friend, and most obedient humble "servant." You may generally find him in company with older persons than himself, but always with richer. He does not talk much; but he has a "Yes," or a "True, Sir," or "You observe very right, Sir," for every word that is said; which, with the old gentry, that love to hear themselves talk, makes him pass for a mighty sensible and discerning, as well as a mighty good kind of man. It is so familiar to him to be agreeable, and he has got such a habit of assenting to every thing advanced in company, that he does it without the trouble of thinking what he is about. I have known such a one, after having approved an observation made by one of the company, assent

assent with "What you say is very just," to an opposite sentiment from another; and I have frequently made him contradict himself five times in a minute. As the weather is a principal and favourite topic of a mighty good kind of man, you may make him agree, that it is very hot, very cold, very cloudy, a fine sunshine, or it rains, snows, hails, or freezes, all in the same hour. The wind may be high, or not blow at all; it may be East, West, North, or South, South East and by East, or in any point in the compass, or any point not in the compass, just as you please. This, in a stage coach, makes him a mighty agreeable companion, as well as a mighty good kind of man. He is so civil, and so well-bred, that he would keep you standing half an hour, uncovered, in the rain, rather than he would step into your chariot before you; and the dinner is in danger of growing cold, if you attempt to place him at the upper end of the table. He would not suffer a glass of wine to approach his lips, till he had drank the health of half the company, and would sooner rise hungry from table, than not drink to the other half before dinner is over, lest he should offend any by his neglect. He never forgets to hob or nob with the lady of the family, and by no means omits to toast her fire-side. He is sure to take notice of little master and miss, when they appear after dinner, and is very assiduous to win their little hearts, by almonds and raisins, which he never fails to carry about him for that purpose. This of course recommends hi to mamma's esteem; and he is not only a mighty good kind of man, but she is certain he would make a mighty good husband.

No man is half so happy in his friendships. Almost every one he names is a friend of his, and every friend a mighty good kind of man. I had the honour of walking lately with one of these good creatures from the Royal Exchange to Piccadilly; and, I believe, he pulled off his hat to every third person we met, with a "How do you do, my dear Sir?" though, I found he hardly knew the names of five of these intimate acquaintances. I was highly entertained with the greeting between my companion, and another mighty good kind of man that we met in the Strand. You would have thought they were brothers, and that they had not seen one another for many years, by their mutual expressions of joy at meeting. They both talked together, not with a design of opposing each other, but through eagerness to approve what each other said. I caught them frequently, crying, "Yes," together, and "Very true,"—"You are very right, my dear Sir;" and at last, having exhausted their favourite topic of what news, and the weather, they concluded with each begging to have the vast pleasure of an agreeable evening with the other very soon; but parted without naming either time or place.

I remember, at Westminster, a mighty good kind of boy, though he was generally hated by his schoolfellows, was the darling of the dame where he boarded, as by his means she knew who did all the mischief in the house. He always finished his exercise before he went to play: you could never find a false concord in his prose, or a false quantity in his verse; and he made huge amends for the want of sense and spirit in his compositions, by having very few grammatical errors. If you could not call him a scholar, you must allow he took great pains not to appear a dunce. At the university he never failed attending his tutor's lectures, was constant at prayers night and morning, never missed gates,

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or the hall at meal-times, was regular in his academical exercises, and took pride in appearing, on all occasions, with masters of arts; and he was happy, beyond measure, in being acquainted with some of the heads of houses, who were glad through him to know what passed among the under-graduates. Though he was not reckoned, by the college, to be a Newton, a Locke, or a Bacon, he was universally esteemed by the senior part, to be a mighty good kind of young man; and this even placid turn of mind has recommended him to no small preferment in the church.

We may observe, when these mighty good kind of young men come into the world, their attention to appearances and externals, beyond which the generality of people seldom examine, procures them a much better subsistence, and a more reputable situation in life, than ever their abilities, or their merit, could otherwise entitle them to. Though they are seldom advanced very high, yet, if such a one is in orders, he gets a tolerable living, or is appointed tutor to a dunce of quality, or is made companion to him on his travels; and then, on his return, he is a mighty polite, as well as a mighty good kind of man. If he is to be a lawyer, his being such a mighty good kind of man will make the attornies supply him with special pleadings, or bills and answers to draw, as he is sufficiently qualified by his slow genius to be a dray-horse of the law. But though he can never hope to be a chancellor, or an archbishop, yet, if he is admitted of the medical college in Warwick-lane, he will have a good chance to be at the top of their profession, as the success of the faculty depends chiefly on old women, fanciful and hysterical young ones, whimsical men, and young children, among the generality of whom, nothing recommends a person so much as his being a mighty good kind of man.

I must own, that a good man, and a man of sense, certainly should have every thing that this kind of man has; yet, if he possesses no more, much is wanting to finish and complete his character. Many are deceived by French paste: it has the lustre and brilliancy of a real diamond; but the want of hardness, the essential property of this valuable jewel, discovers the counterfeit, and shews it to be of no intrinsic value whatsoever. If the head and the heart are left out in the character of any man, you might as well look for a perfect beauty in a female face without a nose, as to expect to find a valuable man without sensibility and understanding. But it often happens, that these mighty good kind of men are wolves in sheep's cloathing; that their want of parts is supplied by an abundance of cunning, and the outward behaviour and deportment calculated to entrap the short-sighted and unwary.

Where this is not the case, I cannot help thinking that these kind of men are no better than blanks in the creation: if they are not unjust stewards, they are certainly to be reckoned unprofitable servants; and I would recommend, that this harmless, inoffensive, insipid, mighty good kind of man should be married to a character of a very different stamp, the mighty good sort of woman—an account of whom I shall give you in a day or two.

I am your humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 39. *Character of a mighty good Sort of Woman.*

I suppose the female part of my readers are very impatient to see the character of a mighty good

good sort of woman; and doubtless every mighty good kind of man is anxious to know what sort of a wife I have picked out for him.

The mighty good sort of woman is civil without good-breeding, kind without good-nature, friendly without affection, and devout without religion. She wishes to be thought every thing she is not, and would have others looked upon to be every thing she really is. If you will take her word, she detests scandal from her heart: yet, if a young lady happens to be talked of as being too gay, with a significant shrug of her shoulders, and shake of her head, she confesses, "It is too true, and "the whole town says the same thing." She is the most compassionate creature living, and is ever *pitying* one person, and *sorry* for another. She is a great dealer in *buts*, and *ifs*, and half sentences, and does more mischief with a *may be*, and *I'll say no more*, than she could do by speaking out. She confirms the truth of any story more by her fears and doubts, than if she had given proof positive; though she always concludes with a "Let us "hope otherwise."

One principal business of a mighty good sort of woman is the regulation of families; and she extends a visitatorial power over all her acquaintance. She is the umpire in all differences between man and wife, which she is sure to foment and increase by pretending to settle them; and her great impartiality and regard for both leads her always to side with one against the other. She has a most penetrating and discerning eye into the faults of the family, and takes care to pry into all their secrets, that she may reveal them. If a man happens to stay out too late in the evening, she is sure to rate him handsomely the next time she sees him, and takes special care to tell him, in the hearing of his wife, what a bad husband he is: or if the lady goes to Ranelagh, or is engaged in a party at cards, she will keep the poor husband company, that he might not be dull, and entertains him all the while with the imperfections of his wife. She has also the entire disposal of the children in her own hands, and can disinherit them, provide for them, marry them, or confine them to a state of celibacy, just as she pleases: she fixes the lad's pocket-money at school, and allowance at the university; and has sent many an untoward boy to sea for education. But the young ladies are more immediately under her eye, and, in the grand point of matrimony, the choice or refusal depends solely upon her. One gentleman is too young, another too old; one will run out his fortune, another has too little; one is a professed rake, another a sly sinner; and she frequently tells the girl, "'Tis time enough to "marry yet," till at last there is nobody will have her. But the most favourite occupation of a mighty good sort of woman is, the superintendance of the servants: she protests, there is not a good one to be got; the men are idle, and thieves, and the maids are sluts, and good-for-nothing hussies. In her own family she takes care to separate the men from the maids, at night, by the whole height of the house; these are lodged in the garret, while John takes up his roosting-place in the kitchen, or is stuffed into the turn-up seat in the passage, close to the street-door. She rises at five in the summer, and at day-light in the winter, to detect them in giving away broken victuals, coals, candles, &c. and her own footman is employed the whole morning in carrying letters of information to the masters and mistresses, wherever she sees, or rather imagines, this to be practised. She has caused

many

many a man-servant to lose his place for romping in the kitchen; and many a maid has been turned away, upon her account, for *dressing at the men*, as she calls it, looking out at the window, or standing at the street-door, in a summer's evening. I am acquainted with three maiden-sisters, all mighty good sort of women, who, to prevent any ill consequences, will not keep a footman at all; and it is at the risk of their place, that the maids have any *comers after them*, nor will, on any account, a brother, or a male cousin, be suffered to visit them.

A distinguishing mark of a mighty good sort of woman is, her extraordinary pretensions to religion: she never misses church twice a-day, in order to take note of those who are absent; and she is always lamenting the decay of piety in these days. With some of them, the good Dr. Whitefield, or the good Dr. Romaine, is ever in their mouths: and they look upon the whole bench of bishops to be very Jews in comparison of these saints. The mighty good sort of woman is also very charitable in outward appearance; for, though she would not relieve a family in the utmost distress, she deals out her halfpence to every common beggar, particularly at the church door; and she is eternally soliciting other people to contribute to this or that public charity, though she herself will not give six pence to any one of them. An universal benevolence is another characteristic of a mighty good sort of woman, which renders her (as strange as it may seem) of a most unforgiving temper. Heaven knows, she bears nobody any ill-will; but if a tradesman has disobliged her, the honestest man in all the world becomes the most arrant rogue; and she cannot rest till she has persuaded all her acquaintance to turn him off as well as herself. Every one is with her "The best "creature in the universe," while they are intimate; but upon any slight difference—— "Oh—she was vastly mistaken in the per- "sons;—she thought them good sort of bo- "dies——but—she has done with them;— "other people will find them out as well as "herself:——that's all the harm she wishes "them."——

As the mighty good sort of women differ from each other, according to their age and situation in life, I shall endeavour to point out their several marks, by which we may distinguish them. And first, for the most common character:—If she happens to be of that neutral sex, an old maid, you may find her out by her prim look, her formal gesture, and the see-saw motion of her head in conversation. Though a most rigid Protestant, her religion favours very much of the Roman Catholic, as she holds that almost every one must be damned except herself. But the leaven that runs mostly through her whole composition, is a detestation of that odious creature, man, whom she affects to loath as much as some people do a rat or a toad; and this affectation she cloaks under a pretence of a love of God, at a time of life when it must be supposed, that she can love nobody, or rather nobody loves her. If the mighty good sort of body is young and unmarried, besides the usual tokens, you may know her by her quarrelling with her brothers, thwarting her sisters, snapping her father, and over-ruling her mother, though it is ten to one she is the favourite of both. All her acquaintance cry her up as a mighty discreet kind of body; and as she affects an indifference for the men, though not a total antipathy, it is a wonder if the giddy girls, her sisters, are not married before her, which

she would look upon as the greatest mortification that could happen to her. Among the mighty good sort of women in wedlock, we must not reckon the tame domestic animal, who thinks it her duty to take care of her house, and be obliging to her husband. On the contrary, she is negligent of her home-affairs, and studies to recommend herself more abroad than in her own house. If she pays a regular round of visits, if she behaves decently at the card-table, if she is ready to come into any party of pleasure, if she pays no regard to her husband, and puts her children out to nurse, she is not a good wife, or a good mother, perhaps; but she is——a mighty good sort of woman.

As I disposed of the mighty good kind of man in marriage, it may be expected, that I should find out a proper match also for the mighty good sort of woman. To tell you my opinion then—if she is old, I would give her to a young rake, being the character she loves best at her heart:—or, if she is mighty young, mighty handsome, mighty rich, as well as a mighty good sort of woman, I will marry her myself, as I am unfortunately a batchelor.

Your very humble servant, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 40. *A Sunday in the Country.*

Sir, Aug. 8, 1761.

As life is so short, you will agree with me, that we cannot afford to lose any of that precious time, every moment of which should be employed in such gratifications as are suitable to our stations and dispositions. For this reason we cannot but lament, that the year should be curtailed of almost a seventh part, and that, out of three hundred and sixty-five days, fifty-two of them should be allotted, with respect to many persons, to dullness and insipidity. You will easily conceive, that, by what I have said, I allude to that enemy to all mirth and gaiety, Sunday, whose impertinent intrusion puts a check on our amusements, and casts a gloom over our cheerful thoughts. Persons, indeed, of high fashion regard it no more than the other part of the week, and would no more be restrained from their pleasures on this day, than they would keep fast on a fast-day; but others, who have the same taste and spirit, though less fortunes, are constrained, in order to save appearances, to debar themselves of every amusement except that of going to church, which they can only enjoy in common with the vulgar. The vulgar, it is true, have the happy privilege of converting this holy-day into a day of extraordinary festivity; and the mechanic is allowed to get drunk on this day, if on no other, because he has nothing else to do. It is true, that the citizen on this day gets loose from his counter, to which he had been fastened all the rest of the week like a bad shilling, and riots in the luxuries of Islington or Mile-end. But what shall be said of those who have no business to follow but the bent of their inclinations? on whose hands, indeed, all the days of their life would hang as heavy as Sundays, if they were not enlivened by the dear variety of amusements and diversions. How can a woman of any spirit pass her time on this dismal day, when the play-houses, and Vauxhall, and Ranelagh, are shut, and no places of public meeting are open, but the churches? I talk not of those in higher life, who are so much above the world, that they are out of the reach of its censures; I mean those who are confined in a narrower sphere, so as to be obliged to pay some regard to reputation. But if people in

town

town have reason to complain of this weekly bar put upon their pleasures, how unhappy must they be who are immured in the old mansion-house in the country, and cloistered up (as it were) in a nunnery? This is my hard case: my aunt, who is a woman of the last age, took me down with her this summer to her house in Northamptonshire; nor shall I be released from my prison till the time of the coronation, which will be as joyful to me as the act of grace to an insolvent debtor. My time, however, is spent agreeably enough, as far as any thing can be agreeable in the country, as we live in a good neighbourhood, see a good deal of company, pay a good many visits, and are near enough Astrop-Wells for me to play at cards at all the public breakfastings, and to dance at the assemblies. But, as I told you, my aunt is an old-fashioned lady, and has got queer notions of I know not what. I dread nothing so much as the coming round of Sunday, which is sure to prove, to me at least, a day of penance and mortification. In the morning we are dragged, in the old family coach, to the parish-church, not a stone's throw off the house, for grandeur-sake; and, though I dress me ever so gay, the ignorant bumkins take no more notice of me than they do of my aunt, who is muffled up to the chin. At dinner we never see a creature but the parson, who never fails coming for his customary fee of roast-beef and plumb-pudding; in the afternoon the same dull work of church-going is repeated; and the evening is as melancholy as it is to a criminal who is to be executed the next morning. When I first came down, I proposed playing a game at whist, and invited the doctor to make a fourth; but my aunt looked upon the very mention of it as an abomination. I thought there could be no harm in a little innocent music; and therefore, one morning, while she was getting ready for church, I began to tune my guitar, the sound of which quickly brought her down stairs, and she vowed she would break it all to pieces, if I was so wicked as to touch it; though I offered to compromise the matter with her, by playing nothing but psalm-tunes to please her. I hate reading any thing, but especially good books, as my aunt calls them, which are dull at any time, but much duller on a Sunday; yet my aunt wonders I will not employ myself, when I have nothing to do, in reading Nelson on the Feasts and Fasts, or a chapter in the Bible. You must know, that the day I write this on is Sunday; and it happens to be so very rainy, that my aunt is afraid to venture herself in the damp church, for fear of encreasing her rheumatism; she has therefore put on her spectacles, ordered the great family-bible into the hall, and is going to read prayers herself to the servants. I excused myself from being present, by pretending an head-ach, and stole into my closet in order to divert myself in writing to you. How I shall be able to go through the rest of the day, I know not; as the rain, I believe, will not suffer us to stir out, and we shall sit moping and yawning at one another, and looking stupidly at the rain out of the Gothic window in the little parlour, like the clean and unclean beasts in Noah's ark. It is said, that the gloomy weather in November induces Englishmen commonly to make away with themselves; and, indeed, considering the weather, and all together, I believe I shall be tempted to drown myself at once in the pond before the door, or fairly tuck myself up in my own garters.

I am your very humble servant,

DOROTHY THURSDAY

B. Thornton.

§ 41. *A circumstantial Detail of every Particular that passed at the Coronation.*

[In a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend in the Country.]

Dear Sir,

Though I regret leaving you so soon, especially as the weather has since proved so fine, that it makes me long to be with you in the country, yet I honestly confess, that I am heartily glad I came to town as I did. As I have seen it, I declare I would not have missed the sight upon any consideration. The friendship of Mr. Rolles, who procured me a pass-ticket, as they call it, enabled me to be present both in the Hall and the Abbey; and as to the procession out of doors, I had a fine view of it from a one-pair of stairs room, which your neighbour, Sir Edward, had hired, at the small price of one hundred guineas, on purpose to oblige his acquaintance. I wish you had been with me; but as you have been deprived of a sight, which probably very few that were present will ever see again, I will endeavour to describe it to you as minutely as I can, while the circumstances are fresh in my memory, though my description must fall very short of the reality. First, then, conceive to yourself the fronts of the houses, in all the streets that could command the least point of view, lined with scaffolding, like so many galleries or boxes raised one above another to the very roofs. These were covered with carpets and cloths of different colours, which presented a pleasing variety to the eye; and if you consider the brilliant appearance of the spectators who were seated in them (many being richly dressed) you will easily imagine that this was no indifferent part of the show. The mob underneath made a pretty contrast to the rest of the company. Add to this, that though we had nothing but wet and cloudy weather for some time before, the day cleared up, and the sun shone auspiciously, as it were in compliment to the grand festival. The platform, on account of the uncertainty of the weather, had a shelving roof, which was covered with a kind of sail-cloth; but near the place where I was, an honest Jack Tar climbed up to the top and stripped off the covering, which gave us not only a more extensive view, but let the light in upon every part of the procession. I should tell you, that a rank of foot-soldiers was placed on each side within the platform; and it was not a little surprising to see the officers familiarly conversing and walking arm and arm with many of them, till we were let into the secret that they were gentlemen who had put on the dresses of common soldiers, for what purpose I need not mention. On the outside were stationed, at proper distances, several parties of horse-guards, whose horses, indeed, somewhat incommoded the people, that pressed incessantly upon them, by their prancing and capering; though, luckily, I do not hear of any great mischief being done. I must confess, it gave me much pain, to see the soldiers, both horse and foot, most unmercifully belabouring the heads of the mob with their broad-swords, bayonets, and muskets; but it was not unpleasant to observe several tipping the horse-soldiers slily from time to time (some with halfpence, and some with silver, as they could muster up the cash) to let them pass between the horses to get nearer the platform; after which these unconscionable gentry drove them back again. As soon as it was day-break (for I chose to go to my place overnight) we were diverted with seeing the coaches and chairs of the nobility and gentry passing along with much ado; and several

persons,

perſons, very richly dreſſed, were obliged to quit their equipages, and be eſcorted by the ſoldiers through the mob to their reſpective places. Several carriages, I am told, received great damage: Mr. Jennings, whom you know, had his chariot broke to pieces; but providentially neither he nor Mrs. Jennings, who were in it, received any hurt.

Their majeſties (to the ſhame of thoſe be it ſpoken who were not ſo punctual) came in their chairs from St. James's through the Park to Weſtminſter about nine o'clock. The king went into a room which they call the Court of Wards, and the queen into that belonging to the gentleman-uſher of the black-rod. The nobility and others, who were to walk in the proceſſion, were muſtered and ranged by the officers of arms in the Court of Requeſts, Painted Chamber, and Houſe of Lords, from whence the cavalcade was conducted into Weſtminſter-hall. As you know all the avenues and places about the Hall, you will not be at a loſs to underſtand me. My paſs-ticket would have been of no ſervice, if I had not prevailed on one of the guards, by the irreſiſtible argument of half-a-crown, to make way for me through the mob to the Hall-gate, where I got admittance juſt as their majeſties were ſeated at the upper end, under magnificent canopies. Her majeſty's chair was on the left hand of his majeſty; and they were attended by the great chamberlain, lord high conſtable, earl marſhal, and other great officers. Four ſwords, I obſerved, and as many ſpurs, were preſented in form, and then placed upon a table before the king.

There was a neglect, it ſeems, ſomewhere, in not ſending for the dean and prebendaries of Weſtminſter, *&c.* who, not finding themſelves ſummoned, came of their own accord, preceded by the choriſters, ſingers, *&c.* among whom was your favourite, as indeed he is of every one, Mr. Beard. The Hall-gate was now thrown open to admit this leſſer proceſſion from the Abbey, when the biſhop of Rocheſter (that is, the dean) and his attendants brought the Bible and the following regalia of the king, *viz.* St. Edward's crown, reſted on a cuſhion of gold-cloth, the orb with the croſs, a ſceptre with the dove on the top, another tipt with a croſs, and what they call St. Edward's ſtaff. The queen's regalia were brought at the ſame time, *viz.* her crown upon a cuſhion, a ſceptre with a croſs, and a rod of ivory with a dove. Theſe were ſeverally laid before their majeſties, and afterwards delivered to the reſpective officers who were to bear them in the proceſſion.

Conſidering the length of the cavalcade, and the numbers that were to walk, it is no wonder that there ſhould be much confuſion in marſhalling the ranks. At laſt, however, every thing was regularly adjuſted, and the proceſſion began to quit the Hall between eleven and twelve. The platform leading to the weſt door of the Abbey was covered with blue baize for the train to walk on; but there ſeemed to me a defect in not covering the upright poſts that ſupported the awning, as it is called, (for they looked mean and naked) with that or ſome other coloured cloth. As I carry you along, I ſhall wave mentioning the minute particulars of the proceſſion, and only obſerve that the nobility walked two by two. Being willing to ſee the proceſſion paſs along the platform through the ſtreets, I haſtened from the Hall, and by the aſſiſtance of a ſoldier made my way to my former ſtation at the corner of Bridge-ſtreet, where the windows commanded a double view at the turning. I ſhall not attempt to deſcribe the ſplendor and

magnificence of the whole; and words must fall short of that innate joy and satisfaction which the spectators felt and expressed, especially as their majesties passed by; on whose countenances a dignity suited to their station, tempered with the most amiable complacency, was sensibly impressed. It was observable, that as their majesties and the nobility passed the corner which commanded a prospect of Westminster-bridge, they stopped short, and turned back to look at the people, whose appearance, as they all had their hats off, and were thick planted on the ground, which rose gradually, I can compare to nothing but a pavement of heads and faces.

I had the misfortune not to be able to get to the Abbey time enough to see all that passed there; nor, indeed, when I got in, could I have so distinct a view as I could have wished. But our friend Harry Whitaker had the luck to be stationed in the first row of the gallery behind the seats allotted for the nobility, close to the square platform which was erected by the altar, with an ascent of three steps, for their majesties to be crowned on. You are obliged to him, therefore, for several particulars which I could not otherwise have informed you of. He tells me, as soon as their majesties entered the church, the choir struck up with an anthem; and, after they were seated, and the usual recognition and oblations were made, the litany was chanted by the bishops of Chester and Chichester, and the responses made by the whole choir, accompanied by the whole band of music. Then the first part of the communion-service was read; after which a sermon was preached by the bishop of Salisbury, now archbishop of York. I was not near enough to hear it, nor, perhaps you will say, did I much desire it; but, by my watch, it lasted only fifteen minutes. This done, Harry says he saw very distinctly his majesty subscribe the declaration, and take the coronation oath, the solemnity of which struck him with an unspeakable awe and reverence; and he could not help reflecting on the glorious privilege which the English enjoy, of binding their kings by the most sacred ties of conscience and religion. The king was then anointed by his grace of Canterbury on the crown of his head, his breast, and the palms of his hands; after which he was presented with the spurs, and girt with the sword, and was then invested with the coronation-robes, the armills, as they are called, and the imperial pall. The orb with the cross was also presented, and the ring was put upon the fourth finger of his majesty's right hand by the archbishop, who then delivered the sceptre with the cross, and the other with the dove; and being assisted by several bishops, he lastly placed the crown reverently upon his majesty's head. A profound awful silence had reigned till this moment, when, at the very instant the crown was let fall on the king's head, a fellow having been placed on the top of the Abbey-dome, from whence he could look down into the chancel, with a flag which he dropt as a signal; the Park and Tower guns began to fire, the Trumpets sounded, and the Abbey echoed with the repeated shouts and acclamations of the people. The peers, who before this time had their coronets in their hands, now put them on, as the bishops did their caps, and the representatives of the dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy their hats. The knights of the Bath in particular made a most splendid figure, when they put on their caps, which were adorned with large plumes of white feathers. It is to be observed, that there were no commoners

moners knights of the Garter; consequently, instead of caps and vestments peculiar to their order, they, being all peers, wore the robes and coronets of their respective ranks. I should mention, that the kings of arms also put on coronets.

Silence again assumed her reign, and the shouts ceasing, the archbishop proceeded with the rest of the divine service; and after he had presented the Bible to his majesty, and solemnly read the benedictions, his majesty kissed the archbishops and bishops one after another as they knelt before him. The *Te Deum* was now performed, and this being ended, his majesty was elevated on a superb throne, which all the peers approached in their order, and did their homages.

The coronation of the queen was performed in nearly the same manner with that of his majesty; the archbishop anointed her with the holy oil on the head and breast, and after he had put the crown upon her head, it was a signal for princess Augusta and the peeresses to put on their coronets. Her majesty then received the sceptre with the cross, and the ivory rod with the dove, and was conducted to a magnificent throne on the left hand of his majesty.

I cannot but lament that I was not near enough to observe their majesties going thro' the most serious and solemn acts of devotion; but I am told, that the reverent attention which both paid, when (after having made their second oblations) the next ceremony was, their receiving the holy communion, it brought to the mind of every one near them, a proper recollection of the consecrated place in which they were. Prayers being over, the king and queen retired into St. Edward's chapel, just behind the altar. You must remember it—it is where the superstition of the Roman Catholics has robbed the tomb of that royal confessor of some of its precious ornaments; here their majesties received each of them a crown of state, as it is called, and a procession was made in the same manner as before, except in some trifling instances, back again to Westminster-hall, all wearing their coronets, caps, *&c.* You know I have often said, that if one loses an hour in the morning, one may ride after it the whole day without being able to overtake it. This was the case in the present instance; for, to whatever causes it might be owing, the procession most assuredly set off too late: besides, according to what Harry observed, there were such long pauses between some of the ceremonies in the Abbey, as plainly shewed all the actors were not perfect in their parts. However it be, it is impossible to conceive the chagrin and disappointment which the late return of the procession occasioned; it being so late indeed, that the spectators, even in the open air, had but a very dim and gloomy view of it, while to those who had sat patiently in Westminster-hall, waiting its return for six hours, scarce a glimpse of it appeared, as the branches were not lighted till just upon his majesty's entrance. I had flattered myself that a new scene of splendid grandeur would have been presented to us in the return of the procession, from the reflection of the lights, *&c.* and had therefore posted back to the Hall with all possible expedition: but not even the brilliancy of the ladies jewels, or the greater lustre of their eyes, had the power to render our *darkness visible*; the whole was confusion, irregularity, and disorder.

However, we were afterwards amply recompensed for this partial eclipse by the bright picture which the lighting of the chandeliers presented to us. Your unlucky law-suit has

made you too well acquainted with Weſtminſter-hall for me to think of deſcribing it to you; but I aſſure you the face of it was greatly altered from what it was when you attended to hear the verdict given againſt you. Inſtead of the incloſures for the courts of Chancery and King's Bench at the upper end, which were both removed, a platform was raiſed with ſeveral aſcents of ſteps, where their majeſties in their chairs of ſtate, and the royal family, ſat at table. On each ſide, down the whole length of the Hall, the reſt of the company were ſeated at long tables, in the middle of which were placed, on elevations painted to repreſent marble, the deſerts, &c. Conceive to yourſelf, if you can conceive, what I own I am at a loſs to deſcribe, ſo magnificent a building as that of Weſtminſter-hall, lighted up with near three thouſand wax-candles in moſt ſplendid branches; our crowned heads, and almoſt the whole nobility, with the prime of our gentry, moſt ſuperbly arrayed, and adorned with a profuſion of the moſt brilliant jewels; the galleries on every ſide crowded with company for the moſt part elegantly and richly dreſſed: but to conceive it in all its luſtre, I am conſcious that it is abſolutely neceſſary one muſt have been preſent. To proceed in my narration—Their majeſties table was ſerved with three courſes, at the firſt of which earl Talbot, as ſteward of his majeſty's houſhold, rode up from the Hall-gate to the ſteps leading to where their majeſties ſat; and on his returning the ſpectators were preſented with an unexpected ſight, in his lordſhip's backing his horſe, that he might keep his face ſtill towards the king. A loud clapping and huzzaing conſequently enſued from the people preſent. The ceremony of the champion, you may remember we laughed at, at its repreſentation laſt winter; but I aſſure you it had a very ſerious effect on thoſe ladies who were near him (though his horſe was very gentle) as he came up, accompanied by lord Effingham as earl marſhal, and the duke of Bedford as lord high conſtable, likewiſe on horſeback: it is needleſs to repeat what paſſed on this occaſion. I am told, that the horſe which the champion rode was the ſame that his late majeſty was mounted on at the glorious and memorable battle of Dettingen. The beaſt, as well as the rider, had his head adorned with a plume of white, red, and blue feathers.

You cannot expect that I ſhould give you a bill of fare, or enumerate the number of diſhes that were provided and ſent from the temporary kitchens erected in Cotton-garden for this purpoſe. No leſs than ſixty haunches of veniſon, with a ſurpriſing quantity of all ſorts of game, were laid in for this grand feaſt: but that which chiefly attracted our eyes, was their majeſties deſert, in which the confectioner had laviſhed all his ingenuity in rock-work and emblematical figures. The other deſerts were no leſs admirable for their expreſſive devices. But I muſt not forget to tell you, than when the company came to be ſeated, the poor knights of the Bath had been overlooked, and no table provided for them: an airy apology, however, was ſerved up to them inſtead of a ſubſtantial dinner; but the two junior knights, in order to preſerve their rank of precedency to their ſucceſſors, were placed at the head of the judges table, above all the learned brethren of the coif. The peers were placed on the outermoſt ſide of the tables, and the peereſſes within, neareſt to the walls. You cannot ſuppoſe that there was the greateſt order imaginable obſerved during the dinner, but muſt conclude, that ſome of the company were as eager and impatient to

ſatisfy

satisfy the craving of their appetites as any of your country 'squires at a race or assize ordinary.

It was pleasant to see the various stratagems made use of by the company in the galleries to come in for a snack of the good things below. The ladies clubbed their handkerchiefs to be tied together to draw up a chicken or a bottle of wine; nay, even garters (I will not say of a different sex) were united for the same purpose. Some had been so provident as to bring baskets with them, which were let down, like the prisoners boxes at Ludgate or the Gate-house, with a *Pray, remember the poor.*

You will think it high time that I should bring this long letter to a conclusion. Let it suffice then to acquaint you, that their majesties returned to St. James's a little after ten o'clock at night; but they were pleased to give time for the peeresses to go first, that they might not be incommoded by the pressure of the mob to see their majesties. After the nobility were departed, the illustrious *mobility* were (according to custom) admitted into the Hall, which they presently cleared of all the moveables, such as the victuals, cloths, plates, dishes, *&c.* and, in short, every thing that could stick to their fingers.

I need not tell you, that several coronation medals, in silver, were thrown among the populace at the return of the procession. One of them was pitched into Mrs. Dixon's lap, as she sat upon a scaffold in Palace-yard. Some, it is said, were also thrown among the peeresses in the Abbey just after the king was crowned; but they thought it below their dignity to stoop to pick them up.

My wife desires her compliments to you: she was *hugeously* pleased with the sight. All friends are well, except that little Nancy Green has got a swelled face, by being up all night; and Tom Moffat has his leg laid up on a stool, on account of a broken shin, which he got by a kick from a trooper's horse, as a reward for his mobbing it. I shall say nothing of the illuminations at night: the newspapers must have told you of them, and that the Admiralty in particular was remarkably lighted up. I expect to have from you an account of the rejoicings at your little town; and desire to know whether you was able to get a slice of the ox which was roasted whole on this occasion.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours most heartily,
JAMES HEMMING.

P. S. The Princess Dowager of Wales, with the younger branches of the royal family, did not walk in the grand procession, but made up a lesser procession of their own; of which you will find a sufficient account in the public prints. They had a box to see the coronation in the Abbey, and afterwards dined in an apartment by themselves adjoining to the Hall.

Since my writing the above, I have been informed for certain, that the sword of state, by some mistake, being left behind at St. James's, the Lord Mayor's sword was carried before the king by the earl of Huntingdon, in its stead; but when the procession came into the Abbey, the sword of state was found placed upon the altar.

Our friend Harry, who was upon the scaffold, at the return of the procession closed in with the rear; at the expence of half a guinea was admitted into the Hall; got brim-full of his majesty's claret; and, in the universal plunder, brought off the glass her majesty

drank in, which is placed in the beaufait as a valuable curiosity. *E. Thornton.*

§ 42. *Curiosity.*

The love of variety, or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same or at least a sister passion to it,—seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh enquiry and knowledge: strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze for ever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no ways bad,—but as others are—in its mismanagement or excess;—order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; the chief of which are—to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations,—to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse;—to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the tracks of nursery mistakes; and by shewing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments—by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what is good—by observing the address and arts of men, to conceive what is sincere,—and by seeing the difference of so many various humours and manners—to look into ourselves, and form our own.

This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all-lessons both of wisdom and reproof at home—carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original—will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting-out,—without care,—without compass,—be not cast away for ever;—and may he not be said to escape well—if he returns to his country only as naked as he first left it?

But you will send an able pilot with your son—a scholar.—

If wisdom could speak no other language but Greek or Latin—you do well—or if mathematics will make a gentleman,—or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow,—he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done—but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address, if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry,—and not the tutor to carry him.

But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books—but from his own experience:—a man who has been employed on such services, and thrice made the tour of Europe with success.

—That is, without breaking his own, or his pupil's neck;—for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken Swiss valet-de-chambre——some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, "if God permit,"—much knowledge will not accrue;—some profit at least,—he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome;—he will be carried to the

the beſt inns,—inſtructed where there is the beſt wine, and ſup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and bargain himſelf. Look at our governor! I beſeech you:—ſee, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages.—

—And here endeth his pride—his knowledge, and his uſe.

But when your ſon gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his ſociety with men of rank and letters, with whom he will paſs the greateſt part of his time.

Let me obſerve, in the firſt place,—that company which is really good is very rare—and very ſhy: but you have ſurmounted this difficulty, and procured him the beſt letters of recommendation to the moſt eminent and reſpectable in every capital.

And I anſwer, that he will obtain all by them, which courteſy ſtrictly ſtands obliged to pay on ſuch occaſions,—but no more.

There is nothing in which we are ſo much deceived, as in the advantages propoſed from our connections and diſcourſe with the literati, &c. in foreign parts; eſpecially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or ſtudy.

Converſation is a traffic; and if you enter into it without ſome ſtock of knowledge, to balance the account perpetually betwixt you,—the trade drops at once: and this is the reaſon,—however it may be boaſted to the contrary, why travellers have ſo little (eſpecially good) converſation with natives,—owing to their ſuſpicion,—or perhaps conviction, that there is nothing to be extracted from the converſation of young itinerants, worth the trouble of their bad language,—or the interruption of their viſits.

The pain on theſe occaſions is uſually reciprocal; the conſequence of which is, that the diſappointed youth ſeeks an eaſier ſociety; and as bad company is always ready,—and ever laying in wait—the career is ſoon finiſhed; and the poor prodigal returns the ſame object of pity, with the prodigal in the goſpel. *Sterne's Sermons.*

§ 43. *On Pedantry.*

Sir,

To diſplay the leaſt ſymptom of learning, or to ſeem to know more than your footman, is become an offence againſt the rules of politeneſs, and is branded with the name of pedantry and ill-breeding. The very ſound of a Roman or a Grecian name, or a hard name, as the ladies call it, though their own perhaps are harder by half, is enough to diſconcert the temper of a dozen counteſſes, and to ſtrike a whole aſſembly of fine gentlemen dumb with amazement.

This ſqueamiſhneſs of theirs is owing to their averſion to pedantry, which they underſtand to be a ſort of muſtineſs that can only be contracted in a recluſe and a ſtudious life, and a foible peculiar to men of letters. But if a ſtrong attachment to a particular ſubject, a total ignorance of every other, an eagerneſs to introduce that ſubject upon all occaſions, and a confirmed habit of declaiming upon it without either wit or diſcretion, be the marks of a pedantic character, as they certainly are, it belongs to the illiterate as well as the learned; and St. James's itſelf may boaſt of producing as arrant pedants as were ever ſent forth from a college.

I know a woman of faſhion who is perpetually employed in remarks upon the weather, who obſerves from morning to noon that it is likely to rain, and from noon to night that it ſpits, that it miſles, that it is ſet in for a wet evening; and, being incapable of

any other discourse, is as insipid a companion and just as pedantic, as he who quotes Aristotle over his tea, or talks Greek at a card-table.

A gentleman of my acquaintance is a constant attendant upon parliamentary business, and I have heard him entertain a large circle, by the hour, with the speeches that were made in a debate upon mum and perry. He has a wonderful memory, and a kind of oratorical tune in his elocution, that serves him instead of an emphasis. By those means he has acquired the reputation of having a deal to say for himself; but as it consists entirely of what others have said for themselves before him, and if he should be deaf during the Sessions, he would certainly be dumb in the intervals, I must needs set him down for a pedant.

But the most troublesome, as well as most dangerous character of this sort that I am so unhappy as to be connected with, is a stripling who spends his whole life in a fencing-school. This athletic young pedant is, indeed, a most formidable creature; his whole conversation lies in *Quart* and *Tierce*; if you meet him in the street, he salutes you in the gymnastic manner, throws himself back upon his left hip, levels his cane at the pit of your stomach, and looks as fierce as a prize-fighter. In the midst of a discourse upon politics, he starts from the table on a sudden, and splits himself into a monstrous lounge against the wainscot; immediately he puts a foil into your hand, insists upon teaching you his murthering thrust, and if, in the course of his instructions, he pushes out an eye or a fore-tooth, he tells you that you *flapp'd your point*, or *dropp'd your wrist*, and imputes all the mischief to the awkwardness of his pupil.

The musical pedant, who, instead of attending to the discourse, diverts himself with humming an air, or, if he speaks, expresses himself in the language of the orchestra: the Newmarket pedant, who has no knowledge but what he gathers upon the turf; the female pedant, who is an adept in nothing but the patterns of silks and flounces; and the coffee-house pedant, whose whole erudition lies within the margin of a news-paper, are nuisances so extremely common, that it is almost unnecessary to mention them. Yet, pedants as they are, they shelter themselves under the fashionableness of their foible, and with all the properties of the character, generally escape the imputation of it. In my opinion, however, they deserve our censure more than the merest book-worm imaginable. The man of letters is usually confined to his study, and having but little pleasure in conversing with men of the world, does not often intrude himself into their company: these unlearned pedants, on the contrary, are to be met with every where: they have nothing to do but to run about and be troublesome, and are universally the bane of agreeable conversation. I am, Sir, &c.

B. Thornton.

§ 44. *The faint-hearted Lover.*

Sir,

I do not doubt but every one of your readers will be able to judge of my case, as without question, every one of them either has been, or is at present, as much in love as your humble servant. You must know, Sir, I am the very Mr. *Faint-heart* described in the proverb, who *never won fair lady*: for though I have paid my addresses to several of the sex, I have gone about it in so meek and pitiful a manner, that it might fairly be a question, whether I was in earnest. One of my Dulcineas was taken, as we catch mackerel, by a bit of scarlet; another was seduced from

from me by a suit of embroidery; and another surrendered, at the first attack, to the long sword of an Irishman. My present suit and service is paid to a certain lady who is as fearful of receiving any tokens of my affection as I am of offering them. I am only permitted to admire her at a distance; an ogle or a leer are all the advances I dare make; if I move but a finger it puts her all in a sweat; and, like the sensitive plant, she would shrink and die away at a touch. During our long courtship I never offered to salute her but once; and then she made such a wriggling with her body, such a struggling with her arms, and such a tossing and twirling of her head to and fro, that, instead of touching her lips, I was nearly in danger of carrying off the tip of her nose. I even dared at another time to take her round the waist; but she bounced away from me, and screamed out as if I had actually been going to commit a rape upon her. I also once plucked up courage sufficient to attempt squeezing her by the hand, but she resisted my attack by so close a clench of her fist, that my grasp was presented with nothing but sharp-pointed knuckles, and a long thumb-nail; and I was directly after saluted with a violent stroke on my jaw-bone. If I walk out with her, I use all my endeavours to keep close at her side; but she whisks away from me as though I had some catching distemper about me: if there are but three of us, she eludes my design by skipping sometimes on one side and sometimes on t'other as I approach her; but when there are more of us in company, she takes care to be sheltered from me by placing herself the very midmost of the rank. If we ride in a coach together, I am not only debarred from sitting on the same side, but I must be seated on the furthermost corner of the seat opposite to her, that our knees may not meet. We are as much at distance from one another at dinner, as if we were really man and wife, whom custom has directed to be kept asunder the whole length of the table; and when we drink tea, she would sooner run the risk of having the contents spilt over her, than take the cup and saucer from me any nearer than at both our arms length. If I mention a syllable that in the least borders upon love, she immediately reddens at it as much as if I had let drop a loose or indelicate expression; and when I desire to have a little private conversation with her, she wonders at my impudence, to think that she could trust herself with a man alone. In short, Sir, I begin to despair of ever coming to close contact with her: but what is still more provoking, though she keeps me at so respectful a distance, she tamely permits a strapping fellow of the guards to pat her on the cheek, play with her hand, and even approach her lips, and that too in my presence. If you, or any of your readers, can advise me what to do in this case, it will be a lasting obligation conferred on

Your very humble servant
TIMOTHY MILDMAN.
B. Thornton.

§ 45. *A Letter from a successful Adventurer in the Lottery.*

Sir,

You will not be at all surprised when I tell you that I have had very ill-luck in the lottery; but you will stare when I further tell you, it is because unluckily I have got a considerable prize in it. I received the glad tidings of my misfortune last Saturday night from your Chronicle, when, on looking over the list of the prizes, as I was got behind my pipe at the club, I found that my ticket was come

come up a 20001. In the pride as well as joy of my heart, I could not help proclaiming to the company—my good luck, as I then foolishly thought it, and as the company thought it too, by insisting that I should treat them that evening. Friends are never so merry, or stay longer, than when they have nothing to pay: they never care too how extravagant they are on such an occasion. Bottle after bottle was therefore called for, and that too of claret, though not one of us, I believe, but had rather had port. In short, I reeled home as well as I could about four in the morning; when thinking to pacify my wife, who began to rate me (as usual) for staying out so long, I told her the occasion of it; but instead of rejoicing, as I thought she would, she cried—"Pish, ONLY two thousand pounds!" However, she was at last reconciled to it, taking care to remind me, that she had chosen the ticket herself, and she was all along sure it would come up a prize, because the number was an odd one. We neither of us got a wink of sleep, though I was heartily inclined to it; for my wife kept me awake—by telling me of this, that, and t'other thing which he wanted, and which she would now purchase, as we could afford it.

I know not how the news of my success spread so soon among my other acquaintance, except that my wife told it to every one she knew, or not knew, at church. The consequence was, that I had no less than seven very hearty friends came to dine with us by way of wishing us joy; and the number of these hearty friends was increased to above a dozen by supper-time. It is kind in one's friends to be willing to partake of one's success; they made themselves very merry literally at my expence; and, at parting, told me they would bring some more friends, and have another jolly evening with me on this happy occasion.

When they were gone, I made shift to get a little rest, though I was often disturbed by my wife talking in her sleep. Her head, it seems, literally ran upon wheels, that is, the lottery-wheels; she frequently called out that she had got the ten thousand pounds; she muttered several wild and incoherent expressions about gowns, and ruffles, and ear-rings, and necklaces; and I once heard her mention the word *coach*. In the morning, when I got up, how was I surprised to find my good fortune published to all the world in the newspaper! though I could not but smile (and madam was greatly pleased) at the printer's exalting me to the dignity of *Esquire*, having been nothing but plain Mr. all my life before. And now the misfortunes arising from my good fortune began to pour in thick upon me. In consequence of the information given in the news-paper, we were no sooner sat down to breakfast than we were complimented with a rat-a-tatoo from the drums, as if we had been just married: after these had been silenced by the usual method, another band of music saluted us with a peal from the marrow-bones and cleavers to the same tune. I was harassed the whole day with petitions from the hospital boys who drew the ticket, the commissioners clerks who wrote down the ticket, and the clerks of the office where I bought the ticket, all of them praying, "That my *Honour* would consider them." I should be glad you would inform me what these people would have given me if I had had a blank.

My acquaintance in general called to know, when they should wait upon me to *wet* my good fortune. My own relations, and my wife's

wife's relations, came in such shoals to congratulate me, that I hardly knew the faces of many of them. One insisted on my giving a piece of plate to his wife; another recommended to me to put his little boy (my two-and-fortieth cousin) out 'prentice; another, lately *white-washed*, proposed to me my setting him up again in business; and several of them very kindly told me, they would borrow three or four hundred pounds of me, as they knew I could now spare it.

My wife in the mean time, you may be sure, was not idle in contriving how to dispose of this new acquisition. She found out, in the first place, (according to the complaint of most women) that she had not got a gown to her back, at least not one fit for her *now* to appear in. Her wardrobe of linen was no less deficient; and she discovered several chasms in our furniture, especially in the articles of plate and china. She is also determined to *see a little pleasure*, as she calls it, and has actually made a party to go to the next opera. Now, in order to supply these immediate wants and necessities, she has prevailed on me (though at a great loss) to turn the prize into ready money; which I dared not refuse her, because the number was her own choosing: and she has further persuaded me (as we have had such good luck) to lay out a great part of the produce in purchasing more tickets, all of her own choosing. To me it is indifferent which way the money goes; for, upon my making out the balance, I already find I shall be a loser by my gains: and all my fear is, that one of the tickets may come up a five thousand or ten thousand.

I am
Your very humble servant,
Jeoffrey Chance.

P. S. I am just going to club—I hope they won't desire me to treat them again.

B. Thornton.

§ 46. *Characters* of Camilla *and* Flora.

Camilla is really what writers have so often imagined; or rather she possesses a combination of delicacies, which they have seldom had minuteness of virtue and taste enough to conceive; to say she is beautiful, she is accomplished, she is generous, she is tender, is talking in general, and it is the particular I would describe. In her person she is almost tall, and almost thin; graceful, commanding, and inspiring a kind of tender respect; the tone of her voice is melodious, and she can neither look nor move without expressing something to her advantage. Possessed of almost every excellence, she is unconscious of any, and this heightens them all: she is modest and diffident of her own opinion, yet always perfectly comprehends the subject on which she gives it, and sees the question in its true light: she has neither pride, prejudice, nor precipitancy to misguide her; she is true, and therefore judges truly. If there are subjects too intricate, too complicated for the feminine simplicity of her soul, her ignorance of them serves only to display a new beauty in her character, which results from her acknowledging, nay, perhaps from her possessing that very ignorance. The great characteristic of Camilla's understanding is taste; but when she says most upon a subject, she still shews that she has much more to say, and by this unwillingness to triumph, she persuades the more. With the most refined sentiments, she possesses the softest sensibility, and it lives and speaks in every feature of her face. Is

Camilla

Camilla melancholy? does she sigh? Every body is affected: they enquire whether any misfortune has happened to Camilla; they find that she sighed for the misfortune of another, and they are affected still more. Young, lovely, and high born, Camilla graces every company, and heightens the brilliancy of courts; wherever she appears, all others seem by a natural impulse to feel her superiority; and yet when she converses, she has the art of inspiring others with an ease which they never knew before: she joins to the most scrupulous politeness a certain feminine gaiety, free both from restraint and boldness; always gentle, yet never inferior; always unassuming, yet never ashamed or awkward; for shame and awkwardness are the effects of pride, which is too often miscalled modesty: nay, to the most critical discernment, she adds something of a blushing timidity, which serves but to give a meaning and piquancy even to her looks, an admirable effect of true superiority! by this silent unassuming merit she over-awes the turbulent and the proud, and stops the torrent of that indecent, that overbearing noise, with which inferior natures in superior stations overwhelm the slavish and the mean. Yes, all admire, and love, and reverence Camilla.

You see a character that you admire, and you think it perfect; do you therefore conclude that every different character is imperfect? what, will you allow a variety of beauty almost equally striking in the art of a Correggio, a Guido, and a Raphael, and refuse it to the infinity of nature! How different from lovely Camilla is the beloved Flora! In Camilla, nature has displayed the beauty of exact regularity, and the elegant softness of female propriety: in Flora, she charms with a certain artless poignancy, a graceful negligence, and an uncontrouled, yet blameless freedom. Flora has something original and peculiar about her, a charm which is not easily defined; to know her and to love her is the same thing; but you cannot know her by description. Her person is rather touching than majestic, her features more expressive than regular, and her manner pleases rather because it is restrained by no rule, than because it is conformable to any that custom has established. Camilla puts you in mind of the most perfect music that can be composed; Flora, of the wild sweetness which is sometimes produced by the irregular play of the breeze upon the Æolian harp. Camilla reminds you of a lovely young queen; Flora, of her more lovely maid of honour. In Camilla you admire the decency of the Graces; in Flora, the attractive sweetness of the Loves. Artless sensibility, wild, native feminine gaiety, and the most touching tenderness of soul, are the strange characteristics of Flora. Her countenance glows with youthful beauty, which all art seems rather to diminish than increase, rather to hide than adorn, and while Camilla charms you with the choice of her dress, Flora enchants you with the neglect of hers. Thus different are the beauties which nature has manifested in Camilla and Flora! yet while she has, in this contrariety, shewn the extent of her power to please, she has also proved, that truth and virtue are always the same. Generosity and tenderness are the first principles in the minds of both favourites, and were never possessed in an higher degree than they are possessed by Flora: she is just as attentive to the interest of others, as she is negligent of her own; and tho' she could submit to any misfortune that could befal herself, yet she hardly knows how

to

to bear the misfortunes of another. Thus does Flora unite the ſtrongeſt ſenſibility with the moſt lively gaiety; and both are expreſſed with the moſt bewitching mixture in her countenance. While Camilla inſpires a reverence that keeps you at a reſpectful, yet admiring diſtance, Flora excites the moſt ardent, yet moſt elegant deſire. Camilla reminds you of the dignity of Diana, Flora of the attractive ſenſibility of Caliſto: Camilla almoſt elevates you to the ſenſibility of angels, Flora delights you with the loveliest idea of woman.

Greville.

§ 47. *A Fable by the celebrated Linnæus, tranſlated from the Latin.*

Once upon a time the ſeven wiſe men of Greece were met together at Athens, and it was propoſed that every one of them ſhould mention what he thought the greateſt wonder in the creation. One of them, of higher conceptions than the reſt, propoſed the opinion of ſome of the aſtronomers about the fixed ſtars, which they believed to be ſo many ſuns, that had each their planets rolling about them, and were ſtored with plants and animals like this earth. Fired with this thought, they agreed to ſupplicate Jupiter, that he would at leaſt permit them to take a journey to the moon, and ſtay there three days, in order to ſee the wonders of that place, and give an account of them at their return. Jupiter conſented, and ordered them to aſſemble on a high mountain, where there ſhould be a cloud ready to convey them to the place they deſired to ſee. They picked out ſome choſen companions, who might aſſiſt them in deſcribing and painting the objects they ſhould meet with. At length they arrived at the moon, and found a palace there well fitted up for their reception. The next day, being very much fatigued with their journey, they kept quiet at home till noon; and being ſtill faint, they refreſhed themſelves with a moſt delicious entertainment, which they reliſhed ſo well, that it overcame their curioſity. This day they only ſaw through the window that delightful ſpot, adorned with the moſt beautiful flowers, to which the beams of the ſun gave an uncommon luſtre, and heard the ſinging of moſt melodious birds till evening came on. The next day they roſe very early in order to begin their obſervations; but ſome very beautiful young ladies of that country coming to make them a viſit, adviſed them firſt to recruit their ſtrength before they expoſed themſelves to the laborious taſk they were about to undertake.

The delicate meats, the rich wines, the beauty of theſe damſels, prevailed over the reſolution of theſe ſtrangers. A fine concert of muſic is introduced, the young ones begin to dance, and all is turned to jollity; ſo that this whole day was ſpent in gallantry, till ſome of the neighbouring inhabitants, growing envious at their mirth, ruſhed in with ſwords. The elder part of the company tried to appeaſe the younger, promiſing the very next day they would bring the rioters to juſtice. This they performed, and the third day the cauſe was heard; and what with accuſations, pleadings, exceptions, and the judgment itſelf, the whole day was taken up, on which the term ſet by Jupiter expired. On their return to Greece, all the country flocked in upon them to hear the wonders of the moon deſcribed, but all they could tell was, for that was all they knew, that the ground was covered with green, intermixed with flowers, and that the birds ſung among the branches of the trees; but what kind of flowers they ſaw, or what kind of birds

birds they heard, they were totally ignorant. Upon which they were treated every where with contempt.

If we apply this fable to men of the present age, we shall perceive a very just similitude. By these three days the fable denotes the three ages of man. First, youth, in which we are too feeble in every respect to look into the works of the Creator: all that season is given up to idleness, luxury, and pastime. Secondly, manhood, in which men are employed in settling, marrying, educating children, providing fortunes for them, and raising a family. Thirdly, old age, in which after having made their fortunes, they are overwhelmed with law-suits and proceedings relating to their estates. Thus it frequently happens that men never consider to what end they were destined, and why they were brought into the world. *B. Thornton.*

§ 48. *Mercy recommended.*

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries;—not from want of courage,—where just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter;—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts;—he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him: my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly:—— Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil,—get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

*** This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject. *Sterne.*

§ 49. *The Starling.*

—— Beshrew the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened: reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—— 'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the fosse—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not of a man—which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be of a child, which complained, "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without further attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a Starling hung in a little cage——"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the Starling.

I stood looking at the bird; and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentations of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the Starling—God help thee! said I, but I will let thee

thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty—"No," ſaid the Starling.—"I can't get out, I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, ſlavery! ſaid I—ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account. 'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs, addreſſing myſelf to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron——with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled!—Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent——Grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion—and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy Divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them! *Sterne.*

§ 50. *The Captive.*

The bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement: I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groupes in it did but diſtract me——

I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty

a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

Sterne.

§ 51. *Trim's Explanation of the Fifth Commandment.*

——Pr'ythee, Trim, quoth my father,—What dost thou mean, by "honouring thy father and mother?"

Allowing them, an't please your honour, three halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—And didst thou do that, Trim? said Yorick.—He did indeed, replied my uncle Toby.—Then, Trim, said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the Corporal by the hand, thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the Talmud itself. *Ibid.*

§ 52. *Health.*

O blessed health! thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul,—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee. *Ibid.*

§ 53. *Detached Sentences.*

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of a man of merit.

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy by doing good.

The discretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to pass over a transgression.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is spread. There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

Without a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When

When once you profeſs yourſelf a friend, endeavour to be always ſuch. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Proſperity gains friends, and adverſity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handſome addreſs, and graceful converſation.

Complaiſance renders a ſuperior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

Exceſs of ceremony ſhews want of breeding. That civility is beſt, which excludes all ſuperfluous formality.

Ingratitude is a crime ſo ſhameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himſelf guilty of it.

Truth is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature to ſhake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wiſe men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

When our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

It is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

Pitch upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

Cuſtom is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

As, to be perfectly juſt, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man.

No man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

None more impatiently ſuffer injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over he is ſuperior.

To err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom to be miſerable to-day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never be wiſe but by his own wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

It is ungenerous to give a man occaſion to bluſh at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

No object is more pleaſing to the eye, than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem, The wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous; the reſt of the world, him who is moſt wealthy.

The temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

A good man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and all his neighbours too well to win, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

An angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſions, thinks worſe than he ſpeaks; and an angry man that will chide, ſpeaks worſe than he thinks.

A good word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew ſuch a part; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

It is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that ſparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, becauſe few things appear new to them.

It happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn: they ſhoot up, and raiſe their heads high, while they are empty: but when full and ſwelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without adulation; and is equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance, and a low familiarity.

The failings of good men are commonly more publiſhed in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deſerving man ſhall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues praiſe: ſuch is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

It is harder to avoid cenſure, than to gain applauſe; for this may be done by one great or wiſe action in an age; but to eſcape cenſure, a man muſt paſs his whole life without ſaying or doing one ill or fooliſh thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thouſand talents to divide Aſia equally with him; he anſwered, The earth cannot bear two ſuns, nor Aſia two kings.—Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, ſaid, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to poſterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the ſoul of greatneſs are a ſort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and ſettle his ſenſe and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble deſcent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lye is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleasure which affects the human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, is the sense that we act in the eye of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls: without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise.

Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age.

Wickedness, condemned by her own witness, is very timorous, and being pressed with conscience, always forecasteth evil things; for fear is nothing else but a betraying of the succours which reason offereth.

A wise man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth small things, shall fall by little and little.

A rich man beginning to fall, is held up of his friends: but a poor man being down, is thrust away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen, he hath many helpers; he speaketh things not to be spoken, and yet men justify him: the poor man slipt, and they rebuked him; he spoke wisely, and could have no place. When a rich man speaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he saith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man speaks, they say, What fellow is this?

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not passed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of brass; the death thereof is an evil death.

My son, blemish not thy good deeds, neither use uncomfortable words, when thou givest any thing. Shall not the dew assuage the heat? so is a word better than a gift. Lo, is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldest get a friend, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him; for some men are friends for their own occasions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou shalt drink it with pleasure.

A friend cannot be known in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adversity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admonish thy friend; it may be he hath not said it; or if he have, that he speak it not again. Admonish a friend; for many times it is a slander; and believe not every tale. There is one that slippeth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso discovereth secrets loseth his credit, and shall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the sorrows of thy mother;

how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

Be at peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

Be not confident in a plain way.

Let reaſon go before every enterprize, and counſel before every action.

The latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

Cenſure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Very few men, properly ſpeaking, live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

Party is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

Superſtition is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

He who tells a lye is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

Some people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

There is nothing wanting, to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

Men are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

Young men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than outliving a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo, not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modeſty makes large amends for the pain it

it gives the persons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favour.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

A liar begins with making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

Virtue should be considered as a part of taste; and we should as much avoid deceit, or sinister meanings in discourse, as we would puns, bad language, or false grammar.

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning, loses the chief pleasure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

Shining characters are not always the most agreeable ones; the mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, discovers at the same time a bad disposition and a bad taste.

How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

Fine sense, and exalted sense, are not half so valuable as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, most mischievous.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons or serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

The eye of a critic is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the same kind as that which they shew for a foot-ball; whenever it is contested for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the dispute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but sleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbish, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much less to remove.

Honour is but a fictious kind of honesty; a mean but a necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none; it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

Persons of great delicacy should know the certainty of the following truth——There are abundance of cases which occasion suspence, in which, whatever they determine, they will repent of their determination; and this through a propensity of human nature to fancy happiness in those schemes which it does not pursue.

The chief advantage that ancient writers can boast over modern ones, seems owing to simplicity. Every noble truth and sentiment was expressed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phrase simple, perspicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticism, and conceit?

What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a God!

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues we write in water.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;

and the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

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§ 54. PROVERBS.

As PROVERBS *are allowed to contain a great deal of Wisdom forcibly expressed, it has been judged proper to add a Collection of English, Italian, and Spanish Proverbs. They will tend to exercise the powers of Judgment and Reflection. They may also furnish Subjects for Themes, Letters, &c. at Schools. They are so easily retained in the memory that they may often occur in an emergency, and serve a young man more effectually than more formal and elegant sentences.*

Old English Proverbs.

In every work begin and end with God.

The grace of God is worth a fair.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

So much of passion, so much of nothing to the purpose.

'Tis wit to pick a lock, and steal a horse; but 'tis wisdom to let him alone.

Sorrow is good for nothing but for sin.

Love thy neighbour; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Half an acre is good land.

Chear up, man, God is still where he was.

Of little meddling comes great ease.

Do well, and have well.

He who perishes in a needless danger is the devil's martyr.

Better

Better spare at the brim, than at the bottom.

He who serves God is the true wise man.

The hasty man never wants woe.

There is God in the almonry.

He who will thrive must rise at five.

He who hath thriven may sleep till seven.

Prayer brings down the first blessing, and praise the second.

He plays best who wins.

He is a proper man who hath proper conditions.

Better half a loaf than no bread.

Beware of *Had-I-wist*.

Frost and fraud have always foul ends.

Good words cost nought.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

Little said soon amended.

Fair words butter no parsnips.

That penny is well spent that saves a groat to its master.

Penny in pocket is a good companion.

For all your kindred make much of your friends.

He who hath money in his purse, cannot want an head for his shoulders.

Great cry and little wool, quoth the devil when he shear'd his hogs.

'Tis ill gaping before an oven.

Where the hedge is lowest all men go over.

When sorrow is asleep wake it not.

Up starts a churl that gathered good,
From whence did spring his noble blood.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

A covetous man, like a dog in a wheel, roasts meat for others to eat.

Speak me fair, and think what you will.

Serve God in thy calling; 'tis better than always praying.

A child may have too much of his mother's blessing.

He who gives alms makes the very best use of his money.

A wise man will neither speak, nor do,
Whatever anger would provoke him to.

Heaven once named, all other things are trifles.

The patient man is always at home.

Peace with heaven is the best friendship.

The worst of crosses is never to have had any.

Crosses are ladders that do lead up to heaven.

Honour buys no beef in the market.

Care-not would have.

When it rains pottage you must hold up your dish.

He that would thrive must ask leave of his wife.

A wonder lasts but nine days.

The second meal makes the glutton: and
The second blow, or second ill word, makes the quarrel.

A young serving man an old beggar.

A pennyworth of ease is worth a penny at all times.

As proud comes behind as goes before.

Bachelor's wives and maid's children are well taught.

Beware of the geese when the fox preaches.

Rich men seem happy, great, and wise,
All which the good man only is.

Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.

Love me little, and love me long.

He that buys an house ready wrought,
Hath many a pin and nail for nought.

Fools build houses, and wise men buy them, or live in them.

Opportunity makes the thief.

Out of debt, out of deadly ſin.

Pride goes before, and ſhame follows after.

That groat is ill ſaved that ſhames its maſter.

Quick believers need broad ſhoulders.

Three may keep counſel, if two be away.

He who weddeth ere he be wiſe, ſhall die ere he thrives.

He who moſt ſtudies his content, wants it moſt.

God hath often a great ſhare in a little houſe, and but a little ſhare in a great one.

When prayers are done my lady is ready.

He that is warm thinks all are ſo.

If every man will mend one, we ſhall all be mended.

Marry your ſon when you will, your daughter when you can.

None is a fool always, every one ſometimes.

Think of eaſe, but work on.

He that lies long in bed his eſtate feels it.

The child ſaith nothing but what it heard by the fire-ſide.

A gentleman, a grey-hound, and a ſalt-box, look for at the fire-ſide.

The ſon full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

He who riſeth betimes hath ſomething in his head.

Fine dreſſing is a foul houſe ſwept before the doors.

Diſcontent is a man's worſt evil.

He who lives well ſees afar off.

Love is not to be found in the market.

My houſe, my houſe, though thou art ſmall,
Thou art to me the Eſcurial.

He who ſeeks trouble never miſſeth it.

Never was ſtrumpet fair in a wife man's eye.

He that hath little is the leſs dirty.

Good counſel breaks no man's head.

Fly the pleaſure that will bite to-morrow.

Woe be to the houſe where there is no chiding.

The greateſt ſtep is that out of doors.

Poverty is the mother of health.

Wealth, like rheum, falls on the weakeſt parts.

If all fools wore white caps, we ſhould look like a flock of geeſe.

Living well is the beſt revenge we can take on our enemies.

Fair words make me look to my purſe.

The ſhorteſt anſwer is doing the thing.

He who would have what he hath not, ſhould do what he doth not.

He who hath horns in his boſom, needs not put them upon his head.

Good and quickly ſeldom meet.

God is at the end when we think he is fartheſt off.

He who contemplates hath a day without night.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Better ſuffer a great evil than do a little one.

Talk much, and err much.

The perſuaſion of the fortunate ſways the doubtful.

True praiſe takes root, and ſpreads.

Happy is the body which is bleſt with a mind not needing.

Fooliſh tongues talk by the dozen.

Shew a good man his error, and he turns it into a virtue; a bad man doubles his fault.

When either ſide grows warm in arguing, the wiſeſt man gives over firſt.

Wiſe men with pity do behold
Fools worſhip mules that carry gold.

In the huſband wiſdom, in the wife gentleneſs.

A wiſe

A wise man cares not much for what he cannot have.

Pardon others but not thyself.

If a good man thrives, all thrive with him.

Old praise dies unless you feed it.

That which two will takes effect.

He only is bright who shines by himself.

Prosperity lets go the bridle.

Take care to be what thou would'st seem.

Great businesses turn on a little pin.

He that will not have peace, God gives him war.

None is so wise but the fool overtakes him.

That is the best gown that goes most up and down the house.

Silks and sattins put out the fire in the kitchen.

The first dish pleaseth all.

God's mill grinds slow, but sure.

Neither praise nor dispraise thyself, thy actions serve the turn.

He who fears death lives not.

He who preaches gives alms.

He who pitieth another thinks on himself.

Night is the mother of counsels.

He who once hits will be ever shooting.

He that cockers his child provides for his enemy.

The faulty stands always on his guard.

He that is thrown would ever wrestle.

Good swimmers are drowned at last.

Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.

Wine counsels seldom prosper.

Set good against evil.

He goes not out of his way who goes to a good inn.

It is an ill air where we gain nothing.

Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.

Too much taking heed is sometimes loss.

'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to maintain one.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

The wife is the key of the house.

The life of man is a winter way.

The least foolish is accounted wise.

Life is half spent before we know what it is to live.

Wine is a turn-coat; first a friend, then an enemy.

Wine ever pays for his lodging.

Time undermines us all.

Conversation makes a man what he is.

The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.

The great put the little on the hook.

Lawyers houses are built on the heads of fools.

Among good men two suffice.

The best bred have the best portion.

To live peaceably with all breeds good blood.

He who hath the charge of souls transports them not in bundles.

Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.

When a lackey comes to hell, the devil locks the gates.

He that tells his wife news is but newly married.

He who will make a door of gold, must knock in a nail every day.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

Some evils are cured by contempt.

God deals his wrath by weight, but without weight his mercy.

Follow not truth too near at the heels, lest it dash out your teeth.

Say to pleasure, gentle Eve, I will have none of your apple.

Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.

Every man's cenſure is uſually firſt moulded in his own nature.

Suſpicion is the virtue of a coward.

Stay a while, that we may make an end the ſooner.

Let us ride fair and ſoftly that we may get home the ſooner.

Debtors are liars.

Knowledge (or cunning) is no burthen.

Dearths foreſeen come not.

A penny ſpared is twice got.

Penſion never enriched young man.

If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

If the mother had never been in the oven, ſhe would not have looked for her daughter there.

The body is ſooner well dreſſed than the ſoul.

Every one is a maſter, and a ſervant.

No profit to honour, no honour to virtue or religion.

Every ſin brings its puniſhment along with it.

The devil divides the world between atheiſm and ſuperſtition.

Good huſbandry is good divinity.

Be reaſonable and you will be happy.

It is better to pleaſe a fool than to anger him.

A fool, if he ſaith he will have a crab, he will not have an apple.

Take heed you find not what you do not ſeek.

The highway is never about.

He lives long enough who hath lived well.

Metal is dangerous in a blind horſe.

Winter never rots in the ſky.

God help the rich, the poor can beg.

He that ſpeaks me fair, and loves me not, I will ſpeak him fair, and truſt him not.

He who preaches war is the devil's chaplain.

The trueſt wealth is contentment with a little.

A man's beſt fortune, or his worſt, is a wife.

Marry in haſte, and repent at leiſure.

Sir John Barley-Corn is the ſtrongeſt knight.

Like blood, like good, and like age,
Make the happieſt marriage.

Every aſs thinks himſelf worthy to ſtand with the king's horſes.

A good beginning makes a good ending.

One ounce of diſcretion, or of wiſdom, is worth two pound of wit.

The devil is good, or kind, when he is pleaſed.

A fair face is half a portion.

To forget a wrong is the beſt revenge.

Manners make the man.

Man doth what he can, God doth what he pleaſes.

Gold goes in at any gate except that of heaven.

Knaves and fools divide the world.

No great loſs but may bring ſome little profit.

When poverty comes in at the door, love leaps out at the window.

That ſuit is beſt that beſt fits me.

If I had revenged every wrong,
I had not worn my ſkirts ſo long.

Self-love is a mote in every man's eye.

That which is well done is twice done.

Uſe ſoft words and hard arguments.

There is no coward to an ill conſcience.

He who makes other men afraid of his wit, had need be afraid of their memories.

Riches are but the baggage of virtue.

He who defers his charities till his death, is

is rather liberal of another man's than of his own.

A wife man hath more ballaſt than ſail.

Great men's promiſes, courtier's oaths, and dead men's ſhoes, a man may look for, but not truſt to.

Be wiſe on this ſide heaven.

The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

Good looks buy nothing in the market.

He who will be his own maſter often hath a fool for his ſcholar.

That man is well bought who coſts you but a compliment.

The greateſt king muſt at laſt go to bed with a ſhovel or ſpade.

He only truly lives who lives in peace.

If wiſe men never erred, it would go hard with the fool.

Great virtue ſeldom deſcends.

One wife (in marriage) and two happy.

Almſgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor proſperity wiſe.

A fool and his money are ſoon parted.

Fear of hell is the true valour of a chriſtian.

For ill do well, then fear not hell.

The beſt thing in this world is to live above it.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

A thouſand pounds and a bottle of hay,
Will be all one at Doomſday.

One pair of heels is ſometimes worth two pair of hands.

'Tis good ſleeping in a whole ſkin.

Enough is as good as a feaſt.

A fool's bolt is ſoon ſhot.

All is well that ends well.

Ever drink, ever dry.

He who hath an ill name is half-hanged.

Harm watch, harm catch.

A friend's frown is better than a fool's ſmile.

The eaſieſt work and way is, To beware.

If the beſt man's faults were written in his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

A man may be great by chance; but never wiſe, or good, without taking pains for it.

Succeſs makes a fool ſeem wiſe.

All worldly joys go leſs
To that one joy of doing kindneſſes.

What fools ſay doth not much trouble wiſe men.

Money is a good ſervant, but an ill maſter.

Pleaſure gives law to fools, God to the wiſe.

He lives indeed who lives not to himſelf alone.

Good to begin well, better to end well.

There would be no ill language if it were not ill taken.

Induſtry is fortune's right-hand, and frugality is her left.

We ſhall lie all alike in our graves.

When flatterers meet, the devil goes to dinner.

'Tis a ſmall family that hath neither a thief nor an harlot in it.

To give and to keep there is need of wit,

A man never ſurfeits of too much honeſty.

Honour and eaſe are ſeldom bedfellows.

Thoſe huſbands are in heaven whoſe wives do not chide.

He can want nothing who hath God for his friend.

Young men's knocks old men feel.

He who is poor when he is married, ſhall be rich when he is buried.

Of all tame beaſts, I hate ſluts.

Giving much to the poor doth increaſe a man's ſtore.

That is my good that doth me good.

An idle brain is the devil's ſhop.

God ſend us ſomewhat of our own when rich men go to dinner.

Let your purſe ſtill be your maſter.

Young men think old men fools; but old men know that young men are fools.

Wit once bought is worth twice taught.

A wiſe head makes a cloſe mouth.

All fooliſh fancies are bought much too dear.

Women's and children's wiſhes are the aim and happineſs of the more weak men.

Ignorance is better than pride with greater knowledge.

The charitable man gives out at the door, and God puts in at the window.

Every man is a fool where he hath not conſidered or thought.

He who angers others is not himſelf at eaſe.

He dies like a beaſt who hath done no good while he lived.

Heaven is not to be had by men's barely wiſhing for it.

Patch and long ſit, build and ſoon flit.

One hour's ſleep before midnight is worth two hours ſleep after it.

Wranglers never want words.

War is death's feaſt.

Idle lazy folks have moſt labour.

Knavery may ſerve a turn, but honeſty is beſt at the long-run.

A quick landlord makes a careful tenant.

Look ever to the main chance.

Will is the cauſe of woe.

Welcome is the beſt chear.

I will keep no more cats than what will catch mice.

Reprove others, but correct thyſelf.

Once a knave and ever a knave.

Planting of trees is England's old thrift.

It is more painful to do nothing than ſomething.

Any thing for a quiet life.

'Tis great folly to want when we have it, and when we have it not too.

Fly pleaſure, and it will follow thee.

God's Providence is the ſureſt and beſt inheritance.

That is not good language which all underſtand not.

Much better loſe a jeſt than a friend.

Ill-will never ſaid well.

He that hath ſome land muſt have ſome labour.

Shew me a liar, and I will ſhew you a thief.

We muſt wink at ſmall faults.

Uſe legs and have legs.

Keep your ſhop, and your ſhop will keep you.

Every one ſhould ſweep before his own door.

Much coin uſually much care.

Good take-heed doth always ſpeed.

He who gets doth much, but he who keeps doth more.

A pound of gold is better than an ounce of honour.

We think lawyers to be wiſe men, and they know us to be fools.

Eaten bread is ſoon forgotten.

When you ſee your friend, truſt to yourſelf.

Let my friend tell my tale.

Mention not a rope in the houſe of one whoſe father was hanged.

Speak

Speak the truth and shame the devil.

God help the fool, quoth Pedly. *(An Ideot.)*

Lend, and lose my money; so play fools.

Early to go to bed, and then early to rise, makes men more holy, more healthy, wealthy, and wise.

Anger dies soon with a wise and good man.

He who will not be counselled, cannot be helped.

God hath provided no remedy for wilful obstinacy.

All vice infatuates, and corrupts the judgment.

He who converses with nobody, knows nothing.

There is no fool to the old fool.

A good wife makes a good husband.

'Tis much better to be thought a fool, than to be a knave.

One fool makes many.

Penny, whence cameſt thou? Penny, whither goeſt thou? and, Penny, when wilt thou come again?

'Tis worse to be an ill man than to be thought to be one.

A fool comes alway short of his reckoning.

A young saint an old saint; and a young devil an old devil.

Wit is folly unless a wise man hath the keeping of it.

Knowledge of God and of ourselves is the mother of true devotion, and the perfection of wisdom.

Afflictions are sent us from God for our good.

Confession of a fault makes half amends.

Every man can tame a shrew but he who hath her.

'Tis better to die poor than to live poor.

Craft brings nothing home at the last.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

All covet, all lose.

Plain-dealing is a jewel; but he who useth it will die a beggar.

Honour bought is temporal simony.

Live, and let live, *i. e.* be a kind landlord.

Children are certain cares, but very uncertain comforts.

Giving begets love, lending usually lessens it.

He is the wise, who is the honest man.

Take part with reason against thy own will or humour.

Wit is a fine thing in a wise man's hand.

Speak not of my debts except you mean to pay them.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

He who lives in hopes dies a fool.

He who gives wisely sells to advantage.

Years know more than books.

Live so as you do mean to die.

Go not to hell for company.

All earthly joys are empty bubbles, and do make men boys.

Better unborn than untaught.

If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains: if well, the pains do fade, the joy remains.

Always refuse the advice which passion gives.

Nor say nor do that thing which anger prompts you to.

Bear and forbear is short and good philosophy.

Set out wisely at first; custom will make every virtue more easy and pleasant to you than any vice can be.

The best and noblest conquest is that of a man's own reason over his passions and follies.

Religion hath true lasting joys; weigh all, and so
If any thing have more, or such, let heaven go.
Whatever good thou dost, give God the praise;
Who both the power and will first gave to thee.

§ 55. *Old Italian Proverbs.*

He who serves God hath the best master in the world. Where God is there nothing is wanting. No man is greater in truth than he is in God's esteem. He hath a good judgement who doth not rely on his own. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it. He who converses with nobody, is either a brute or an angel. Go not over the water where you cannot see the bottom. He who lives disorderly one year, doth not enjoy himself for five years after. Friendships are cheap, when they are to be bought with pulling off your hat. Speak well of your friend, of your enemy neither well nor ill. The friendship of a great man is a lion at the next door. The money you refuse will never do you good. A beggar's wallet is a mile to the bottom. I once had, is a poor man. There are a great many asses without long ears. An iron anvil should have a hammer of feathers. He keeps his road well enough who gets rid of bad company. You are in debt, and run in farther; if you are not a liar yet, you will be one. The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away. 'Tis horribly dangerous to sleep near the gates of hell. He who thinks to cheat another, cheats himself most. Giving is going a fishing. Too much prosperity makes most men fools. Dead men open the eyes of the living. No man's head akes while he comforts another. Bold and shameless men are masters of half the world. Every one hath enough to do to govern himself well. He who is an ass, and takes himself to be a stag, when he comes to leap the ditch finds his mistake. Praise doth a wise man good, but a fool harm. No sooner is a law made, but an evasion of it is found out. He who gives fair words, feeds you with an empty spoon. Three things cost dear; the caresses of a dog, the love of a miss, and the invitation of an host, Hunger never fails of a good cook. A man is valued as he makes himself valuable Three littles make a man rich on a sudden; little wit, little shame, and little honesty. He who hath good health is a rich man, and doth not know it. Give a wise man a hint, and he will do the business well enough. A bad agreement is better than a good law-suit. The best watering is that which comes from heaven. When your neighbour's house is on fire carry water to your own. Spare diet and no trouble keep a man in good health. He that will have no trouble in this world must not be born in it. The maid is such as she is bred, and tow as it is spun. He that would believe he hath a great many friends, must try but few of them. Love bemires young men, and drowns the old. Once in every ten years every man needs his neighbour. Aristotle saith, When you can have any good thing take it: and Plato saith, If you do not take it, you are a great coxcomb. From an ass you can get nothing but kicks and stench. Either say nothing of the absent, or speak like a friend. One man forewarned (or apprised of a thing) is worth two. He is truly happy who can make others happy too. A fair woman without virtue is like palled wine. Tell a woman she is wondrous fair, and she will soon turn fool. Paint

and

and patches give offence to the husband, hopes to her gallant. He that would be well spoken of himself, must not speak ill of others. He that doth the kindness hath the noblest pleasure of the two. He who doth a kindness to a good man, doth a greater to himself. A man's hat in his hand never did him harm. One cap or hat more or less, and one quire of paper in a year, cost but little, and will make you many friends. He who blames grandees endangers his head, and he who praises them must tell many a lie. A wise man goes not on board without due provision. Keep your mouth shut, and your eyes open. He who will stop every man's mouth must have a great deal of meal. Wise men have their mouth in their heart, fools their heart in their mouth. Shew not to all the bottom either of your purse or of your mind. I heard one say so, is half a lie. Lies have very short legs. One lie draws ten more after it. Keep company with good men, and you'll increase their number. He is a good man who is good for himself, but he is good indeed who is so for others too. When you meet with a virtuous man, draw his picture. He who keeps good men company may very well bear their charges. He begins to grow bad who takes himself to be a good man. He is far from a good man who strives not to grow better. Keep good men company, and fall not out with the bad. He who throws away his estate with his hands, goes afterwards to pick it up on his feet. 'Tis a bad house that hath not an old man in it. To grow well and scrape ill is the devil's trade. Be ready with your hat, but slow with your purse. A burthen which one chuses is not felt. The dearer such a thing is, the better pennyworth for me. Suppers kill more than the greatest doctor ever cured. All the wit in the world is not in one head. Let us do what we can and ought, and let God do his pleasure. 'Tis better to be condemned by the college of physicians than by one judge. Skill and assurance are an invincible couple. The fool kneels to the distaff. Knowing is worth nothing, unless we do the good we know. A man is half known when you see him, when you hear him speak you know him all out. Write down the advice of him who loves you, tho' you like it not at present. Be slow to give advice, ready to do any service. Both anger and haste hinder good counsel. Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it. The fool never thinks higher than the top of his house. A courtier is a slave in a golden chain. A little kitchen makes a large house. Have money, and you will find kindred enough. He that lends his money hath a double loss. Of money, wit, and virtue, believe one fourth part of what you hear men say. Money is his servant who knows how to use it as he should, his master who doth not. 'Tis better to give one shilling than to lend twenty. Wise distrust is the parent of security. Mercy or goodness alone makes us like to God. So much only is mine, as I either use myself or give for God's sake. He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first well consider himself. Speak not of me unless you know me well; think of yourself ere aught of me you tell. One day of a wise man is worth the whole life of a fool. What you give shines still, what you eat smells ill next day. Asking costs no great matter. A woman that loves to be at the window is like a bunch of grapes in the highway. A woman and a glass are never out of danger. A woman and a cherry are painted for their own harm. The best furniture in the house is a virtuous woman. The first wife is matrimony, the second company, the third heresy. A doctor

and a clown know more than a doctor alone. Hard upon hard never makes a good wall. The example of good men is visible philosophy. One ill example spoils many good laws. Every thing may be, except a ditch without a bank. He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head. He who plays me one trick shall not play me a second. Do what you ought, and let what will come on it. By making a fault you may learn to do better. The first faults are theirs who commit them, all the following are his who doth not punish them. He who would be ill served, let him keep good store of servants. To do good still make no delay; for life and time slide fast away. A little time will serve to do ill. He who would have trouble in this life, let him get either a ship or a wife. He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high. The best of the game is, to do one's business and talk little of it. The Italian is wise before he undertakes a thing, the German while he is doing it, and the Frenchman when it is over. In prosperity we need moderation, in adversity patience. Prosperous men sacrifice not, i. e. they forget God. Great prosperity and modesty seldom go together. Women, wine, and horses, are ware men are often deceived in. Give your friend a fig, and your enemy a peach. He who hath no children doth not know what love means. He who spins hath one shirt, he who spins not hath two. He who considers the end, restrains all evil inclinations. He who hath the longest sword is always thought to be in the right. There lies no appeal from the decision of fortune. Lucky men need no counsel. Three things only are well done in haste; flying from the plague, escaping quarrels, and catching fleas. 'Tis better it should be said, Here he ran away, than Here he was slain. The sword from heaven above falls not down in haste. The best thing in gaming is, that it be but little used, Play, women, and wine, make a man laugh till he dies of it. Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom. The devil goes shares in gaming. He who doth not rise early never does a good day's work. He who hath good health is young, and he is rich who owes nothing. If young men had wit, and old men strength enough, every thing might be well done. He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself. Learning is folly, unless a good judgment hath the management of it. Every man loves justice at another man's house; nobody cares for it at his own. He who keeps company with great men is the last at the table, and the first at any toil or danger. Every one hath his cricket in his head, and makes it sing as he pleases. In the conclusion, even sorrows with bread are good. When war begins, hell gates are set open. He that hath nothing knows nothing, and he that hath nothing is nobody. He who hath more, hath more care, still desires more, and enjoys less. At a dangerous passage give the precedency. The sickness of the body may prove the health of the soul. Working in your calling is half praying. An ill book is the worst of thieves. The wise hand doth not all which the foolish tongue saith. Let not your tongue say what your head may pay for. The best armour is to keep out of gun-shot. The good woman doth not say, Will you have this? but gives it you. That is a good misfortune which comes alone. He who doth no ill hath nothing to fear. No ill befalls us but what may be for our good. He that would be master of his own must not be bound for another. Eat after your own fashion, clothe yourself as others do. A fat physician, but a lean monk. Make

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yourself all honey, and the flies will eat you up. Marry a wife, and buy a horse from your neighbour. He is master of the world who despises it; its slave who values it. This world is a cage of fools. He who hath most patience best enjoys the world. If veal (or mutton) could fly, no wild fowl could come near it. He is unhappy who wishes to die; but more so he who fears it. The more you think of dying, the better you will live. He who oft thinks on death provides for the next life. Nature, time, and patience, are the three great physicians. When the ship is sunk every man knows how she might have been saved. Poverty is the worst guard for chastity. Affairs, like salt-fish, ought to lie a good while a soaking. He who knows nothing is confident in every thing. He who lives as he should, has all that he needs. By doing nothing, men learn to do ill. The best revenge is to prevent the injury. Keep yourself from the occasion, and God will keep you from the sins it leads to. One eye of the master sees more than four eyes of his servant. He who doth the injury never forgives the injured man. Extravagant offers are a kind of denial. Vice is set off with the shadow or resemblance of virtue. The shadow of a lord is an hat or cap for a fool. Large trees give more shade than fruit. True love and honour go always together. He who would please every body in all he doth, troubles himself, and contents nobody. Happy is the man who doth all the good he talks of. That is best or finest which is most fit or seasonable. He is a good orator who prevails with himself. One pair of ears will drain dry an hundred tongues. A great deal of pride obscures, or blemishes, a thousand good qualities. He who hath gold hath fear, who hath none, hath sorrow. An Arcadian ass, who is laden with gold, and eats but straw. The hare catched the lion in a net of gold. Obstinacy is the worst, the most incurable of all sins. Lawyers gowns are lined with the wilfulness of their clients. Idleness is the mother of vice, the step-mother to all virtues. He who is employed is tempted by one devil; he who is idle, by an hundred. An idle man is a bolster for the devil. Idleness buries a man alive. He that makes a good war hath a good peace. He who troubles not himself with other men's business, gets peace and ease thereby. Where peace is, there God is or dwells. The world without peace is the soldier's pay. Arms carry peace along with them. A little in peace and quiet is my heart's wish. He bears with others, and saith nothing, who would live in peace. One father is sufficient to govern an hundred children, and an hundred children are not sufficient to govern one father. The master is the eye of the house. The first service a bad child doth his father, is to make him a fool; the next is, to make him mad. A rich country and a bad road. A good lawyer is a bad neighbour. He who pays well is master of every body's purse. Another man's bread costs very dear. Have you bread and wine? sing and be merry. If there is but little bread, keep it in your hand; if but a little wine, drink often; if but a little bed, go to bed early, and clap yourself down in the middle. 'Tis good keeping his cloaths who goes to swim. A man's own opinion is never in the wrong. He who speaks little, needs but half so much brains as another man. He who knows most, commonly speaks least. Few men take his advice who talks a great deal. He that is going to speak ill of another, let him consider himself well, and he will hold his peace. Eating little, and speaking little,

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can never do a man hurt. A civil anſwer to a rude ſpeech coſts not much, and is worth a great deal. Speaking without thinking is ſhooting without taking aim. He doth not loſe his labour who counts every word he ſpeaks. One mild word quenches more heat than a whole bucket of water. Yes, good words to put off your rotten apples. Give every man good words, but keep your purſe ſtrings cloſe. Fine words will not keep a cat from ſtarving. He that hath no patience, hath nothing at all. No patience, no true wiſdom. Make one bargain with other men, but make four with yourſelf. There is no fool to a learned fool. The firſt degree of folly is to think one's ſelf wiſe; the next to tell others ſo; the third to deſpiſe all counſel. If wiſe men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance. One fool in one houſe is enough in all conſcience. He is not a thorough wiſe man who cannot play the fool on a juſt occaſion. A wiſe man doth that at the firſt which a fool muſt do at the laſt. Men's years and their faults are always more than they are willing to own. Men's ſins and their debts are more than they take them to be. Puniſhment, though lame, overtakes the ſinner at the laſt. He conſiders ill, that conſiders not on both ſides. Think much and often, ſpeak little, and write leſs. Conſider well, Who you are, What you do, Whence you came, and Whither you are to go. Keep your thoughts to yourſelf, let your mien be free and open. Drink wine with pears, and water after figs. When the pear is ripe, it muſt fall of courſe. He that parts with what he ought, loſes nothing by the ſhift. Forgive every man's faults except your own. To forgive injuries is a noble and God-like revenge. 'Tis a mark of great proficiency, to bear eaſily the failings of other men. Fond love of a man's ſelf ſhews that he doth not know himſelf. That which a man likes well is half done. He who is uſed to do kindneſſes, always finds them when he ſtands in need. A wiſe lawyer never goes to law himſelf. A ſluggard takes an hundred ſteps becauſe he would not take one in due time. When you are all agreed upon the time, quoth the curate, I will make it rain. I will do what I can, and a little leſs, that I may hold out the better. Truſt ſome few, but beware of all men. He who knows but little preſently outs with it. He that doth not mind ſmall things will never get a great deal. John Do-little was the ſon of Good-wife Spin-little. To know how to be content with a little, is not a morſel for a fool's mouth. That is never to be called little, which a man thinks to be enough. Of two cowards, he hath the better who firſt finds the other out. The worſt pig often gets the beſt pear. The devil turns his back when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. The wiſer man yields to him who is more than his match. He who thinks he can do moſt, is moſt miſtaken. The wiſe diſcourſes of a poor man go for nothing. Poor folks have neither any kindred nor any friends. Good preachers give their hearers fruit, not flowers. Woe to thoſe preachers who liſten not to themſelves. He who quakes for cold, either wants money to buy him cloaths, or wit to put them on. Poverty is a good hated by all men. He that would have a thing done quickly and well, muſt do it himſelf. He who knows moſt is the leaſt preſuming or confident. 'Tis more noble to make yourſelf great, than to be born ſo. The beginning of an amour (or gallantry) is fear, the middle ſin, and the end ſorrow or repentance. The beginning only of a thing is hard, and coſts dear. A fair promiſe catches the fool. He who is bound for another goes

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in at the wide end of the horn, and must come out at the narrow if he can. Promising is not with design to give, but to please fools. Give no great credit to a great promiser. Prosperity is the worst enemy men usually have. Proverbs bear age, and he who would do well may view himself in them as in a looking-glass. A proverb is the child of experience. He that makes no reckoning of a farthing, will not be worth an half-penny. Avoid carefully the first ill or mischief, for that will breed an hundred more. Reason governs the wise man, and a cudgel the fool. Suffering is the mother of fools, reason of wise men. If you would be as happy as any king, consider not the few that are before, but the many that come behind you. Our religion and our language we suck in with our milk. Love, knavery, and necessity, make men good orators. There is no fence against what comes from Heaven. Good husbandry is the first step towards riches. A stock once gotten, wealth grows up of its own accord. Wealth hides many a great fault. Good ware was never dear, nor a miss ever worth the money she costs. The fool's estate is the first spent. Wealth is his that enjoys it, and the world is his who scrambles for it. A father with very great wealth, and a son with no virtue at all. Little wealth, and little care and trouble. The Roman conquers by sitting still at home. Between robbing and restoring, men commonly get thirty in the hundred. He is learned enough who knows how to live well. The more a man knows, the less credulous he is. There is no harm in desiring to be thought wise by others, but a great deal in a man's thinking himself to be so. Bare wages never made a servant rich. Losing much breeds bad blood. Health without any money is half sickness. When a man is tumbling down, every saint lends a hand. He that unseasonably plays the wise man is a fool. He that pretends too much to wisdom is counted a fool. A wise man never sets his heart upon what he cannot have. A lewd batchelor makes a jealous husband. That crown is well spent which saves you ten. Love can do much, but scorn or disdain can do more. If you would have a thing kept secret, never tell it to any one; and if you would not have a thing known of you, never do it. Whatever you are going to do or say, think well first what may be the consequence of it. They are always selling wit to others who have least of it for themselves. He that gains time gains a great point. Every ditch is full of after-wit. A little wit will serve a fortunate man. The favour of the court is like fair weather in winter. Neither take for a servant him who you must entreat, nor a kinsman, nor a friend, if you would have a good one. A man never loses by doing good offices to others. He that would be well served, must know when to change his servants. Ignorance and prosperity make men bold and confident. He who employs one servant in any businesses, hath him all there; who employs two, hath half a servant; who three, hath never a one. Either a civil grant, or a civil denial. When you have any business with a man give him title enough. The covetous man is the bailiff, not the master, of his own estate. Trouble not your head about the weather, or the government. Like with like looks well, and lasts long. All worldly joy is but a short-lived dream. That is a cursed pleasure that makes a man a fool. The soldier is well paid for doing mischief. A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves. A considering careful man is half a conjurer. A man would not be alone

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even in paradiſe. One nap finds out, or draws on another. Have good luck, and you may lie in bed. He that will maintain every thing muſt have his ſword always ready drawn. That houſe is in an ill caſe where the diſtaff commands the ſword. One ſword keeps another in the ſcabbard. He that ſpeaks ill of other men, burns his own tongue. He that is moſt liberal where he ſhould be ſo, is the beſt huſband. He is gainer enough who gives over a vain hope. A mighty hope is a mighty cheat. Hope is a pleaſant kind of deceit. A man cannot leave his experience or wiſdom to his heirs. Fools learn to live at their own coſt, the wiſe at other men's. He is maſter of the whole world who hath no value for it. He who ſaith Woman, ſaith Wo to man. One enemy is too much for a man in a great poſt, and an hundred friends are too few. Let us enjoy the preſent, we ſhall have trouble enough hereafter. Men toil and take pains in order to live eaſily at laſt. He that takes no care of himſelf, muſt not expect it from others. Induſtry makes a gallant man, and breaks ill fortune. Study, like a ſtaff of cotton, beats without noiſe. Mother-in-law and daughter-in-law are a tempeſt and hail-ſtorm. If pride were a deadly diſeaſe, how many would be now in their graves! He who cannot hold his peace will never live at eaſe. A fool will be always talking, right or wrong. In ſilence there is many a good morſel. Pray hold your peace, or you will make me fall aſleep. The table, a ſecret thief, ſends its maſter to the hoſpital. Begin your web, and God will ſupply you with thread. Too much fear is an enemy to good deliberation. As ſoon as ever God hath a church built for him, the devil gets a tabernacle ſet up for himſelf. Time is a file that wears, and makes no noiſe. Nothing is ſo hard to bear well as proſperity. Patience, time, and money, ſet every thing to rights. The true art of making gold is to have a good eſtate, and to ſpend but little of it. Abate two thirds of all the reports you hear. A fair face, or a fine head, and very little brains in it. He who lives wickedly lives always in fear. A beautiful face is a pleaſing traitor. If three know it, all the world will know it too. Many have too much, but nobody hath enough. An honeſt man hath half as much more brains as he needs, a knave hath not half enough. A wiſe man changes his mind when there is reaſon for it. From hearing, comes wiſdom; and from ſpeaking, repentance. Old age is an evil deſired by all men, and youth an advantage which no young man underſtands. He that would have a good revenge, let him leave it to God. Would you be revenged on your enemy? live as you ought, and you have done it to purpoſe. He that will revenge every affront, either falls from a good poſt, or never gets up to it. Truth is an inhabitant of heaven. That which ſeems probable is the greateſt enemy to the truth. A thouſand probabilities cannot make one truth. 'Tis no great pains to ſpeak the truth. That is moſt true which we leaſt care to hear. Truth hath the plague in his houſe (*i. e.* is carefully avoided). A wiſe man will not tell ſuch a truth as every one will take for a lie. Long voyages occaſion great lies. The world makes men drunk as much as wine doth. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. Enrich your younger age with virtue's lore. 'Tis virtue's picture which we find in books. Virtue muſt be our trade and ſtudy, not our chance. We ſhall have a houſe without a fault in the next world. Tell me what life you lead, and I will tell you how

how you shall die. He is in a low form who never thinks beyond this short life. Vices are learned without a teacher. Wicked men are dead whilst they live. He is rich who desires nothing more. To recover a bad man is a double kindness or virtue. Who are you for? I am for him whom I get most by. He who eats but of one dish never wants a physician. He hath lived to ill purpose who cannot hope to live after his death. Live as they did of old; speak as men do now. The mob is a terrible monster. Hell is very full of good meanings and intentions. He only is well kept whom God keeps. Break the legs of an evil custom. Tyrant custom makes a slave of reason. Experience is the father, and memory the mother of wisdom. He who doeth every thing he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do. He who says all that he has a mind to say, hears what he hath no mind to hear. That city thrives best where virtue is most esteemed and rewarded. He cannot go wrong whom virtue guides. The sword kills many, but wine many more. 'Tis truth which makes the man angry. He who tells all the truth he knows, must lie in the streets. Oil and truth will get uppermost at the last. A probable story is the best weapon of calumny. He counts very unskilfully who leaves God out of his reckoning. Nothing is of any great value but God only. All is good that God sends us. He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own. Thought is a nimble footman. Many know every thing else, but nothing at all of themselves. We ought not to give the fine flour to the devil, and the bran to God. Six foot of earth make all men of one size. He that is born of a hen must scrape for his living. Afflictions draw men up towards heaven. That which does us good is never too late. Since my house must be burnt, I will warm myself at it. Tell every body your business, and the devil will do it for you. A man was hanged for saying what was true. Do not all that you can do; spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; and tell not all that you know. A man should learn to sail with all winds. He is the man indeed who can govern himself as he ought. He that would live long, must sometimes change his course of life. When children are little they make their parents heads ake; and when they are grown up, they make their hearts ake. To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others. Use or practice of a thing is the best master. A man that hath learning is worth two who have it not. A fool knows his own business better than a wise man doth another's. He who understands most is other men's master. Have a care of—Had I known this before.——— Command your servant, and do it yourself, and you will have less trouble. You may know the master by his man. He who serves the public hath but a scurvy master. He that would have good offices done to him, must do them to others. 'Tis the only true liberty to serve our good God. The common soldier's blood makes the general a great man. An huge great house is an huge great trouble. Never advise a man to go to the wars, nor to marry. Go to the war with as many as you can, and with as few to counsel. 'Tis better keeping out of a quarrel, than to make it up afterward. Great birth is a very poor dish on the table. Neither buy any thing of, nor sell to, your friend. Sickness or diseases are visits from God. Sickness is a personal citation before our Judge. Beauty and folly do not often part company.

Beauty beats a call upon a drum. Teeth placed before the tongue give good advice. A great many pair of ſhoes are worn out before men do all they ſay. A great many words will not fill a purſe. Make a ſlow anſwer to an haſty queſtion. Self-praiſe is the ground of hatred. Speaking evil of one another is the fifth element men are made up of. When a man ſpeaks you fair, look to your purſe. Play not with a man till you hurt him, nor jeſt till you ſhame him. Eating more than you ſhould at once, makes you eat leſs afterward. He makes his grief light who thinks it ſo. He thinks but ill who doth not think twice of a thing. He who goes about a thing himſelf, hath a mind to have it done; who ſends another, cares not whether it be done or no. There is no diſcretion in love, nor counſel in anger. Wiſhes never can fill a ſack. The firſt ſtep a man makes towards being good, is to know he is not ſo already. He who is bad to his relations is worſt to himſelf. 'Tis good to know our friends failings, but not to publiſh them. A man may ſee his own faults in thoſe which others do. 'Tis the virtue of ſaints to be always going on from one kind and degree of virtue to another. A man may talk like a wiſe man, and yet act like a fool. Every one thinks he hath more than his ſhare of brains. The firſt chapter (or point) of fools is to think they are wiſe men. Diſcretion, or a true judgment of things, is the parent of all virtue. Chaſtity is the chief and moſt charming beauty. Little conſcience and great diligence make a rich man. Never count four except you have them in your bag. Open your door to a fair day, but make yourſelf ready for a foul one. A little too late is too late ſtill. A good man is ever at home wherever he chance to be. Building is a word that men pay dear for. If you would be healthful, clothe yourſelf warm, and eat ſparingly. Rich men are ſlaves condemned to the mines. Many men's eſtates come in at the door, and go out at the chimney. Wealth is more dear to men than their blood or life is. Foul dirty water makes the river great. That great ſaint intereſt rules the world alone. Their power and their will are the meaſures princes take of right and wrong. In governing others you muſt do what you can do, not all you would do. A wiſe man will ſtay for a convenient ſeaſon, and will bend a little, rather than be torn up by the roots. Ever buy your wit at other men's charges. You muſt let your phlegm ſubdue your choler, if you would not ſpoil your buſineſs. Take not phyſic when you are well, leſt you die to be better. Do not do evil to get good by it, which never yet happened to any. That pleaſure's much too dear which is bought with any pain. To live poor that a man may die rich, is to be the king of fools, or a fool in grain. Good wine makes a bad head, and a long ſtory. Be as eaſy as you can in this world, provided you take good care to be happy in the next. Live well, and be chearful. A man knows no more to any purpoſe than he practiſes. He that doth moſt at once, doth leaſt. He is a wretch whoſe hopes are all below. Thank you, good puſs, ſtarved my cat. No great good comes without looking after it. Gather the roſe, and leave the thorn behind. He who would be rich in one year is hanged at ſix months end. He who hath a mouth will certainly eat. Go early to the market, and as late as ever you can to a battle. The barber learns to ſhave at the beards of fools. He who is lucky (or rich) paſſes for a wiſe man too. He commands enough who is ruled by a wiſe man. He who reveals his ſecret

cret makes himself a slave. Gaming shews what metal a man is made of. How can the cat help it if the maid be a fool? Fools grow up apace without any watering. God supplies him with more who lays out his estate well. The printing-press is the mother of errors. Let me see your man dead, and I will tell you how rich he is. Men live one half of the year with art and deceit, and the other half with deceit and art. Do yourself a kindness, Sir. [The beggar's phrase for Give alms.] I was well, would be better; took physic, and died. [On a monument.] All row galley-wise; every man draws towards himself. He who hath money and capers is provided for Lent. A proud man hath vexation or fretting enough. He who buys by the penny keeps his own house and other men's too. Tell me what company you keep, and I will tell you what you do. At a good pennyworth pause awhile. He who doth his own business doth not foul his fingers. 'Tis good feasting at other men's houses. A wise man makes a virtue of what he cannot help. Talk but little, and live as you should do.

§ 56. *Old Spanish Proverbs.*

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, 'tis time to bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see, or look upon us, without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friend. That's a wife delay which makes the road safe. Cure your sore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saying and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill-spent makes a sad old-age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God doth what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good-breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust, from him whom I trust not I shall keep myself. Keep out of an hasty man's way for a while, out of a sullen man's all days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger, an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like

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it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still-water, from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bed full of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat of them. June, July, August, and Carthagena, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault, must keep none. The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street. Never trust a man whom you have injured. The laws go on the king's errands. Parents love indeed, others only talk of it. Three helping one another will do as much as six men single. She spins well who breeds her children well. You cannot do better for your daughter than to breed her virtuously, nor for your son than to fit him for an employment. Lock your door, that so you may keep your neighbour honest. Civil obliging language costs but little, and doth a great deal of good. One "Take it" is better than two "Thou shalt have it's." Prayers and provender never hindered any man's journey. There is a fig at Rome for him who gives another advice before he asks it. He who is not more, or better than another, deserves not more than another. He who hath no wisdom hath no worth. 'Tis better to be a wife than a rich man. Because I would live quietly in the world, I hear, and see, and say nothing. Meddle not between two brothers. The dead and the absent have no friends left them. Who is the true gentleman, or nobleman? He whose actions make him so. Do well to whom you will; do any man harm, and look to yourself. Good courage breaks ill luck to pieces. Great poverty is no fault or baseness, but some inconvenience. The hard-hearted man gives more than he who has nothing at all. Let us not fall out, to give the devil a dinner. Truths too fine spun are subtle fooleries. If you would always have money, keep it when you have it. I suspect that ill in others which I know by myself.

myself. Sly knavery is too hard for honeſt wiſdom. He who reſolves to amend hath God on his ſide. Hell is crowded up with ungrateful wretches. Think of yourſelf, and let me alone. He can never enjoy himſelf one day who fears he may die at night. He who hath done ill once, will do it again. No evil happens to us but what may do us good. If I have broke my leg, who knows but 'tis beſt for me. The more honour we have, the more we thirſt after it. If you would be pope, you muſt think of nothing elſe. Make the night night, and the day day, and you will be merry and wiſe. He who eats moſt eats leaſt. If you would live in health be old betimes. I will go warm, and let fools laugh on. Chuſe your wife on a Saturday, not on a Sunday. Drinking water neither makes a man ſick nor in debt, nor his wife a widow. No pottage is good without bacon, no ſermon without St. Auguſtin. Have many acquaintance, and but a few friends. A wondrous fair woman is not all her huſband's own. He who marries a widow, will have a dead man's head often thrown in his diſh. Away goes the devil when he finds the door ſhut againſt him. 'Tis great courage to ſuffer, and great wiſdom to hear patiently. Doing what I ought ſecures me againſt all cenſures. I wept when I was born, and every day ſhews why. Experience and wiſdom are the two beſt fortune-tellers. The beſt ſoldier comes from the plough. Wine wears no breeches. The hole in the wall invites the thief. A wiſe man doth not hang his wiſdom on a peg. A man's love and his belief are ſeen by what he does. A covetous man makes a half-penny of a farthing, and a liberal man makes ſix-pence of it. In December keep yourſelf warm and ſleep. He who will revenge every affront, means not to live long. Keep your money, niggard, live miſerably that your heir may ſquander it away. In war, hunting, and love, you have a thouſand ſorrows for every joy or pleaſure. Honour and profit will not keep both in one ſack. The anger of brothers is the anger of devils. A mule and a woman do beſt by fair means. A very great beauty is either a fool or proud. Look upon a picture and a battle at a good diſtance. A great deal is ill waſted, and a little would do as well. An eſtate well got is ſpent, and that which is ill got deſtroys its maſter too. That which is bought cheap is the deareſt. 'Tis more trouble to do ill than to do well. The huſband muſt not ſee, and the wife muſt be blind. While the tall maid is ſtooping the little one hath ſwept the houſe. Neither ſo fair as to kill, nor ſo ugly as to fright a man. May no greater ill befal you than to have many children, and but a little bread for them. Let nothing affright you but ſin. I am no river, but can go back when there is reaſon for it. Do not make me kiſs, and you will not make me ſin. Vain-glory is a flower which never comes to fruit. The abſent are always in the fault. A great good was never got with a little pains. Sloth is the key to let in beggary. I left him I knew, for him who was highly praiſed, and I found reaſon to repent it. Do not ſay I will never drink of this water, however dirty it is. He who trifles away his time, perceives not death which ſtands upon his ſhoulders. He who ſpits againſt heaven, it falls upon his face. He who ſtumbles, and falls not, mends his pace. He who is ſick of folly recovers late or never. He who hath a mouth of his own ſhould not bid another man blow. He who hath no ill fortune is tired out with good. He who depends wholly upon another's providing for him, hath but an ill breakfaſt, and

and a worſe ſupper. A chearful look, and forgiveneſs, is the beſt revenge of an affront. The requeſt of a grandee is a kind of force upon a man. I am always for the ſtrongeſt ſide. If folly were pain, we ſhould have great crying out in every houſe. Serve a great man, and you will know what ſorrow is. Make no abſolute promiſes, for nobody will help you to perform them. Every man is a fool in another man's opinion. Wiſdom comes after a long courſe of years. Good fortune comes to him who takes care to get her. They have a fig at Rome for him who refuſes any thing that is given him. One love drives out another. Kings go as far as they are able, not ſo far as they deſire to go. So play fools—I muſt love you, and you love ſomebody elſe. He who thinks what he is to do, muſt think what he ſhould ſay too. A miſchief may happen which will do me (or make me) good. Threatened men eat bread ſtill, *i. e.* live on. Get but a good name and you may lie in bed. Truth is the child of God. He who hath an ill cauſe, let him ſell it cheap. A wiſe man never ſays, I did not think of that. Reſpect a good man that he may reſpect you, and be civil to an ill man that he may not affront you. A wiſe man only knows when to change his mind. The wife's counſel is not worth much, but he who takes it not is a fool. When two friends have a common purſe, one ſings and the other weeps. I loſt my reputation by ſpeaking ill of others, and being worſe ſpoken of. He who loves you will make you weep, and who hates you may make you laugh. Good deeds live and flouriſh when all other things are at an end. At the end of life La Gloria is ſung. By yielding you make all your friends; but if you will tell all the truth you know, you will have your head broke. Since you know every thing, and I know nothing, pray tell me what I dreamed this morning. Your looking-glaſs will tell you what none of your friends will. The clown was angry, and he paid dear for it. If you are vexed or angry, you will have two troubles inſtead of one. The laſt year was ever better than the preſent. That wound that was never given is beſt cured of any other. Afflictions teach much, but they are a hard cruel maſter. Improve rather by other men's errors, than find fault with them. Since you can bear with your own, bear with other men's failings too. Men lay out all their underſtanding in ſtudying to know one another, and ſo no man knows himſelf. The applauſe of the mob or multitude is but a poor comfort. Truths and roſes have thorns about them. He loves you better who ſtrives to make you good, than he who ſtrives to pleaſe you. You know not what may happen, is the hope of fools. Sleep makes every man as great and rich as the greateſt. Follow, but do not run after good fortune. Anger is the weakneſs of the underſtanding. Great poſts and offices are like ivy on the wall, which makes it look fine, but ruins it. Make no great haſte to be angry; for if there be occaſion, you will have time enough for it. Riches, which all applaud, the owner feels the weight or care of. A competency leaves you wholly at your diſpoſal. Riches make men worſe in their latter days. He is the only rich man who underſtands the uſe of wealth. He is a great fool who ſquanders rather than doth good with his eſtate. To heap freſh kindneſſes upon ungrateful men, is the wiſeſt, but withal the moſt cruel revenge. The fool's pleaſures coſt him very dear. Contempt of a man is

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the sharpest reproof. Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool. Other virtues without prudence are a blind beauty. Neither enquire after, nor hear of, nor take notice of the faults of others when you see them. Years pass not over men's heads for nothing. An halter will sooner come without taking any care about it, than a canonry. If all asses wore packsaddles, what a good trade would the packsadlers have. The usual forms of civility oblige no man. There is no more faithful nor pleasant friend than a good book. He who loves to employ himself well can never want something to do. A thousand things are well forgot for peace and quietness sake. A wise man avoids all occasions of being angry. A wise man aims at nothing which is out of his reach. Neither great poverty nor great riches will hear reason. A good man hath ever good luck. No pleasure is a better penny-worth than that which virtue yields. No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man. A man's wisdom is no where more seen than in his marrying himself. Folly and anger are but two names for the same thing. Fortune knocks once at least at every one's door. The father's virtue is the best inheritance a child can have. No sensual pleasure ever lasted so much as for a whole hour. Riches and virtue do not often keep one another company. Ruling one's anger well, is not so good as preventing it. The most useful learning in the world is that which teaches us how to die well. The best men come worse out of company than they went into it. The most mixed or allayed joy is that men take in their children. Find money and marriage to rid yourself of an ill daughter. There is no better advice than to look always at the issue of things. Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less. Owe money to be paid at Easter, and Lent will seem short to you. He who only returns home, doth not run away. He can do nothing well who is at enmity with his God. Many avoid others because they see not and know not themselves. God is always opening his hand to us. Let us be friends, and put out the devil's eye. 'Tis true there are many very good wives, but they are under ground. Talking very much, and lying, are cousin-germans. With all your learning be sure to know yourself. One error breeds twenty more. I will never jest with my eye nor with my religion. Do what you have to do just now, and leave it not for to-morrow. Ill tongues should have a pair of scissors. Huge long hair, and very little brains. Speak little, hear much, and you will seldom be much out. Give me a virtuous woman, and I will make her a fine woman. He who trusts nobody is never deceived. Drink water like an ox, wine like a king of Spain. I am not sorry that my son loses his money, but that he will have his revenge, and play on still. My mother bid me be confident, but lay no wagers. A good fire is one half of a man's life. Covetousness breaks the sack; *i. e.* loses a great deal. That meat relishes best which costs a man nothing. The ass bears his load, but not an over-load. He who eats his cock alone, must catch his horse so too. He who makes more of you than he used to do, either would cheat you or needs you. He that would avoid the sin, must avoid the occasion of it. Keep yourself from the anger of a great man, from a tumult of the mob, from fools in a narrow way, from a man that is marked, from a widow that hath been thrice married, from wind that comes in at

at a hole, and from a reconciled enemy. One ounce of mirth is worth more than ten thousand weight of melancholy. A contented mind is a great gift of God. He that would cheat the devil muſt riſe early in the morning. Every fool is in love with his own bauble. Every ill man will have an ill time. Keep your ſword between you and the ſtrength of a clown. Be ye laſt to go over a deep river. He who hath a handſome wife, or a caſtle on the frontier, or a vineyard near the highway, never wants a quarrel. Never deceive your phyſician, your confeſſor, nor your lawyer. Make a bridge of ſilver for a flying enemy. Never truſt him whom you have wronged. Seek for good, and be ready for evil. What you can do alone by yourſelf, expect not from another. Idleneſs in youth makes way for a painful and miſerable old age. He who pretends to be every body's particular friend is nobody's. Conſider well before you tie that knot you never can undo. Neither praiſe nor diſpraiſe any before you know them. A prodigal ſon ſucceeds a covetous father. He is fool enough himſelf who will bray againſt another aſs. Though old and wiſe, yet ſtill adviſe. Happy is he that mends of himſelf, without the help of others. A wiſe man knows his own ignorance, a fool thinks he knows every thing. What you eat yourſelf never gains you a friend. Great houſe-keeping makes but a poor will. Fair words and foul deeds deceive wiſe men as well as fools. Eating too well at firſt makes men eat ill afterwards. Let him ſpeak who received, let the giver hold his peace. An houſe built by a man's father, and a vineyard planted by his grandfather. A dapple-grey horſe will die ſooner than tire. No woman is ugly when ſhe is dreſſed. The beſt remedy againſt an evil man is to keep at a good diſtance from him. A man's folly is ſeen by his ſinging, his playing, and riding full ſpeed. Buying a thing too dear is no bounty. Buy at a fair, and ſell at home. Keep aloof from all quarrels, be neither a witneſs nor party. God doth us more and more good every hour of our lives. An ill blow, or an ill word, is all you will get from a fool. He who lies long in bed his eſtate pays for it. Conſider well of a buſineſs, and diſpatch it quickly. He who hath children hath neither kindred nor friends. May I have a diſpute with a wiſe man, if with any. He who hath loſt ſhame is loſt to all virtue. Being in love brings no reputation to any man, but vexation to all. Giving to the poor leſſens no man's ſtore. He who is idle is always wanting ſomewhat. Evil comes to us by elis, and goes away by inches. He whoſe houſe is tiled with glaſs muſt not throw ſtones at his neighbours. The man is fire, the woman tow, and the devil comes to blow the coals. He who doth not look forward, finds himſelf behind other men. The love of God prevails for ever, all other things come to nothing. He who is to give an account of himſelf and others, muſt know both himſelf and them. A man's love and his faith appear by his works or deeds. In all contention put a bridle upon your tongue. In a great froſt a nail is worth a horſe. I went a fool to the court, and came back an aſs. Keep money when you are young, that you may have it when you are old. Speak but little, and to the purpoſe, and you will paſs for ſomebody. If you do evil, expect to ſuffer evil. Sell cheap, and you will ſell as much as four others. An ill child is better ſick than well. He who riſes early in the morning hath ſomewhat in his head. The gallows will have its

own

own at last. A lie hath no legs. Women, wind, and fortune, are ever changing. Fools and wilful men make the lawyers great. Never sign a writing till you have read it, nor drink water till you have seen it. Neither is any barber dumb, nor any songster very wise. Neither give to all, nor contend with fools. Do no ill, and fear no harm. He doth something who sets his house on fire; he scares away the rats, and warms himself. I sell nothing on trust till to-morrow. [Written over the shop doors.] The common people pardon no fault in any man. The fidler of the same town never plays well at their feast. Either rich, or hanged in the attempt. The feast is over, but here is the fool still. To divide as brothers use to do: that which is mine is all my own, that which is yours I go halves in. There will be no money got by losing your time. He will soon be a lost man himself who keeps such men company. By courtesies done to the meanest men, you get much more than you can lose. Trouble not yourself about news, it will soon grow stale and you will have it. That which is well said, is said soon enough. When the devil goes to his prayers he means to cheat you. When you meet with a fool, pretend business to get rid of him. Sell him for an ass at a fair, who talks much and knows little. He who buys and sells doth not feel what he spends. He who ploughs his land, and breeds cattle, spins gold. He who will venture nothing must never get on horseback. He who goes far from home for a wife, either means to cheat, or will be cheated. He who sows his land, trusts in God. He who leaves the great road for a by-path, thinks to save ground, and he loses it. He who serves the public obliges nobody. He who keeps his first innocency escapes a thousand sins. He who abandons his poor kindred, God forsakes him. He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, nor wise. He who resolves on the sudden, repents at leisure. He who rises late loses his prayers, and provides not well for his house. He who peeps through a hole may see what will vex him. He who amends his faults puts himself under God's protection. He who loves well sees things at a distance. He who hath servants hath enemies which he cannot well be without. He who pays his debts begins to make a stock. He who gives all before he dies will need a great deal of patience. He who said nothing had the better of it, and had what he desired. He who sleeps much gets but little learning. He who sins like a fool, like a fool goes to hell. If you would have your business well done, do it yourself. 'Tis the wise man only who is content with what he hath. Delay is odious, but it makes things more sure. He is always safe who knows himself well. A good wife by obeying commands in her turn. Not to have a mind to do well, and to put it off at the present, are much the same. Italy to be born in, France to live in, and Spain to die in. He loses the good of his afflictions who is not the better for them. 'Tis the most dangerous vice which looks like virtue. 'Tis great wisdom to forget all the injuries we may receive. Prosperity is the thing in the world we ought to trust the least. Experience without learning does more good than learning without experience. Virtue is the best patrimony for children to inherit. 'Tis much more painful to live ill than to live well. An hearty good-will never wants time to shew itself. To have done well obliges us to do so still. He hath a great opinion of himself who

makes no comparison with others. He only is rich enough who hath all that he desires. The best way of instruction is to practise that which we teach others. 'Tis but a little narrow soul which earthly things can please. The reason why parents love the younger children best, is because they have so little hopes that the elder will do well. The dearest child of all is that which is dead. He who is about to marry should consider how it is with his neighbours. There is a much shorter cut from virtue to vice, than from vice to virtue. He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so. Of sinful pleasures repentance only remains. He who hath much wants still more, and then more. The less a man sleeps the more he lives. He can never speak well who knows not when to hold his peace. The truest content is that which no man can deprive you of. The remembrance of wise and good men instructs as well as their presence. 'Tis wisdom in a doubtful case, rather to take another man's judgment than our own. Wealth betrays the best resolved mind into one vice or other. We are usually the best men when we are worst in health. Learning is wealth to the poor, an honour to the rich, and a support and comfort to old age. Learning procures respect to good fortune, and helps out the bad. The matter makes the house to be respected, not the house the master. The shortest and sure way to reputation, is to take care to be in truth what we would have others think us to be. A good reputation is a second, or half an estate. He is the better man who comes nearest to the best. A wrong judgment of things is the most mischievous thing in the world. The neglect or contempt of riches makes a man more truly great than the possession of them. That only is true honour which he gives who deserves it himself. Beauty and chastity have always a mortal quarrel between them. Look always upon life, and use it as a thing that is lent you. Civil offices are for all men, and good offers for our friends. Nothing in the world is stronger than a man but his own passions. When a man comes into troubles, money is one of his best friends. He only is the great learned man who knows enough to make him live well. An empty purse and a new house finished make a man wise, but 'tis somewhat too late.

§ 57. *The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intitled, "Poor Richard improved." Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin.*

Courteous Reader,

I have heard, that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works, respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? how shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?' ——Father Abraham stood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; "for a word to the wise is "enough," as poor Richard says.' They joined

joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows *:

'Friends,' says he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as Poor Richard says.

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service: but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright," as Poor Richard says—"But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," as Poor Richard says.—How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that "The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave," as Poor Richard says.

"If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be," as Poor Richard says, "the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells us, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose: so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. "Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise," as Poor Richard says.

'So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better, if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour," as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes—If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, "at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for "industry pays debts, while despair encreaseth them." What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence

* Dr. Franklin, wishing to collect into one piece all the sayings upon the following subjects, which he had dropped in the course of publishing the Almanacks called Poor Richard, introduces father Abraham for this purpose. Hence it is, that Poor Richard is so often quoted, and that, in the present title, he is said to be improved.—Notwithstanding the stroke of humour in the concluding paragraph of this address, Poor Richard (Saunders) and father Abraham have proved, in America, that they are no common preachers.—And shall we, brother Englishmen, refuse good sense and saving knowledge, because it comes from the other side of the water?

gence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows," as Poor Richard says; and farther, "Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day."—If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that "The cat in gloves catches no mice," as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for "Constant dropping wears away stones: and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

'Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; "Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;" whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

II. 'But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

"I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."

'And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire:" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee:" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

'And again, "The eye of the master will do more work than both his hands:" and again, "Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, "Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many; for, "In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, "If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, —serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost," being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

III. 'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, "keep his nose all his life

to the grindſtone, and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;" and,

"Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting.'

"If you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, becauſe her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

'Away, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

"Women, and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

And farther, "What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, "Many a little makes a mickle." Beware of little expences; "A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as Poor Richard ſays; and again, "Who dainties love, ſhall beggars prove;" and moreover, "Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat them." Here you are all got together to this ſale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods: but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard ſays, "Buy what thou haſt no need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries." And again, "At a great pennyworth pauſe a while:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he ſays; "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, "It is fooliſh to lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; "Silks and ſattins, ſcarlet and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire," as Poor Richard ſays. Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: and yet only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them?—By theſe, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe it appears plainly, that "A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as Poor Richard ſays. Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think "It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much is not worth minding; but "Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as Poor Richard ſays; and then, "When the well is dry, they know the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as Poor Richard ſays;

and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says.

" Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse."

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, " It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

" Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore."

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, " Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

' But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, " The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt," as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, " Lying rides upon Debt's back:" whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. " It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." —What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, " Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. " Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in

in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury;

> [illegible] age and want save while you may,
> No morning-sun lasts a whole day."

Gain may be temporary and uncertain; ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and "It is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one in fuel," as Poor Richard says: So, "Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.

> Get what you can, and what you get hold,
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

'And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, "We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled cannot be helped," and farther, that "If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles," as Poor Richard says.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropt on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to serve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

§ 58. *In Praise of Virtue.*

Virtue is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable: not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any one stage

of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot; but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. —But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence. Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more he is under its influence. To say no more, 'tis the law of the whole universe; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity; its original is his nature; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it!—There is no argument or motive, which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world. If you are wise, then, study virtue, and contemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember, that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember, that this alone is honour, glory, wealth, and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing; lose this, and all is lost. *Price.*

§ 59. *On Cruelty to inferior Animals.*

Man is that link of the chain of universal existence, by which spiritual and corporeal beings are united: as the numbers and variety of the latter his inferiors are almost infinite, so probably are those of the former his superiors; and as we see that the lives and happiness of those below us are dependant on our wills, we may reasonably conclude, that our lives and happiness are equally dependant on the wills of those above us; accountable, like ourselves, for the use of this power, to the Supreme Creator and Governor of all things. Should this analogy be well founded, how criminal will our account appear, when laid before that just and impartial Judge! How will man, that sanguinary tyrant, be able to excuse himself from the charge of those innumerable cruelties inflicted on his unoffending subjects committed to his care, formed for his benefit, and placed under his authority by their common Father? whose mercy is over all his works, and who expects that his authority should be exercised not only with tenderness and mercy, but in conformity to the laws of justice and gratitude.

But to what horrid deviations from these benevolent intentions are we daily witnesses! no small part of mankind derive their chief amusements from the deaths and sufferings of inferior animals; a much greater, consider them only as engines of wood, or iron, useful

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in their several occupations. The carman drives his horse, and the carpenter his nail, by repeated blows; and so long as these produce the desired effect, and they both go, they neither reflect or care whether either of them have any sense of feeling. The butcher knocks down the stately ox, with no more compassion than the blacksmith hammers a horseshoe; and plunges his knife into the throat of the innocent lamb, with as little reluctance as the taylor sticks his needle into the collar of a coat.

If there are some few, who, formed in a softer mould, view with pity the sufferings of these defenceless creatures, there is scarce one who entertains the least idea, that justice or gratitude can be due to their merits, or their services. The social and friendly dog is hanged without remorse, if, by barking in defence of his master's person and property, he happens unknowingly to disturb his rest: the generous horse, who has carried his ungrateful master for many years with ease and safety, worn out with age and infirmities, contracted in his service, is by him condemned to end his miserable days in a dust-cart, where the more he exerts his little remains of spirit, the more he is whipped to save his stupid driver the trouble of whipping some other less obedient to the lash. Sometimes, having been taught the practice of many unnatural and useless feats in a riding-house, he is at last turned out, and consigned to the dominion of a hackney-coachman, by whom he is every day corrected for performing those tricks, which he has learned under so long and severe a discipline. The sluggish bear, in contradiction to his nature, is taught to dance, for the diversion of a malignant mob, by placing red-hot irons under his feet: and the majestic bull is tortured by every mode which malice can invent, for no offence, but that he is gentle, and unwilling to assail his diabolical tormentors. These, with innumerable other acts of cruelty, injustice, and ingratitude, are every day committed, not only with impunity, but without censure, and even without observation; but we may be assured, that they cannot finally pass away unnoticed and unretaliated.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals who would destroy us, who injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us. I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice, or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure us, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason; they all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and that they are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs: these, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition; but this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible. For this, Providence has wisely and benevolently provided, by forming them in

ſuch a manner, that their fleſh becomes rancid and unpalateable by a painful and lingering death; and has thus compelled us to be merciful without compaſſion, and cautious of their ſuffering, for the ſake of ourſelves: but, if there are any whoſe taſtes are ſo vitiated, and whoſe hearts are ſo hardened, as to delight in ſuch inhuman ſacrifices, and to partake of them without remorſe, they ſhould be looked upon as dæmons in human ſhapes, and expect a retaliation of thoſe tortures which they have inflicted on the innocent, for the gratification of their own depraved and unnatural appetites.

So violent are the paſſions of anger and revenge in the human breaſt, that it is not wonderful that men ſhould perſecute their real or imaginary enemies with cruelty and malevolence; but that there ſhould exiſt in nature a being who can receive pleaſure from giving pain, would be totally incredible, if we were not convinced, by melancholy experience, that there are not only many, but that this unaccountable diſpoſition is in ſome manner inherent in the nature of man; for, as he cannot be taught by example, nor led to it by temptation, or prompted to it by intereſt, it muſt be derived from his native conſtitution; and is a remarkable confirmation of what revelation ſo frequently inculcates — that he brings into the world with him an original depravity, the effects of a fallen and degenerate ſtate; in proof of which we need only obſerve, that the nearer he approaches to a ſtate of nature, the more predominant this diſpoſition appears, and the more violent it operates. We ſee children laughing at the miſeries which they inflict on every unfortunate animal which comes within their power; all ſavages are ingenious in contriving, and happy in executing, the moſt exquiſite tortures; and the common people of all countries are delighted with nothing ſo much as bull-baitings, prize-fightings, executions, and all ſpectacles of cruelty and horror. Though civilization may in ſome degree abate this native ferocity, it can never quite extirpate it: the moſt poliſhed are not aſhamed to be pleaſed with ſcenes of little leſs barbarity, and, to the diſgrace of human nature, to dignify them with the name of ſports. They arm cocks with artificial weapons, which nature had kindly denied to their malevolence, and, with ſhouts of applauſe and triumph, ſee them plunge them into each other's hearts: they view with delight the trembling deer and defenceleſs hare, flying for hours in the utmoſt agonies of terror and deſpair, and at laſt, ſinking under fatigue, devoured by their mercileſs purſuers: they ſee with joy the beautiful pheaſant and harmleſs partridge drop from their flight, weltering in their blood, or perhaps periſhing with wounds and hunger, under the cover of ſome friendly thicket to which they have in vain retreated for ſafety: they triumph over the unſuſpecting fiſh, whom they have decoyed by an inſidious pretence of feeding, and drag him from his native element by a hook fixed to and tearing out his entrails: and, to add to all this, they ſpare neither labour nor expence to preſerve and propagate theſe innocent animals, for no other end but to multiply the objects of their perſecution.

What name ſhould we beſtow on a ſuperior being, whoſe whole endeavours were employed, and whoſe whole pleaſure conſiſted, in terrifying, enſnaring, tormenting, and deſtroying mankind? whoſe ſuperior faculties were exerted in fomenting animoſities amongſt them, in contriving engines of deſtruction, and inciting them to uſe them in maiming and

and murdering each other? whose power over them was employed in assisting the rapacious, deceiving the simple, and oppressing the innocent? who, without provocation or advantage, should continue from day to day, void of all pity and remorse, thus to torment mankind for diversion, and at the same time endeavour with his utmost care to preserve their lives, and to propagate their species, in order to increase the number of victims devoted to his malevolence, and be delighted in proportion to the miseries he occasioned? I say, what name detestable enough could we find for such a being? yet if we impartially consider the case, and our intermediate situation, we must acknowledge, that, with regard to inferior animals, just such a being is a sportsman. *Jenyns.*

§ 60. *On the Duties of School Boys, from the pious and judicious* Rollin.

Quinctilian says, that he has included almost all the duty of scholars in this one piece of advice which he gives them, to love those who teach them, as they love the sciences which they learn of them; and to look upon them as fathers, from whom they derive not the life of the body, but that instruction which is in a manner the life of the soul. Indeed this sentiment of affection and respect suffices to make them apt to learn during the time of their studies, and full of gratitude all the rest of their lives. It seems to me to include a great part of what is to be expected from them.

Docility, which consists in submitting to directions, in readily receiving the instructions of their masters, and reducing them to practice, is properly the virtue of scholars, as that of masters is to teach well. The one can do nothing without the other; and as it is not sufficient for a labourer to sow the seed, unless the earth, after having opened its bosom to receive it, in a manner hatches, warms, and moistens it; so likewise the whole fruit of instruction depends upon a good correspondence between the masters and the scholars.

Gratitude for those who have laboured in our education, is the character of an honest man, and the mark of a good heart. Who is there among us, says Cicero, that has been instructed with any care, that is not highly delighted with the sight, or even the bare remembrance of his preceptors, masters, and the place where he was taught and brought up? Seneca exhorts young men to preserve always a great respect for their masters, to whose care they are indebted for the amendment of their faults, and for having imbibed sentiments of honour and probity. Their exactness and severity displease sometimes at an age when we are not in a condition to judge of the obligations we owe to them; but when years have ripened our understanding and judgment, we then discern that what made us dislike them, I mean admonitions, reprimands, and a severe exactness in restraining the passions of an imprudent and inconsiderate age, is expressly the very thing which should make us esteem and love them. Thus we see that Marcus Aurelius, one of the wisest and most illustrious emperors that Rome ever had, thanked the gods for two things especially—for his having had excellent tutors himself, and that he had found the like for his children.

Quinctilian, after having noted the different characters of the mind in children, draws, in a few words, the image of what he judged to be a perfect scholar; and certainly it is a very amiable one: "For my part," says he, "I like a child who is encouraged by commen-

dation, is animated by a ſenſe of glory, and weeps when he is outdone. A noble emulation will always keep him in exerciſe, a reprimand will touch him to the quick, and honour will ſerve inſtead of a ſpur. We need not fear that ſuch a ſcholar will ever give himſelf up to ſullenneſs." Mihi ille detur puer, quem laus excitet, quem gloria juvet, qui virtus fleat. Hic erit alendus ambitu: hunc mordebit objurgatio: hunc honor excitabit: in hoc deſidiam nunquam verebor.

How great a value ſoever Quinctilian ſets upon the talents of the mind, he eſteems thoſe of the heart far beyond them, and looks upon the others as of no value without them. In the ſame chapter from whence I took the preceding words, he declares, he ſhould never have a good opinion of a child, who placed his ſtudy in occaſioning laughter, by mimicking the behaviour, mien, and faults of others; and he preſently gives an admirable reaſon for it: "A child," ſays he, "cannot be truly ingenious, in my opinion, unleſs he be good and virtuous; otherwiſe, I ſhould rather chooſe to have him dull and heavy than of a bad diſpoſition." Non dabit ſpem bonæ indolis, qui hoc imitandi ſtudio petit, ut rideatur. Nam probus quoque imprimis erit ille vere ingenioſus: alioqui non pejus duxerim tardi eſſe ingenii, quam mali.

He diſplays to us all theſe talents in the eldeſt of his two children, whoſe character he draws, and whoſe death he laments in ſo eloquent and pathetic a ſtrain, in the beautiful preface to his ſixth book. I ſhall beg leave to inſert here a ſmall extract of it, which will not be uſeleſs to the boys, as they will find it a model which ſuits well with their age and condition.

After having mentioned his younger ſon, who died at five years old, and deſcribed the graces and beauties of his countenance, the prettineſs of his expreſſions, the vivacity of his underſtanding, which began to ſhine through the veil of childhood; "I had ſtill left me, ſays he, my ſon Quinctilian, in whom I placed all my pleaſure and all my hopes, and comfort enough I might have found in him: for, having now entered into his tenth year, he did not produce only bloſſoms like his younger brother, but fruits already formed, and beyond the power of diſappointment.—I have much experience; but I never ſaw in any child, I do not ſay only ſo many excellent diſpoſitions for the ſciences, nor ſo much taſte, as his maſters know, but ſo much probity, ſweetneſs, good-nature, gentleneſs, and inclination to pleaſe and oblige, as I diſcerned in him.

"Beſides this, he had all the advantages of nature, a charming voice, a pleaſing countenance, and a ſurpriſing facility in pronouncing well the two languages, as if he had been equally born for both of them.

"But all this was no more than hopes. I ſet a greater value upon his admirable virtues, his equality of temper, his reſolution, the courage with which he bore up againſt fear and pain; for, how were his phyſicians aſtoniſhed at his patience under a diſtemper of eight months continuance, when at the point of death he comforted me himſelf, and bade me not to weep for him! and delirious as he ſometimes was at his laſt moments, his tongue ran of nothing elſe but learning and the ſciences: O vain and deceitful hopes!" &c.

Are there many boys amongſt us, of whom we can truly ſay ſo much to their advantage, as Quinctilian ſays here of his ſon? What a ſhame would it be for them, if, born and brought up in a Chriſtian country, they had not even the virtues of Pagan children! I

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make no ſcruple to repeat them here again—docility, obedience, reſpect for their maſters, or rather a degree of affection, and the ſource of an eternal gratitude; zeal for ſtudy, and a wonderful thirſt after the ſciences, joined to an abhorrence of vice and irregularity; an admirable fund of probity, goodneſs, gentleneſs, civility, and liberality; as alſo patience, courage, and greatneſs of ſoul in the courſe of a long ſickneſs. What then was wanting to all theſe virtues?—That which alone could render them truly worthy the name, and muſt be in a manner the ſoul of them, and conſtitute their whole value, the precious gift of faith and piety; the ſaving knowledge of a Mediator; a ſincere deſire of pleaſing God, and referring all our actions to him.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Extracts from Mr. PENNANT'*s Britiſh Zoology.*

§ 1. *The* HORSE.

THE breed of horſes in Great Britain is as mixed as that of its inhabitants: the frequent introduction of foreign horſes has given us a variety, that no ſingle country can boaſt of: moſt other kingdoms produce only one kind, while ours, by a judicious mixture of the ſeveral ſpecies, by the happy difference of our ſoils, and by our ſuperior ſkill in management, may triumph over the reſt of Europe, in having brought each quality of this noble animal to the higheſt perfection.

In the annals of Newmarket, may be found inſtances of horſes that have literally out-ſtripped the wind, as the celebrated M. Condamine has lately ſhewn in his remarks on thoſe of Great Britain. Childers is an amazing inſtance of rapidity, his ſpeed having been more than once exerted equal to $82\frac{1}{2}$ feet in a ſecond, or near a mile in a minute: the ſame horſe has alſo run the round courſe at Newmarket (which is about 400 yards leſs than 4 miles) in ſix minutes and forty ſeconds; in which caſe his fleetneſs is to that of the ſwifteſt Barb, as four to three; the former, according to Doctor Maty's computation, covering at every bound a ſpace of ground equal in length to twenty-three feet royal, the latter only that of eighteen feet and a half royal.

Horſes of this kind, derive their origin from Arabia; the ſeat of the pureſt, and moſt generous breed.

The ſpecies uſed in hunting, is a happy combination of the former with others ſuperior in ſtrength, but inferior in point of ſpeed and lineage: an union of both is neceſſary; for the fatigues of the chace muſt be

be ſupported by the ſpirit of the one, as well as by the vigour of the other.

No country can bring a parallel to the ſtrength and ſize of our horſes deſtined for the draught; or to the activity and ſtrength united, of thoſe that form our cavalry.

In our capital there are inſtances of ſingle horſes that are able to draw on a plain, for a ſmall ſpace, the weight of three tons; but could with eaſe, and for a continuance draw half that weight. The pack horſes of Yorkſhire, employed in conveying the manufactures of that county to the moſt remote parts of the kingdom, uſually carry a burden of 420 pounds; and that indifferently over the higheſt hills of the north, as well as the moſt level roads; but the moſt remarkable proof of the ſtrength of our Britiſh horſes, is to be drawn from that of our mill-horſes: ſome of theſe will carry at one load thirteen meaſures, which at a moderate computation of 70 pounds each, will amount to 910; a weight ſuperior to that which the leſſer ſort of camels will bear: this will appear leſs ſurpriſing, as theſe horſes are by degrees accuſtomed to the weight; and the diſtance they travel no greater than to and from the adjacent hamlets.

Our cavalry in the late campaigns (when they had opportunity) ſhewed over thoſe of our allies, as well as of the French, a great ſuperiority both of ſtrength and activity: the enemy was broken through by the impetuous charge of our ſquadrons; while the German horſes, from their great weight, and inactive make, were unable to ſecond our efforts; though thoſe troops were actuated by the nobleſt ardour.

The preſent cavalry of this iſland only ſupports its ancient glory; it was eminent in the earlieſt times: our ſcythed chariots, and the activity and good diſcipline of our horſes, even ſtruck terror into Cæſar's legions: and the Britains, as ſoon as they became civilized enough to coin, took care to repreſent on their money the animal for which they were ſo celebrated. It is now impoſſible to trace out this ſpecies; for thoſe which exiſt among the *indigenæ* of Great Britain, ſuch as the little horſes of Wales and Cornwall, the hobbies of Ireland, and the ſhelties of Scotland, though admirably well adapted to the uſes of thoſe countries, could never have been equal to the work of war; but probably we had even then a larger and ſtronger breed in the more fertile and luxuriant parts of the iſland. Thoſe we employ for that purpoſe, or for the draught, are an offſpring of the German or Flemiſh breed, meliorated by our ſoil, and a judicious culture.

The Engliſh were ever attentive to an exact culture of theſe animals; and in very early times ſet a high value on their breed. The eſteem that our horſes were held in by foreigners ſo long ago as the reign of Athelſtan, may be collected from a law of that monarch prohibiting their exportation, except they were deſigned as preſents. Theſe muſt have been the native kind, or the prohibition would have been needleſs, for our commerce was at that time too limited to receive improvement from any but the German kind, to which country their own breed could be of no value.

But when our intercourſe with the other parts of Europe was enlarged, we ſoon laid hold of the advantage this gave of improving our breed. Roger de Beleſme, Earl of Shrewſbury, is the firſt that is on record: he introduced the Spaniſh ſtallions into his eſtate in Powiſland, from which that part of Wales was for many ages celebrated for a ſwift and generous race of horſes. Giraldus Cambrenſis, who lived in the reign of Henry II. takes notice

notice of it; and Michael Drayton, coemporary with Shakeſpeare, ſings their excellence in the ſixth part of his Polyolbion. This kind was probably deſtined to mount our gallant nobility, or courteous knights for feats of chivalry, in the generous conteſts of the tilt-yard. From theſe ſprung, to ſpeak the language of the times, the Flower of Courſers, whoſe elegant form added charms to the rider; and whoſe activity and managed dexterity gained him the palm in that field of gallantry and romantic honour.

Notwithſtanding my former ſuppoſition, races were known in England in very early times. Fitz-Stephen who wrote in the days of Henry II. mentions the great delight that the citizens of London took in the diverſion. But by his words, it appears not to have been deſigned for the purpoſes of gaming, but merely to have ſprung from a generous emulation of ſhewing a ſuperior ſkill in horſemanſhip.

Races appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to ſuch exceſs as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George Earl of Cumberland is recorded to have waſted more of his eſtate than any of his anceſtors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horſe-races, tiltings, and other expenſive diverſions. It is probable that the parſimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diverſions exhibited at Kennelworth by her favourite Leiceſter. In the following reign, were places allotted for the ſport: Croydon in the South, and Garterly in Yorkſhire, were celebrated courſes. Camden alſo ſays, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diverſion to be known in theſe kingdoms in earlier times; we only aſſert a different mode of it, gentlemen being then their own jockies, and riding their own horſes. Lord Herbert of Cherbury enumerates it among the ſports that gallant philoſopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. "The exerciſe (ſays he) I do not "approve of, is running of horſes, there "being much cheating in that kind; neither "do I ſee why a brave man ſhould delight in "a creature whoſe chief uſe is to help him to "run away."

The increaſe of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey thoſe manufactures, multiplied the number of our horſes: an exceſs of wealth, before unknown in theſe iſlands, increaſed the luxury of carriages, and added to the neceſſity of an extraordinary culture of theſe animals: their high reputation abroad, has alſo made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cauſe of their vaſt increaſe.

As no kingdom can boaſt of parallel circumſtances, ſo none can vie with us in the number of theſe noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to gueſs at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increaſe: the number ſeems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates, that in the reign of king Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horſemen in the wars of thoſe times: yet we find that in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not ſupply 2000 horſes to form our cavalry; and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the moſt imminent danger from the Spaniſh invaſion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furniſh amounted only to 3000: to account for this difference we muſt imagine, that the number of horſes which took the field in Stephen's reign was

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no more than an undiſciplined rabble; the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and ſuch as might be oppoſed to ſo formidable an enemy as was then expected: but ſuch is their preſent increaſe, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575; and ſuch is our improvement in the breed of horſes, that moſt of thoſe which are uſed in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the ſame purpoſe: of thoſe, our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almoſt exhauſted the ſubject of the natural hiſtory of the horſe, and the other domeſtic animals; and left very little for after writers to add. We may obſerve, that this moſt noble and uſeful quadruped is endowed with every quality that can make it ſubſervient to the uſes of mankind, and thoſe qualities appear in a more exalted, or in a leſs degree, in proportion to our various neceſſities.

Undaunted courage, added to a docility half reaſoning, is given to ſome, which fits them for military ſervices. The ſpirit and emulation ſo apparent in others, furniſh us with that ſpecies, which is admirably adapted for the courſe; or, the more noble and generous pleaſure of the chace.

Patience and perſeverance appear ſtrongly in that moſt uſeful kind deſtined to bear the burdens we impoſe on them; or that employed in the ſlavery of the draught.

Though endowed with vaſt ſtrength, and great powers, they very rarely exert either to their maſter's prejudice; but on the contrary, will endure fatigues, even to death, for our benefit. Providence has implanted in them a benevolent diſpoſition, and a fear of the human race, together with a certain conſciouſneſs of the ſervices we can render them. Moſt of the hoofed quadrupeds are domeſtic, becauſe neceſſity compels them to ſeek our protection: wild beaſts are provided with feet and claws, adapted to the forming dens and retreats from the inclemency of the weather; but the former, deſtitute of theſe advantages, are obliged to run to us for artificial ſhelter, and harveſted proviſions: as nature, in theſe climates, does not throughout the year ſupply them with neceſſary food.

But ſtill, many of our tame animals muſt by accident endure the rigour of the ſeaſon: to prevent which inconvenience, their feet (for the extremities ſuffer firſt by cold) are protected by ſtrong hoofs of a horny ſubſtance.

The tail too is guarded with long buſhy hair that protects it in both extremes of weather; during the ſummer it ſerves, by its plianey and agility, to bruſh off the ſwarms of inſects which are perpetually attempting either to ſting them, or to depoſit their eggs in the *rectum*; the ſame length of hair contributes to guard them from the cold in winter. But we, by the abſurd and cruel cuſtom of docking, a practice peculiar to our country, deprive theſe animals of both advantages: in the laſt war our cavalry ſuffered ſo much on that account, that we now ſeem ſenſible of the error, and if we may judge from ſome recent orders in reſpect to that branch of the ſervice, it will for the future be corrected.

Thus is the horſe provided againſt the two greateſt evils he is ſubject to from the ſeaſons: his natural diſeaſes are few; but our ill uſage, or neglect, or, which is very frequent, our over care of him, bring on a numerous train, which are often fatal. Among the diſtempers he is naturally ſubject to, are the worms, the bots,

bots, and the ſtone: the ſpecies of worms that infeſt him are the *lumbrici*, and *aſcarides*; both theſe reſemble thoſe found in human bodies, only larger: the bots are the *erucæ*, or caterpillars of the *oeſtrus*, or gad-fly: theſe are found both in the *rectum*, and in the ſtomach, and when in the latter bring on convulſions, that often terminate in death.

The ſtone is a diſeaſe the horſe is not frequently ſubject to; yet we have ſeen two examples of it; the one in a horſe near Highwycombe, that voided ſixteen *calculi*, each of an inch and a half diameter; the other was of a ſtone taken out of the bladder of a horſe, and depoſited in the cabinet of the late Dr. Mead; weighing eleven ounces. Theſe ſtones are formed of ſeveral cruſts, each very ſmooth and gloſſy; their form triangular; but their edges rounded, as if by colliſion againſt each other.

The all-wiſe Creator hath finely limited the ſeveral ſervices of domeſtic animals towards the human race; and ordered that the parts of ſuch, which in their lives have been the moſt uſeful, ſhould after death contribute the leaſt to our benefit. The chief uſe that the *exuviæ* of the horſe can be applied to, is for collars, traces, and other parts of the harneſs; and thus, even after death, he preſerves ſome analogy with his former employ. The hair of the mane is of uſe in making wigs; of the tail in making the bottoms of chairs, floor-cloths, and cords; and to the angler in making lines.

§ 2. *The* Ox.

The climate of Great Britain is above all others productive of the greateſt variety and abundance of wholeſome vegetables, which, to crown our happineſs, are almoſt equally diffuſed through all its parts: this general fertility is owing to thoſe clouded ſkies, which foreigners miſtakenly urge as a reproach on our country; but let us chearfully endure a temporary gloom, which cloaths not only our meadows but our hills with the richeſt verdure. To this we owe the number, variety, and excellence of our cattle, the richneſs of our dairies, and innumerable other advantages. Cæſar (the earlieſt writer who deſcribes this iſtand of Great Britain) ſpeaks of the numbers of our cattle, and adds that we neglected tillage, but lived on milk and fleſh. Strabo takes notice of our plenty of milk, but ſays we were ignorant of the art of making cheeſe. Mela informs us, that the wealth of the Britons conſiſted in cattle: and in his account of Ireland reports that ſuch was the richneſs of the paſtures in that kingdom, that the cattle would even burſt if they were ſuffered to feed in them long at a time.

This preference of paſturage to tillage was delivered down from our Britiſh anceſtors to much later times; and continued equally prevalent during the whole period of our feodal government: the chieftain, whoſe power and ſafety depended on the promptneſs of his vaſſals to execute his commands, found it his intereſt to encourage thoſe employments that favoured that diſpoſition; that vaſſal, who made it his glory to fly at the firſt call to the ſtandard of his chieftain, was ſure to prefer that employ, which might be tranſacted by his family with equal ſucceſs during his abſence. Tillage would require an attendance incompatible with the ſervices he owed the baron, while the former occupation not only gave leiſure for thoſe duties, but furniſhed the hoſpitable board of his lord with ample proviſion, of which the vaſſal was equal partaker. The reliques of the larder of the elder Spencer are evident

evident proofs of the plenty of cattle in his days; for after his winter provisions may have been supposed to have been mostly consumed, there were found, so late as the month of May, in salt, the carcases of not fewer than 80 beeves, 600 bacons, and 600 muttons. The accounts of the several great feasts in after times, afford amazing instances of the quantity of cattle that were consumed in them. This was owing partly to the continued attachment of the people to grazing; partly to the preference that the English at all times gave to animal food. The quantity of cattle that appear from the latest calculation to have been consumed in our metropolis, is a sufficient argument of the vast plenty of these times; particularly when we consider the great advancement of tillage, and the numberless variety of provisions, unknown to past ages; that are now introduced into these kingdoms from all parts of the world.

Our breed of horned cattle has in general been so much improved by a foreign mixture, that it is difficult to point out the original kind of these islands. Those which may be supposed to have been purely British, are far inferior in size to those on the northern part of the European continent: the cattle of the highlands of Scotland are exceeding small, and many of them, males as well as females, are hornless: the Welsh runts are much larger: the black cattle of Cornwall are of the same size with the last. The large species that is now cultivated through most parts of Great Britain are either entirely of foreign extraction, or our own improved by a cross with the foreign kind. The Lincolnshire kind derive their size from the Holstein breed; and the large hornless cattle that are bred in some parts of England come originally from Poland.

About two hundred and fifty years ago there was found in Scotland a wild race of cattle, which were of a pure white colour, and had (if we may credit Boethius) manes like lions. I cannot but give credit to [illegible] tion; having seen in the woods of Lin[illegible] rig in North Britain, and in the park belonging to Chillingham castle in Northumberland, herds of cattle probably derived from the savage breed. They have lost their manes; but retain their colour and fierceness: they were of a middle size; long legg'd; and had black muzzles, and ears: their horns fine, and with a bold and elegant bend. The keeper of those at Chillingham said, that the weight of the ox was 38 stones: of the cow 28: that their hides were more esteemed by the tanners than those of the tame; and they would give six-pence per stone more for them. These cattle were wild as any deer, or being approached would instantly take to flight and gallop away at full speed: never mix with the tame species; nor come near the house unless constrained by hunger in very severe weather. When it is necessary to kill any they are always shot: if the keeper only wounds the beast, he must take care to keep behind some tree, or his life would be in danger from the furious attacks of the animal; which will never desist till a period is put to his life.

Frequent mention is made of our savage cattle by historians. One relates that Robert Bruce was (in chasing these animals) preserved from the rage of a wild Bull by the intrepidity of one of his courtiers, from which he and his lineage acquired the name of Turn-Bull. Fitz-Stephen names these animals *(Uri-Sylvestres)* among those that harboured in the great forest that in his time lay adjacent to London. Another enumerates, among the provisions at the great feast of Nevil archbishop of York, six wild Bulls; and Sibbald assures

assures us that in his days a wild and white species was found in the mountains of Scotland, but agreeing in form with the common sort. I believe these to have been the *Bisontes jubati* of Pliny, found then in Germany, and might have been common to the continent and our island: the loss of their savage vigour by confinement might occasion some change in the external appearance, as is frequent with wild animals deprived of liberty; and to that we may ascribe their loss of mane. The Urus of the Hercynian forest, described by Cæsar, book VI. was of this kind, the same which is called by the modern Germans, *Aurochs*, i. e. *Bos sylvestris*.

The ox is the only horned animal in these islands that will apply his strength to the service of mankind. It is now generally allowed, that in many cases oxen are more profitable in the draught than horses; their food, harness, and shoes being cheaper, and should they be lamed or grow old, an old working beast will be as good meat, and fatten as well as a young one.

There is scarce any part of this animal without its use. The blood, fat, marrow, hide, hair, horns, hoofs, milk, cream, butter, cheese, whey, urine, liver, gall, spleen, bones, and dung, have each their particular use in manufactures, commerce, and medicine.

The skin has been of great use in all ages. The ancient Britons, before they knew a better method, built their boats with osiers, and covered them with the hides of bulls, which served for short coasting voyages.

Primum cana salix madefacto vimine parvam
Texitur in Puppim, cæsoque induta juvenco,
Vectoris patiens, tumidum super emicat amnem:
Sic Venetus stagnante Pado, fusoque Britannus
Navigat oceano. LUCAN. lib. iv. 131.

The bending willow into barks they twine;
Then line the work with spoils of slaughter'd kine.
Such are the floats Venetian fishers know,
Where in dull marshes stands the settling Po;
On such to neighbouring Gaul, allured by gain,
The bolder Britons cross the swelling main.
ROWE.

Vessels of this kind are still in use on the Irish lakes; and on the Dee and Severn: in Ireland they are called *Curach*, in England *Coracles*, from the British *Cwrwgl*, a word signifying a boat of that structure.

At present, the hide, when tanned and curried, serves for boots, shoes, and numberless other conveniences of life.

Vellum is made of calves skin, and gold-beaters skin is made of a thin vellum, or a finer part of the ox's guts. The hair mixed with lime is a necessary article in building. Of the horns are made combs, boxes, handles for knives, and drinking vessels; and when softened by water, obeying the manufacturer's hand, they are formed into pellucid laminæ for the sides of lanthorns. These last conveniences we owe to our great king Alfred, who first invented them to preserve his candle time measurers from the wind; or (as other writers will have it) the tapers that were set up before the reliques in the miserable tattered churches of that time.

In medicine, the horns were employed as alexipharmics or antidotes against poison, the plague, or the small pox; they have been dignified with the title of English bezoar; and are said to have been found to answer the end of the oriental kind; the chips of the hoofs, and paring of the raw hides, serve to make carpenters glue.

The bones are used by mechanics, where ivory is too expensive; by which the common people

people are ſerved with many neat conveniences at an eaſy rate. From the tibia and carpus bones is procured an oil much uſed by coach-makers and others in dreſſing and cleaning harneſs, and all trappings belonging to a coach; and the bones calcined afford a fit matter for teſts for the uſe of the refiner in the ſmelting trade.

The blood is uſed as an excellent manure for fruit-trees; and is the baſis of that fine colour, the Pruſſian blue.

The fat, tallow, and ſuet, furniſh us with light; and are alſo uſed to precipitate the ſalt that is drawn from briny ſprings. The gall, liver, ſpleen, and urine, have alſo their place in the *materia medica*.

The uſes of butter, cheeſe, cream, and milk, in domeſtic œconomy; and the excellence of the latter, in furniſhing a palatable nutriment for moſt people, whoſe organs of digeſtion are weakened, are too obvious to be inſiſted on.

§ 3. *The* Sheep.

It does not appear from any of the early writers, that the breed of this animal was cultivated for the ſake of the wool among the Britons; the inhabitants of the inland parts of this iſland either went entirely naked, or were only clothed with ſkins. Thoſe who lived on the ſea-coaſts, and were the moſt civilized, affected the manners of the Gauls, and wore like them a ſort of garments made of coarſe wool, called *Bracæ*. Theſe they probably had from Gaul, there not being the leaſt traces of manufactures among the Britons, in the hiſtories of thoſe times.

On the coins or money of the Britons are ſeen impreſſed the figures of the horſe, the bull, and the hog, the marks of the tributes exacted from them by the conquerors. The Reverend Mr. Pegge was ſo kind as to inform me that he has ſeen on the coins of Cunobelin that of a ſheep. Since that is the caſe, it is probable that our anceſtors were poſſeſſed of the animal, but made no farther uſe of it than to ſtrip off the ſkin and wrap themſelves in it, and with the wool inmoſt obtain a comfortable protection againſt the cold of the winter ſeaſon.

This neglect of manufacture, may be eaſily accounted for, in an uncivilized nation whoſe wants were few, and thoſe eaſily ſatisfied; but what is more ſurpriſing, when after a long period we had cultivated a breed of ſheep, whoſe fleeces were ſuperior to thoſe of other countries, we ſtill neglected to promote a woollen manufacture at home. That valuable branch of buſineſs lay for a conſiderable time in foreign hands; and we were obliged to import the cloth manufactured from our own materials. There ſeems indeed to have been many unavailing efforts made by our monarchs to preſerve both the wool and the manufacture of it among ourſelves: Henry the Second, by a patent granted to the weavers in London, directed that if any cloth was found made of a mixture of Spaniſh wool, it ſhould be burnt by the mayor: yet ſo little did the weaving buſineſs advance, that Edward the Third was obliged to permit the importation of foreign cloth in the beginning of his reign; but ſoon after, by encouraging foreign artificers to ſettle in England, and inſtruct the natives in their trade, the manufacture increaſed ſo greatly as to enable him to prohibit the wear of foreign cloth. Yet, to ſhew the uncommercial genius of the people, the effects of this prohibition were checked by another law, as prejudicial to trade as the former was ſalutary; this was an act of the ſame reign, againſt exporting woollen

len goods manufactured at home, under heavy penalties; while the exportation of wool was not only allowed but encouraged. This overſight was not ſo ſoon rectified, for it appears that, on the alliance that Edward the Fourth made with the king of Arragon, he preſented the latter with ſome ewes and rams of the Coteſwold kind; which is a proof of their excellency, ſince they were thought acceptable to a monarch, whoſe dominions were ſo noted for the fineneſs of their fleeces.

In the firſt year of Richard the Third, and in the two ſucceeding reigns, our woollen manufactures received ſome improvements; but the grand riſe of all its proſperity is to be dated from the reign of queen Elizabeth, when the tyranny of the duke of Alva in the Netherlands drove numbers of artificers for refuge into this country, who were the founders of that immenſe manufacture we carry on at preſent. We have ſtrong inducements to be more particular on the modern ſtate of our woollen manufactures; but we deſiſt, from a fear of digreſſing too far; our enquiries muſt be limited to points that have a more immediate reference to the ſtudy of Zoology.

No country is better ſupplied with materials, and thoſe adapted to every ſpecies of the clothing buſineſs, than Great Britain; and though the ſheep of theſe iſlands afford fleeces of different degrees of goodneſs, yet there are not any but what may be uſed in ſome branch of it. Herefordſhire, Devonſhire, and Coteſvold downs are noted for producing ſheep with remarkable fine fleeces; the Lincolnſhire and Warwickſhire kind, which are very large, exceed any for the quantity and goodneſs of their wool. The former county yields the largeſt ſheep in theſe iſlands, where it is no uncommon thing to give fifty guineas for a ram, and a guinea for the admiſſion of a ewe to one of the valuable males; or twenty guineas for the uſe of it for a certain number of ewes during one ſeaſon. Suffolk alſo breeds a very valuable kind. The fleeces of the northern parts of this kingdom are inferior in fineneſs to thoſe of the ſouth; but ſtill are of great value in different branches of our manufactures. The Yorkſhire hills furniſh the looms of that county with large quantities of wool; and that which is taken from the neck and ſhoulders is uſed (mixed with Spaniſh wool) in ſome of their fineſt cloths.

Wales yields but a coarſe wool; yet it is of more extenſive uſe than the fineſt Segovian fleeces; for rich and poor, age and youth, health and infirmities, all confeſs the univerſal benefit of the flannel manufacture.

The ſheep of Ireland vary like thoſe of Great Britain. Thoſe of the ſouth and eaſt being large, and their fleſh rank. Thoſe of the north, and the mountainous parts, ſmall, and their fleſh ſweet. The fleeces in the ſame manner differ in degrees of value.

Scotland breeds a ſmall kind, and their fleeces are coarſe. Sibbald (after Boethius) ſpeaks of a breed in the iſle of Rona, covered with blue wool; of another kind in the iſle of Hirta, larger than the biggeſt he-goat, with tails hanging almoſt to the ground, and horns as thick, and longer than thoſe of an ox. He mentions another kind, which is clothed with a mixture of wool and hair; and a fourth ſpecies, whoſe fleſh and fleeces are yellow, and their teeth of the colour of gold; but the truth of theſe relations ought to be enquired into, as no other writer has mentioned them, except the credulous Boethius. Yet the laſt particular is not to be rejected: for notwithſtanding

ſtanding I cannot inſtance the teeth of ſheep, yet I ſaw in the ſummer of 1772, at Athol houſe, the jaws of an ox, with teeth thickly incruſted with a gold-coloured pyrites; and the ſame might have happened to thoſe of ſheep had they fed in the ſame grounds, which were in the valley beneath the houſe.

Beſides the fleece, there is ſcarce any part of this animal but what is uſeful to mankind. The fleſh is a delicate and wholeſome food. The ſkin dreſſed, forms different parts of our apparel; and is uſed for covers of books. The entrails, properly prepared and twiſted, ſerve for ſtrings for various muſical inſtruments. The bones calcined (like other bones in general) form materials for teſts for the refiner. The milk is thicker than that of cows, and conſequently yields a greater quantity of butter and cheeſe; and in ſome places is ſo rich, that it will not produce the cheeſe without a mixture of water to make it part from the whey. The dung is a remarkably rich manure; inſomuch that the folding of ſheep is become too uſeful a branch of huſbandry for the farmer to neglect. To conclude, whether we conſider the advantages that reſult from this animal to individuals in particular, or to theſe kingdoms in general, we may with Columella conſider this in one one ſenſe, as the firſt of the domeſtic animals. *Poſt majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris ſecunda ratio eſt; quæ prima ſit ſi ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas. Nam id præcipue contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibuſque noſtris liberaliora præbet velamina; et etiam elegantium menſas jucundis et numeroſis dapibus exornat.*

The ſheep, as to its nature, is a moſt innocent, mild, and ſimple animal; and, conſcious of its own defenceleſs ſtate, remarkably timid: if attacked when attended by its lamb, it will make ſome ſhew of defence, by ſtamping with its feet, and puſhing with its head: it is a gregarious animal, is fond of any jingling noiſe, for which reaſon the leader of the flock has in many places a bell hung round its neck, which the others will conſtantly follow: it is ſubject to many diſeaſes: ſome ariſe from inſects which depoſit their eggs in different parts of the animal; others are cauſed by their being kept in wet paſtures; for as the ſheep requires but little drink, it is naturally fond of a dry ſoil. The dropſy, vertigo (the *pendro* of the Welſh) the phthiſic, jaundice, and worms in the liver, annually make great havock among our flocks: for the firſt diſeaſe the ſhepherd finds a remedy by turning the infected into fields of broom; which plant has been alſo found to be very efficacious in the ſame diſorder among the human ſpecies.

The ſheep is alſo infeſted by different ſorts of inſects: like the horſe it has its peculiar *oeſtrus* or gadfly, which depoſits its eggs above the noſe in the frontal ſinuſes; when thoſe turn into maggots they become exceſſive painful, and cauſe thoſe violent agitations that we ſo often ſee the animal in. The French ſhepherds make a common practice of eaſing the ſheep, by trepanning and taking out the maggot; this practice is ſometimes uſed by the Engliſh ſhepherds, but not always with the ſame ſucceſs: beſides theſe inſects, the ſheep is troubled with a kind of tick and louſe, which magpies and ſtarlings contribute to eaſe it of, by lighting on its back, and picking the inſects off.

§ 4. *The Dog.*

Dr. Caius, an Engliſh phyſician, who flouriſhed in the reign of queen Elizabeth, has left, among ſeveral other tracts relating to natural

tural history, one written expressly on the species of British dogs: they were wrote for the use of his learned friend Gesner; with whom he kept a strict correspondence; and whose death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Besides a brief account of the variety of dogs then existing in this country, he has added a systematic table of them: his method is so judicious, that we shall make use of the same; explain it by a brief account of each kind; and point out those that are no longer in use among us.

SYNOPSIS of BRITISH DOGS.

- I. The most generous kinds.
  - Dogs of Chace.
    - Hounds.
      - Terrier
      - Harrier
      - Blood-hound.
    - Gaze-hound
    - Grey-hound
    - Leviner, or Lyemmer
    - Tumbler.
  - Fowlers.
    - Spaniel
    - Setter
    - Water-spaniel, or finder.
  - Lap Dogs.
    - Spaniel gentle, or comforter.
- II. Farm Dogs.
  - Shepherd's dog
  - Mastiff, or band dog.
- III. Mongrels.
  - Wappe
  - Turnspit
  - Dancer.

The

The first variety is the Terrarius or Terrier, which takes its name from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound, used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey, out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbets out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare; but under this head may be placed the fox-hound, which is only a stronger and fleeter variety, applied to a different chase.

The Sanguinarius, or Bloodhound, or the Sleuthounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter; or been killed and stole out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt; from whence the name is derived: This species could, with the utmost certainty, discover the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great; and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would it cease its pursuit, till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The bloodhound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland; where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true bloodhound was large, strong, muscular, broad-breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of this species of dogs, comprehends those that hunt by the eye; and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtilty.

The Agasæus, or Gazehound, was the first: it chased indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select from the herd the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye; and if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty; and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

It must be observed that the Agasæus of Dr. Caius, is a very different species from the Agasseus of Oppian, for which it might be mistaken from the similitude of names: this he describes as a small kind of dog, peculiar to Great Britain; and then goes on with these words;

Γυρὸν, ἀσπαρκότατον, λασιότριχον, ὄμμασι νωθές.

Curvum, macilentum, hispidum, oculis pigrum.

what he adds afterwards, still marks the difference more strongly.

Ῥίνεσι δ' αὖτε μάλιστα πανέξοχος ἐστὶν ἀγασσεὺς.

Naribus autem longè præstantissimus est agasseus.

From Oppian's whole description, it is plain he meant our Beagle.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Grehound. Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs: that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of king Canute; who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a gre-hound; and still more strongly

ſtrongly from an old Welſh ſaying; *Wrth ei Walch, ei Farch, a'i Filgi, yr adwaenir Bonheddig:* which ſignifies, that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horſe, and his gre-hound.

Froiſſart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this ſpecies: when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint caſtle, his favourite gre-hound immediately deſerted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke; as if he underſtood and foreſaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland gre-hound, and now become very ſcarce, is of a very great ſize, ſtrong, deep-cheſted, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much eſteemed in former days, and uſed in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. It had as ſagacious noſtrils as the Blood-hound, and was as fierce. This ſeems to be the kind Boethius ſtyles *genus venaticum cum celerrimum tum audaciſſimum: nec modo in feras, ſed in hoſtes etiam latroneſque; præſertim ſi dominum ductoremve injuriam affici cernat aut in eos concitetur.*

The third ſpecies is the Levinarius or Lorarius; the Leviner or Lyemmer: the firſt name is derived from the lightneſs of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyemme*, a thong; this ſpecies being uſed to be led in a thong, and ſlipped at the game. Our author ſays, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by ſcent and ſight; and in the form of its body obſerved a medium between the hound and the gre-hound. This probably is the kind now known to us by the name of the Iriſh gre-hound, a dog now extremely ſcarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as poſſible. I have ſeen two or three in the whole iſland: they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon *Le grand Danois*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long poſſeſſed that kingdom. Their uſe ſeems originally to have been for the chaſe of wolves, with which Ireland ſwarmed till the latter end of the laſt century. As ſoon as thoſe animals were extirpated, the numbers of the dogs decreaſed; for from that period they were kept only for ſtate.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth ſpecies; which took its prey by mere ſubtilty, depending neither on the ſagacity of its noſe, nor its ſwiftneſs: if it came into a warren, it neither barked, nor ran on the rabbets; but by a ſeeming neglect of them, or attention to ſomething elſe, deceived the object till it got within reach, ſo as to take it by a ſudden ſpring. This dog was leſs than the hound; more ſcraggy, and had prickt-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's deſcription ſeems to anſwer to the modern lurcher.

The third diviſion of the more generous dogs, comprehends thoſe which were uſed in fowling; firſt the Hiſpaniolus, or ſpaniel: from the name it may be ſuppoſed that we were indebted to Spain for this breed: there were two varieties of this kind, the firſt uſed in hawking, to ſpring the game, which are the ſame with our ſtarters.

The other variety was uſed only for the net, and was called Index, or the ſetter; a kind well known at preſent. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this ſort, particular care having been taken to preſerve the breed in the utmoſt purity. They are ſtill diſtinguiſhed by the name of Engliſh ſpaniels; ſo that notwithſtanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great Britain. We may ſtrengthen our ſuſpicion by ſaying that

the first who broke a dog to the net was an English nobleman of a most distinguished character, the great Robert Dudley, duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of a foreign extraction, was unknown to our ancestors.

The Aquaticus, or Fynder, was another species used in fowling; was the same as our water spaniel; and was used to find or recover the game that was shot.

The Melitæus, or Fotor; the spaniel gentle or comforter of Dr. Caius (the modern lap-dog) was the last of this division. The Maltese little dogs were as much esteemed by the fine ladies of past times, as those of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingshed is ridiculously severe on the fair of his days, for their excessive passion for these little animals; which is sufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The second grand division of dogs, comprehends the Rustici; or those that were used in the country.

The first species is the Pastoralis, or shepherd's dog; which is the same that is used at present, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is so well trained for those purposes, as to attend to every part of the herd be it ever so large; confine them to the road, and force in every straggler without doing it the least injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Catenarius; the mastiff or band dog; a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker. Manwood says, it derives its name from *masse theefes*, being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us that three of these were reckoned a match for a bear; and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the First, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were disabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to seek for safety by flight. The English bull-dog seems to belong to this species; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman emperors appointed an officer in this island with the title of *Procurator Cynegii*, whose sole business was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such as would prove equal to the combats of the place,

Magnaque taurorum fracturi colla Britanni.

And British dogs subdue the stoutest bulls.

Gratius speaks in high terms of the excellency of the British dogs,

Atque ipsos libeat penetrare Britannos?
O quanta est merces et quantum impendia supra!
Si non ad speciem mentituroque decores
Protinus: hæc una est catulis jactura Britannis.
At magnum cum venit opus, promendaque virtus,
Et vocat extremo præceps discrimine Mavors,
Non tunc egregios tantum admirere Molosses.

If Britain's distant coast we dare explore,
How much beyond the cost the valued store;
If shape and beauty not alone we prize,
Which nature to the British hound denies:
But when the mighty toil the huntsman warms,
And all the soul is rous'd by fierce alarms,
When Mars calls furious to th' enfanguin'd field,
Even bold Molossians then to these must yield.

Strabo tells us, that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were used by the Gauls in their battles: and it is certain a well-trained mastiff might be of considerable use in distressing such half-armed and irregular combatants as the adversaries of the Gauls seem

ſeem generally to have been before the Romans conquered them.

The laſt diviſion is that of the Degeneres, or Curs. The firſt of theſe was the Wappe, a name derived from its note: its only uſe was to alarm the family by barking, if any perſon approached the houſe. Of this claſs was the Verſator, or turnſpit; and laſtly the Saltator, or dancing dog, or ſuch as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a ſhew. Thoſe Degeneres were of no certain ſhape, being mongrels or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

We ſhould now, according to our plan, after enumerating the ſeveral varieties of Britiſh dogs, give its general natural hiſtory; but ſince Linnæus has already performed it to our hand, we ſhall adopt his ſenſe, tranſlating his very words (wherever we may) with literal exactneſs.

"The dog eats fleſh, and farinaceous vegetables, but not greens: its ſtomach digeſts bones: it uſes the tops of graſs as a vomit. It voids its excrements on a ſtone: the *album græcum* is one of the greateſt encouragers of putrefaction. It laps up its drink with its tongue: it voids its urine ſideways, by lifting up one of its hind legs; and is moſt diuretic in the company of a ſtrange dog. *Odorat anum alterius*: its ſcent is moſt exquiſite, when its noſe is moiſt: it treads lightly on its toes; ſcarce ever ſweats; but when hot lolls out its tongue. It generally walks frequently round the place it intends to lie down on: its ſenſe of hearing is very quick when aſleep: it dreams. *Procis rixantibus crudelis: catulit cum variis: mordet illa illos: cohæret copula junctus*: it goes with young ſixty-three days; and commonly brings from four to eight at a time: the male puppies reſemble the dog, the female the bitch. It is the moſt faithful of all animals: is very docible: hates ſtrange dogs: will ſnap at a ſtone thrown at it: will howl at certain muſical notes: all (except the South American kind) will bark at ſtrangers: dogs are rejected by the Mahometans."

§ 5. *The* Wild Cat.

This animal does not differ ſpecifically from the tame cat; the latter being originally of the ſame kind, but altered in colour, and in ſome other trifling accidents, as are common to animals reclaimed from the woods and domeſticated.

The cat in its ſavage ſtate is three or four times as large as the houſe-cat; the head larger, and the face flatter. The teeth and claws tremendous: its muſcles very ſtrong, as being formed for rapine: the tail is of a moderate length, but very thick, marked with alternate bars of black and white, the end always black: the hips and hind part of the lower joints of the leg, are always black: the fur is very ſoft and fine. The general colour of theſe animals is of a yellowiſh white, mixed with a deep grey: theſe colours, though they appear at firſt ſight confuſedly blended together, yet on a cloſe inſpection will be found to be diſpoſed like the ſtreaks on the ſkin of the tiger, pointing from the back downwards, riſing from a black liſt that runs from the head along the middle of the back to the tail.

This animal may be called the Britiſh tiger; it is the fierceſt and moſt deſtructive beaſt we have; making dreadful havock among our poultry, lambs, and kids. It inhabits the moſt mountainous and woody parts of theſe iſlands, living moſtly in trees, and feeding only by night. It multiplies as faſt as our

common cats; and often the females of the latter will quit their domeſtic mates, and return home pregnant by the former.

They are taken either in traps, or by ſhooting: in the latter caſe it is very dangerous only to wound them, for they will attack the perſon who injured them, and have ſtrength enough to be no deſpicable enemy. Wild cats were formerly reckoned among the beaſts of chace; as appears by the charter of Richard the Second, to the abbot of Peterborough, giving him leave to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat. The uſe of the fur was in lining of robes; but it was eſteemed not of the moſt luxurious kind; for it was ordained 'that 'no abbeſs or nun ſhould uſe more coſtly 'apparel than ſuch as is made of lambs 'or cats ſkins.' In much earlier times it was alſo the object of the ſportſman's diverſion.

Felemque minacem
Arboris in trunco longis præfigere telis.
Nemeſiani Cynegeticon, L. 55.

§ 6. *The* Domestic Cat.

This animal is ſo well known as to make a deſcription of it unneceſſary. It is an uſeful, but deceitful domeſtic; active, neat, ſedate, intent on its prey. When pleaſed purrs and moves its tail: when angry ſpits, hiſſes, and ſtrikes with its foot. When walking, it draws in its claws: it drinks little: is fond of fiſh: it waſhes its face with its fore-foot, (Linnæus ſays at the approach of a ſtorm:) the female is remarkably ſalacious; a piteous, ſqualling, jarring lover. Its eyes ſhine in the night: its hair when rubbed in the dark emits fire: it is even proverbially tenacious of life: always lights on its feet: is fond of perfumes, marum, cat-mint, valerian, &c.

Our anceſtors ſeem to have had a high ſenſe of the utility of this animal. That excellent prince *Hoel dda*, or Howel the Good, did not think it beneath him (among his laws relating to the prices, &c. of animals) to include that of the cat; and to deſcribe the qualities it ought to have. The price of a kitling before it could ſee, was to be a penny; till it caught a mouſe two-pence; when it commenced mouſer four-pence. It was required beſides, that it ſhould be perfect in its ſenſes of hearing and ſeeing, be a good mouſer, have the claws whole, and be a good nurſe: but if it failed in any of theſe qualities, the ſeller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one ſtole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat ſuſpended by its tail (the head touching the floor) would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the former. This laſt quotation is not only curious, as being an evidence of the ſimplicity of ancient manners, but it almoſt proves to a demonſtration that cats are not aborigines of theſe iſlands; or known to the earlieſt inhabitants. The large prices ſet on them, (if we conſider the high value of ſpecie at that time) and the great care taken of the improvement and breed of an animal that multiplies ſo faſt, are almoſt certain proofs of their being little known at that period.

§ 7. Explanation *of some* technical Terms *in* Ornithology.

Fig.		
1.	*Cere. Cera*	The naked skin that covers the base of the bill in the *Hawk* kind.
2.	*Capistrum*	A word used by *Linnæus* to express the short feathers on the forehead just above the bill. In *Crows* these fall forwards over the nostrils.
3.	*Lorum*	The space between the bill and the eye, generally covered with feathers, but in some birds naked, as in the black and white *Grebe*.
4.	*Orbits. Orbita*	The skin that surrounds the eye, which is generally bare, particularly in the *Heron* and *Parrot*.
5.	*Emarginatum*	A bill is called *rostrum emarginatum* when there is a small notch near the end: this is conspicuous in that of *Butcher-birds* and *Thrushes*.
6.	*Vibrissæ*	*Vibrissæ pectinatæ*, stiff hairs that grow on each side the mouth, formed like a double comb, to be seen in the *Goatsucker*, *Flycatcher*, &c.
7.	*Bastard wing. Alula spuria*	A small joint rising at the end of the middle part of the wing, or the *cubitus*; on which are three or five feathers.
8.	*Lesser coverts of the wings. Tectrices primæ*	The small feathers that lie in several rows on the bones of the wings. The *under coverts* are those that line the inside of the wings.
9.	*Greater coverts. Tectrices secundæ*	The feathers that lie immediately over the quill-feathers and secondary feathers.
10.	*Quill-feathers. Primores*	The largest feathers of the wings, or those that rise from the first bone.
11.	*Secondary feathers. Secundariæ*	Those that rise from the second.
12.	*Coverts of the tail. Uropygium*	Those that cover the base of the tail.
13.	*Vent-feathers*	Those that lie from the vent to the tail. *Crissum Linnæi.*
14.	*The tail. Rectrices*	
15.	*Scapular feathers*	That rise from the shoulders, and cover the sides of the back.
16.	*Nucha*	The hind part of the head.
17.	*Rostrum subulatum*	A term *Linnæus* uses for a straight and slender bill.
18.		To shew the structure of the feet of the *Kingfisher*.

19. *Pes ſcanſorius* The foot of the *Woodpecker* formed for climbing. Climbing feet.
20. *Finned foot. Pes lobatus, pinnatus* Such as thoſe of the *Grebes*, &c. Such as are indented are called ſcalloped; ſuch are thoſe of *Coots* and ſcallop-toed *Sandpipers*.
22. *Pes tridactylus* Such as want the back toe.
23. *Semi-palmated. Pes ſemi-palmatus* When the webs only reach half way of the toes.
24. *Ungue poſtico ſeſſili* When the hind claw adheres to the leg without any toe, as in the *Petrels*.
25. *Digitis 4 omnibus palmatis.* All the four toes connected by webs, as in the *Corvorants*.

Explanation *of other* Linnæan Terms.

Roſtrum cultratum When the edges of the bill are very ſharp, ſuch as in that of the *Crow*.
Unguiculatum A bill with a nail at the end, as in thoſe of the *Gooſanders* and *Ducks*.
Lingua ciliata When the tongue is edged with fine briſtles, as in *Ducks*.
Integra When quite plain or even.
Lumbriciformis When the tongue is long, round, and ſlender, like a worm, as that of the *Woodpecker*.
Pedes compedes When the legs are placed ſo far behind as to make the bird walk with difficulty, or as if *in fetters*; as is the caſe with the *Auks*, *Grebes*, and *Divers*.
Nares Lineares When the noſtrils are very narrow, as in *Sea Gulls*.
Marginatæ With a rim round the noſtrils, as in the *Stare*.

§ 8. *The* Pigeon.

The tame pigeon, and all its beautiful varieties, derive their origin from one ſpecies, the Stock Dove: the Engliſh name implying its being the *ſtock* or *ſtem* from whence the other domeſtic kinds ſprung. Theſe birds, as Varro obſerves, take their (Latin) name, *Columba*, from their voice or cooing; and had he known it, he might have added the Britiſh, &c. for *Klommen*, *Kylobman*, *Kulm*, and *Kolm* ſignify the ſame bird. They were, and ſtill are in moſt parts of our iſland, in a ſtate of nature; but probably the Romans taught us the method of making them domeſtic, and conſtructing pigeon-houſes. Its characters in the ſtate neareſt that of its origin, is a deep bluiſh aſh-colour; the breaſt daſhed with a fine changeable green and purple; the ſides of the neck with ſhining copper colour; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the coverts of the wings, the other on the quill-

quill-feathers. The back white, and the tail barred near the end with black. The weight fourteen ounces.

In the wild ſtate it breeds in holes of rocks, and hollows of trees, for which reaſon ſome writers ſtile it *columba cavernalis*, in oppoſition to the Ring Dove, which makes its neſt on the boughs of trees. Nature ever preſerves ſome agreement in the manners, characters, and colours of birds reclaimed from their wild ſtate. This ſpecies of pigeon ſoon takes to build in artificial cavities, and from the temptation of a ready proviſion becomes eaſily domeſticated. The drakes of the tame duck, however they may vary in colour, ever retain the mark of their origin from our Engliſh mallard, by the curled feathers of the tail: and the tame gooſe betrays its deſcent from the wild kind, by the invariable whiteneſs of its rump, which they always retain in both ſtates.

Multitudes of theſe birds are obſerved to migrate into the ſouth of England; and while the beech woods were ſuffered to cover large tracts of ground, they uſed to haunt them in myriads, reaching in ſtrings of a mile in length, as they went out in the morning to feed They viſit us the lateſt of any bird of paſſage, not appearing till November; and retire in the ſpring. I imagine that the ſummer haunts of theſe are in Sweden, for Mr. Eckmark makes their retreat thence coincide with their arrival here. But many breed here, as I have obſerved, on the cliffs of the coaſt of Wales, and of the Hebrides.

The varieties produced from the domeſtic pigeon are very numerous, and extremely elegant; theſe are diſtinguiſhed by names expreſſive of their ſeveral properties, ſuch as Tumblers, Carriers, Jacobines, Croppers, Powters, Runts, Turbits, Owls, Nuns, &c. The moſt celebrated of theſe is the Carrier, which, from the ſuperior attachment that pigeon ſhews to its native place, is employed in many countries as the moſt expeditious courier: the letters are tied under its wing, it is let looſe, and in a very ſhort ſpace returns to the home it was brought from, with its advices. This practice was much in vogue in the Eaſt; and at Scanderoon, till of late years, uſed on the arrival of a ſhip, to give the merchants at Aleppo a more expeditious notice than could be done by any other means. In our own country, theſe aerial meſſengers have been employed for a very ſingular purpoſe, being let looſe at Tyburn at the moment the fatal cart is drawn away, to notify to diſtant friends the departure of the unhappy criminal.

In the Eaſt, the uſe of theſe birds ſeem to have been improved greatly, by having, if we may uſe the expreſſion, relays of them ready to ſpread intelligence to all parts of the country. Thus the governor of Damiata circulated the news of the death of Orrilo:

Toſto che'l Caſtellan di Damiata
Certificoſſi, ch'era morto Orrilo,
La Colomba laſciò, ch'avea legata
Sotto l'ala la lettera col filo.
Quelle andò al Cairo, ed indi fu laſciata
Un' altra altrove, come quivi e ſtilo:
Si, che in pochiſſime ore andò l'avviſo
Per tutto Egitto, ch'era Orrilo uceiſo *.

* 'As ſoon as the commandant of Damiata 'heard that Orrilo was dead, he let looſe a pi'geon, under whoſe wing he had tied a letter; 'this fled to Cairo, from whence a ſecond was 'diſpatched to another place, as is uſual; ſo that 'in a very few hours all Egypt was acquainted with 'the death of Orrilo.' Ariosto, canto 15.

But the simple use of them was known in very early times: Anacreon tells us, he conveyed his billet-doux to his beautiful Bathyllus by a dove.

Εγὼ δ' Ἀνακρέοντι
Διάκονῶ τοσαῦτα·
Καὶ νῦν οἷας ἐκεῖνος
Ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω*.

I am now Anacreon's slave,
And to me entrusted have
All the o'erflowings of his heart
To Bathyllus to impart:
Each soft line, with nimble wing,
To the lovely boy I bring.

Taurosthenes also, by means of a pigeon he had decked with purple, sent advice to his father, who lived in the isle of Ægina, of his victory in the Olympic games, on the very day he had obtained it. And, at the siege of Modena, Hirtius without, and Brutus within the walls, kept, by the help of pigeons, a constant correspondence; baffling every stratagem of the besieger Antony to intercept their couriers. In the times of the crusades there are many more instances of these birds of peace being employed in the service of war: Joinville relates one during the crusade of Saint Louis; and Tasso another, during the siege of Jerusalem.

The nature of pigeons is to be gregarious; to lay only two eggs; to breed many times in the year; to bill in their courtship; for the male and female to sit by turns, and also to feed their young; to cast the provision out of their craw into the young one's mouths; to drink, not like other birds by sipping, but by continual draughts like quadrupeds; and to have notes mournful or plaintive.

* Anacreon, ode 9. εἰς περιστεράν.

§ 9. *The* Blackbird.

This bird is of a very retired and solitary nature; frequents hedges and thickets, in which it builds earlier than any other bird: the nest is formed of moss, dead grass, fibres, &c. lined or plastered with clay, and that again covered with hay or small straw. It lays four or five eggs of a bluish green colour, marked with irregular dusky spots. The note of the male is extremely fine, but too loud for any place except the woods; it begins to sing early in the spring, continues its music part of the summer, desists in the moulting season; but returns it for some time in September, and the first winter months.

The colour of the male, when it has attained its full age, is of a fine deep black, and the bill of a bright yellow; the edges of the eyelids yellow. When young the bill is dusky, and the plumage of a rusty black, so that they are not to be distinguished from the females; but at the age of one year they attain their proper colour.

§ 10. *The* Bullfinch.

The wild note of this bird is not in the least musical; but when tamed it becomes remarkably docile, and may be taught any tune after a pipe, or to whistle any notes in the justest manner: it seldom forgets what it has learned; and will become so tame as to come at call, perch on its master's shoulders, and (at command) go through a difficult musical lesson. They may be taught to speak, and some thus instructed are annually brought to London from Germany.

The male is distinguished from the female by the superior blackness of its crown, and by the rich crimson that adorns the cheeks, breast,

breast, belly, and throat of the male; those of the female being of a dirty colour: the bill is black, short, and very thick: the head large: the hind part of the neck and the back are grey: the coverts of the wings are black; the lower crossed with a white line: the quill-feathers dusky, but part of their inner webs white: the coverts of the tail and vent-feathers white: the tail black.

In the spring these birds frequent our gardens, and are very destructive to our fruit-trees, by eating the tender buds. They breed about the latter end of May, or beginning of June, and are seldom seen at that time near houses, as they chuse some very retired place to breed in. These birds are sometimes wholly black; I have heard of a male bullfinch which had changed its colours after it had been taken in full feather, and with all its fine teints. The first year it began to assume a dull hue, blackening every year, till in the fourth it attained the deepest degree of that colour. This was communicated to me by the Reverend Mr. White of Selborne. Mr. Morton, in his History of Northamptonshire, gives another instance of such a change, with this addition, that the year following, after moulting, the bird recovered its native colours. Bullfinches fed entirely on hemp-seed are apteſt to undergo this change.

§ 11. *The* Goldfinch.

This is the most beautiful of our hard-billed small birds; whether we consider its colours, the elegance of its form, or the music of its note. The bill is white, tipt with black; the base is surrounded with a ring of rich scarlet feathers: from the corners of the mouth to the eyes is a black line: the cheeks are white: the top of the head is black; and the white on the cheeks is bounded almost to the fore part of the neck with black: the hind part of the head is white: the back, rump, and breast are of a fine pale tawny brown, lightest on the two last: the belly is white: the covert feathers of the wings, in the male, are black: the quill-feathers black, marked in their middle with a beautiful yellow; the tips white: the tail is black, but most of the feathers marked near their ends with a white spot: the legs are white.

The female is distinguished from the male by these notes; the feathers at the end of the bill in the former are brown; in the male black: the lesser coverts of the wings are brown: and the black and yellow in the wings of the female are less brilliant. The young bird, before it moults, is grey on the head; and hence it is termed by the bird-catchers a *grey pate*.

There is another variety of goldfinch, which is, perhaps, not taken above once in two or three years, which is called by the London bird-catchers a *cheverel*, from the manner in which it concludes its jerk: when this sort is taken, it sells at a very high price: it is distinguished from the common sort by a white streak, or by two, and sometimes three white spots under the throat.

Their note is very sweet, and they are much esteemed on that account, as well as for their great docility. Towards winter they assemble in flocks, and feed on seeds of different kinds, particularly those of the thistle. It is fond of orchards, and frequently builds in an apple or pear-tree: its nest is very elegantly formed of fine moss, liverworts, and beats on the outside; lined first with wool and hair, and then with the gossin or cotton of the fallow. It lays five white

eggs, marked with deep purple spots on the upper end.

This bird seems to have been the χρυσομίτρις * of Aristotle; being the only one that we know of, that could be distinguished by a golden fillet round its head, feeding on the seeds of prickly plants. The very ingenious translator (Dr. Martyn) of Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics, gives the name of this bird to the *acalanthis* or *acanthis*:

Littoraque *alcyonen* resonant, *acanthida* dumi.

In our account of the *Halcyon* of the ancients, we followed his opinion; but having since met with a passage in Aristotle, that clearly proves that *acanthis* could not be used in that sense, we beg, that, till we can discover what it really is, the word may be rendered *linnet*; since it is impossible the philosopher could distinguish a bird of such striking and brilliant colours as the *goldfinch*, by the epithet κακοχρόος, or bad coloured; and as he celebrates his *acanthis* for a fine note, φωνην μέν τοι λιγυράν ἔχουσι, both characters will suit the linnet, being a bird as remarkable for the sweetness of its note, as for the plainness of its plumage.

§ 12. *The* Linnet.

The bill of this species is dusky, but in the spring assumes a bluish cast: the feathers on the head are black, edged with ash-colour: the sides of the neck deep ash-colour: the throat marked in the middle with a brown line, bounded on each side with a white one: the back black, bordered with reddish brown: the bottom of the breast is of a fine blood red, which heightens in colour as the spring advances: the belly white: the vent-feathers yellowish: the sides under the wings spotted with brown: the quill-feathers are dusky; the lower part of the nine first white: the coverts incumbent on them black; the others of a reddish brown; the lowest order tipt with a paler colour: the tail is a little forked, of a brown colour, edged with white; the two middle feathers excepted, which are bordered with dull red. The females and young birds want the red spot on the breast; in lieu of that, their breasts are marked with short streaks of brown pointing downwards: the females have also less white in their wings.

These birds are much esteemed for their song: they feed on seeds of different kinds, which they peel before they eat: the seed of the *linum* or *flax* is their favourite food; from whence the name of the linnet tribe.

They breed among furze and white thorn: the outside of their nest is made with moss and bents; and lined with wool and hair. They lay five whitish eggs, spotted like those of the goldfinch.

§ 13. *The* Canary Bird.

This bird is of the finch tribe. It was originally peculiar to those isles, to which it owes its name; the same that were known to the ancients by the addition of the *fortunate*. The happy temperament of the air; the spontaneous productions of the ground in the varieties of fruits; the sprightly and chearful disposition of the inhabitants; and the harmony arising from the number of the birds found there, procured them that romantic distinction. Though the ancients celebrate the isle of *Canaria* for the multitude of birds, they

* Which he places among the ἀκανθοφάγα. Scaliger reads the word χυσομίτρις, which has no meaning; neither does the critic support his alteration with any reason. *Hist. an.* 887.

they have not mentioned any in particular. It is probable then, that our ſpecies was not introduced into Europe till after the ſecond diſcovery of theſe iſles, which was between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. We are uncertain when it firſt made its appearance in this quarter of the globe. Belon, who wrote in 1555, is ſilent in reſpect to theſe birds: Geſner is the firſt who mentions them; and Aldrovand ſpeaks of them as rarities; that they were very dear on account of the difficulty attending the bringing them from ſo diſtant a country, and that they were purchaſed by people of rank alone. Olina ſays, that in his time there was a degenerate ſort found on the iſle of Elba, off the coaſt of Italy, which came there originally by means of a ſhip bound from the Canaries to Leghorn, and was wrecked on that iſland. We once ſaw ſome ſmall birds brought directly from the Canary Iſlands, that we ſuſpect to be the genuine ſort: they were of a dull green colour; but as they did not ſing, we ſuppoſed them to be hens. Theſe birds will produce with the goldfinch and linnet, and the offspring is called a mule-bird, becauſe, like that animal, it proves barren.

They are ſtill found on the ſame ſpot to which we were firſt indebted for the production of ſuch charming ſongſters; but they are now become ſo numerous in our country, that we are under no neceſſity of croſſing the ocean for them.

§ 14. *The* Sky Lark.

The length of this ſpecies is ſeven inches one-fourth: the breadth twelve and a half: the weight one ounce and a half: the tongue broad and cloven: the bill ſlender: the upper mandible duſky, the lower yellow: above the eyes is a yellow ſpot: the crown of the head a reddiſh brown ſpotted with deep black: the hind part of the head aſh-colour: chin white. It has the faculty of erecting the feathers of the head. The feathers on the back, and coverts of the wings, duſky edged with reddiſh brown, which is paler on the latter: the quill-feathers duſky: the exterior web edged with white, that of the others with reddiſh brown: the upper part of the breaſt yellow ſpotted with black: the lower part of the body of a pale yellow: the exterior web, and half of the interior web next to the ſhaft of the firſt feather of the tail, are white; of the ſecond only the exterior web; the reſt of thoſe feathers duſky; the others are duſky edged with red; thoſe in the middle deeply ſo, the reſt very ſlightly: the legs duſky: ſoles of the feet yellow: the hind claw very long and ſtrait.

This and the wood lark are the only birds that ſing as they fly; this raiſing its note as it ſoars, and lowering it till it quite dies away as it deſcends. It will often ſoar to ſuch a height, that we are charmed with the muſic when we loſe ſight of the ſongſter; it alſo begins its ſong before the earlieſt dawn. Milton, in his Allegro, moſt beautifully expreſſes theſe circumſtances: and Biſhop Newton obſerves, that the beautiful ſcene that Milton exhibits of rural chearfulneſs, at the ſame time gives us a fine picture of the regularity of his life, and the innocency of his own mind; thus he deſcribes himſelf as in a ſituation

> To hear the lark begin his flight,
> And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
> From his watch tower in the ſkies,
> 'Till the dappled dawn doth riſe.

It continues its harmony ſeveral months, beginning early in the ſpring, on pairing.

the winter they assemble in vast flocks, grow very fat, and are taken in great numbers for our tables. They build their nest on the ground, beneath some clod; forming it of hay, dry fibres, &c. and lay four or five eggs.

The place these birds are taken in the greatest quantity, is the neighbourhood of Dunstable: the season begins about the fourteenth of September, and ends the twenty-fifth of February; and during that space about 4000 dozen are caught, which supply the markets of the metropolis. Those caught in the day are taken in clap-nets of fifteen yards length, and two and a half in breadth; and are enticed within their reach by means of bits of looking-glass, fixed in a piece of wood, and placed in the middle of the nets, which are put in a quick whirling motion, by a string the larker commands; he also makes use of a decoy lark. These nets are used only till the fourteenth of November, for the larks will not *dare*, or frolick in the air, except in fine sunny weather; and of course cannot be inveigled into the snare. When the weather grows gloomy, the larker changes his engine, and makes use of a trammel-net twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet long, and five broad; which is put on two poles eighteen feet long, and carried by men under each arm, who pass over the fields and quarter the ground as a setting dog; when they hear or feel a lark hit the net, they drop it down, and so the birds are taken.

§ 15. *The* Nightingale.

The nightingale takes its name from *night*, and the Saxon word *galan*, to sing; expressive of the time of its melody. In size it is equal to the redstart; but longer bodied, and more elegantly made. The colours are very plain. The head and back are of a pale tawny, dashed with olive: the tail is of a deep tawny red: the throat, breast, and upper part of the belly, of a light glossy ash-colour: the lower belly almost white: the exterior webs of the quill-feathers are of a dull reddish brown; the interior of brownish ash-colour: the irides are hazel, and the eyes remarkably large and piercing: the legs and feet a deep ash-colour.

This bird, the most famed of the feathered tribe, for the variety, length, and sweetness of its notes, visits England the beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is a species that does not spread itself over the island. It is not found in North Wales; or in any of the English counties north of it, except Yorkshire, where they are met with in great plenty about Doncaster. They have been also heard, but rarely, near Shrewsbury. It is also remarkable, that this bird does not migrate so far west as Devonshire and Cornwall; counties where the seasons are so very mild, that myrtles flourish in the open air during the whole year: neither are they found in Ireland. Sibbald places them in his list of Scotch birds; but they certainly are unknown in that part of Great Britain, probably from the scarcity and the recent introduction of hedges there. Yet they visit Sweden, a much more severe climate. With us they frequent thick hedges, and low coppices; and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are very rarely seen. They form their nest of oak-leaves, a few bents, and reeds. The eggs are of a deep brown. When the young first come abroad, and are helpless, the old birds make a plaintive and jarring noise with a sort of snapping as if in menace, pursuing along the hedge the passengers.

They begin their song in the evening, and continue

continue it the whole night. Theſe their vigils did not paſs unnoticed by the antients: the ſlumbers of theſe birds were proverbial; and not to reſt as much as the nightingale, expreſſed a very bad ſleeper *. This was the favourite bird of the Britiſh poet, who omits no opportunity of introducing it, and almoſt conſtantly noting its love of ſolitude and night. How finely does it ſerve to compoſe part of the ſolemn ſcenery of his Penſeroſo; when he deſcribes it

In her ſaddeſt ſweeteſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird, that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening ſong.

In another place he ſtyles it the *ſolemn bird*; and again ſpeaks of it,

As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note.

The reader muſt excuſe a few more quotations from the ſame poet, on the ſame ſubject: the firſt deſcribes the approach of evening, and the retiring of all animals to their repoſe.

Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung.

When Eve paſſed the irkſome night preceding her fall, ſhe, in a dream, imagines herſelf thus reproached with loſing the beauties of the night by indulging too long a repoſe:

Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong.

The ſame birds ſing their nuptial ſong, and lull them to reſt. How rapturous are the following lines! how expreſſive of the delicate ſenſibility of our Milton's tender ideas!

The earth
Gave ſign of gratulation, and each hill;
Joyous the birds; freſh gales and gentle airs
Whiſper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung roſe, flung odours from the ſpicy ſhrub,
Diſporting, till the amorous bird of night
Sung ſpouſal, and bid haſte the evening ſtar
On his hill-top to light the bridal lamp.

Theſe, lull'd by nightingales, embracing ſlept;
And on their naked limbs the flowery roof
Shower'd roſes, which the morn repair'd.

Theſe quotations from the beſt judge of melody, we thought due to the ſweeteſt of our feathered choriſters; and we believe no reader of taſte will think them tedious.

Virgil ſeems to be the only poet among the ancients, who hath attended to the circumſtance of this bird's ſinging in the night time.

Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela ſub umbrâ
Amiſſos queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Obſervans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque ſedens miſerabile carmen
Integrat, et mœſtis late loca queſtibus implet.
GEORG. IV. l. 511.

As Philomel in poplar ſhades, alone,
For her loſt offſpring pours a mother's moan,
Which

* Ælian var. hiſt. 577. both in the text and note. It muſt be remarked, that nightingales ſing alſo in the day.

Which some rough ploughman marking for his prey,
From the warm nest, unfledg'd hath dragg'd away;
Perch't on a bow, she all night long complains,
And fills the grove with sad repeated strains.
F. Warton.

Pliny has described the warbling notes of this bird, with an elegance that bespeaks an exquisite sensibility of taste: notwithstanding that his words have been cited by most other writers on natural history, yet such is the beauty, and in general the truth of his expressions, that they cannot be too much studied by lovers of natural history. We must observe notwithstanding, that a few of his thoughts are more to be admired for their vivacity than for strict philosophical reasoning; but these few are easily distinguishable.

§ 16. *The* Red Breast.

This bird, though so very petulant as to be at constant war with its own tribe, yet is remarkably sociable with mankind: in the winter it frequently makes one of the family; and takes refuge from the inclemency of the season even by our fire-sides. Thomson * has prettily described the annual visits of this guest.

The Red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
His annual visit. Half afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks and starts, and wonders where he is:
'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

* In his Seasons, vide Winter, line 246.

The great beauty of that celebrated poet consists in his elegant and just descriptions of the œconomy of animals; and the happy use he hath made of natural knowledge, in descriptive poetry, shines through almost every page of his Seasons. The affection this bird has for mankind, is also recorded in that antient ballad, *The babes in the wood*; a composition of a most beautiful and pathetic simplicity. It is the first trial of our humanity: the child that refrains from tears on hearing that read, gives but a bad presage of the tenderness of his future sensations.

In the spring this bird retires to breed in the thickest covers, or the most concealed holes of walls and other buildings. The eggs are of a dull white, sprinkled with reddish spots. Its song is remarkably fine and soft; and the more to be valued, as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter, and early in the spring, and even through great part of the summer, but its notes are part of that time drowned in the general warble of the season. Many of the autumnal songsters seem to be the young cock red-breasts of that year.

The bill is dusky: the forehead, chin, throat and breast are of a deep orange-colour: the head, hind part of the neck, the back and tail are of a deep ash-colour, tinged with green: the wings rather darker; the edges inclining to yellow: the legs and feet dusky.

§ 17. *The* Wren.

The wren may be placed among the finest of our singing birds. It continues its song throughout the winter, excepting during the frosts. It makes its nest in a very curious manner; of an oval shape, very deep, with a small hole in the middle for egress and regress: the external material is moss, within it is lined with hair and feathers. It lays from

from ten to eighteen eggs; and as often brings up as many young; which, as Mr. Ray obſerves, may be ranked among thoſe daily miracles that we take no notice of; that it ſhould feed ſuch a number without paſſing over one, and that too in utter darkneſs.

The head and upper part of the body of the wren are of a deep reddiſh brown: above each eye is a ſtroke of white: the back, and coverts of the wings, and tail, are marked with ſlender tranſverſe black lines: the quill-feathers with bars of black and red. The throat is of a yellowiſh white. The belly and ſides croſſed with narrow duſky and pale reddiſh brown lines. The tail is croſſed with duſky bars.

§ 18. *The* Swift.

This ſpecies is the largeſt of our ſwallows; but the weight is moſt diſproportionately ſmall to its extent of wing of any bird; the former being ſcarce one ounce, the latter eighteen inches. The length near eight. The feet of this bird are ſo ſmall, that the action of walking and of riſing from the ground is extremely difficult; ſo that nature hath made it full amends, by furniſhing it with ample means for an eaſy and continual flight. It is more on the wing than any other ſwallows; its flight is more rapid, and that attended with a ſhrill ſcream. It reſts by clinging againſt ſome wall, or other apt body; from whence Klein ſtyles this ſpecies *Hirundo muraria*. It breeds under the eaves of houſes, in ſteeples, and other lofty buildings; makes its neſt of graſſes and feathers; and lays only two eggs, of a white colour. It is entirely of a gloſſy dark ſooty colour, only the chin is marked with a white ſpot: but by being ſo conſtantly expoſed to all weathers, the gloſs of the plumage is loſt before it retires. I cannot trace them to their winter quarters, unleſs in one inſtance of a pair found adhering by their claws and in a torpid ſtate, in February 1766, under the roof of Longnor chapel, Shropſhire: on being brought to a fire, they revived and moved about the room. The feet are of a particular ſtructure, all the toes ſtanding forward; the leaſt conſiſts of only one bone; the others of an equal number, viz. two each; in which they differ from thoſe of all other birds.

This appears in our country about fourteen days later than the ſand martin; but differs greatly in the time of its departure, retiring invariably about the tenth of Auguſt, being the firſt of the genus that leaves us.

The fabulous hiſtory of the Manucodiata, or bird of Paradiſe, is in the hiſtory of this ſpecies in great meaſure verified. It was believed to have no feet, to live upon the celeſtial dew, to float perpetually on the Indian air, and to perform all its functions in that element.

The Swift actually performs what has been in theſe enlightened times diſproved of the former; except the ſmall time it takes in ſleeping, and what it devotes to incubation, every other action is done on wing. The materials of its neſt it collects either as they are carried about by the winds, or picks them up from the ſurface in its ſweeping flight. Its food is undeniably the inſects that fill the air. Its drink is taken in tranſient ſips from the water's ſurface. Even its amorous rites are performed on high. Few perſons who have attended to them in a fine ſummer's morning, but muſt have ſeen them make their aerial courſes at a great height, encircling a certain ſpace with an eaſy ſteady motion. On a ſudden they fall into each other's embraces, then drop precipitate with a loud ſhriek

ſhriek for numbers of yards. This is the critical conjuncture, and to be no more wondered at, than that inſects (a familiar inſtance) ſhould diſcharge the ſame duty in the ſame element.

Theſe birds and ſwallows are inveterate enemies to hawks. The moment one appears, they attack him immediately: the ſwifts ſoon deſiſt; but the ſwallows purſue and perſecute thoſe rapacious birds, till they have entirely driven them away.

Swifts delight in ſultry thundry weather, and ſeem thence to receive freſh ſpirits. They fly in thoſe times in ſmall parties with particular violence; and as they paſs near ſteeples, towers, or any edifices where their mates perform the office of incubation, emit a loud ſcream, a ſort of ſerenade, as Mr. White ſuppoſes, to their reſpective females.

To the curious monographies on the ſwallow tribe, of that worthy correſpondent, I muſt acknowledge myſelf indebted for numbers of the remarks abovementioned.

§ 19. *Of the Diſappearance of Swallows.*

There are three opinions among naturaliſts concerning the manner the ſwallow tribe diſpoſe of themſelves after their diſappearance from the countries in which they make their ſummer reſidence. Herodotus mentions one ſpecies that reſides in Egypt the whole year: Proſper Alpinus aſſerts the ſame; and Mr. Loten, late governor of Ceylon, aſſured us, that thoſe of Java never remove. Theſe excepted, every other known kind obſerve a periodical migration, or retreat. The ſwallows of the cold Norway, and of North America, of the diſtant Kamtſchatka, of the temperate parts of Europe, of Aleppo, and of the hot Jamaica, all agree in this one point.

In cold countries, a defect of inſect food on the approach of winter, is a ſufficient reaſon for theſe birds to quit them: but ſince the ſame cauſe probably does not ſubſiſt in the warm climates, recourſe ſhould be had to ſome other reaſon for their vaniſhing.

Of the three opinions, the firſt has the utmoſt appearance of probability; which is, that they remove nearer the ſun, where they can find a continuance of their natural diet, and a temperature of air ſuiting their conſtitutions. That this is the caſe with ſome ſpecies of European ſwallows, has been proved beyond contradiction (as above cited) by M. Adanſon. We often obſerve them collected in flocks innumerable on churches, on rocks, and on trees, previous to their departure hence; and Mr. Collinſon proves their return here in perhaps equal numbers, by two curious relations of undoubted credit: the one communicated to him by Mr. Wright, maſter of a ſhip; the other by the late Sir Charles Wager; who both deſcribed (to the ſame purpoſe) what happened to each in their voyages. "Returning home (ſays Sir "Charles) in the ſpring of the year, as I "came into ſounding in our channel, a great "flock of ſwallows came and ſettled on all "my rigging; every rope was covered; they "hung on one another like a ſwarm of bees; "the decks and carving were filled with "them. They ſeemed almoſt famiſhed and "ſpent, and were only feathers and bones; "but being recruited with a night's reſt, took "their flight in the morning." This vaſt fatigue, proves that their journey muſt have been very great, conſidering the amazing ſwiftneſs of theſe birds: in all probability they had croſſed the Atlantic ocean, and were returning from the ſhores of Senegal, or other parts of Africa; ſo that this account from that moſt able and honeſt ſeaman, confirms

firms the later information of M. Adanson.

Mr. White, on Michaelmas-day 1768, had the good fortune to have ocular proof of what may reasonably be supposed an actual migration of swallows. Travelling that morning very early between his house and the coast, at the beginning of his journey he was environed with a thick fog, but on a large wild heath the mist began to break, and discovered to him numberless swallows, clustered on the standing bushes, as if they had roosted there: as soon as the sun burst out, they were instantly on wing, and with an easy and placid flight proceeded towards the sea. After this he saw no more flocks, only now and then a straggler *.

This rendezvous of swallows about the same time of year is very common on the willows, in the little isles in the Thames. They seem to assemble for the same purpose as those in Hampshire, notwithstanding no one yet has been eye-witness of their departure. On the 26th of September last, two gentlemen who happened to lie at Maidenhead bridge, furnished at least a proof of the multitudes there assembled: they went by torch-light to an adjacent isle, and in less than half an hour brought ashore fifty dozen; for they had nothing more to do than to draw the willow twigs through their hands, the birds never stirring till they were taken.

* In Kalm's Voyage to America, is a remarkable instance of the distant flight of swallows; for one lighted on the ship he was in, September 2d, when he had passed only over two-thirds of the Atlantic ocean. His passage was uncommonly quick, being performed from Deal to Philadelphia in less than six weeks; and when this accident happened, he was fourteen days sail from Cape Hinlopen.

The northern naturalists will perhaps say, that this assembly met for the purpose of plunging into their subaqueous winter quarters; but was that the case, they would never escape discovery in a river perpetually fished as the Thames, some of them must inevitably be brought up in the nets that harass that water.

The second notion has great antiquity on its side. Aristotle and Pliny give, as their belief, that swallows do not remove very far from their summer habitation, but winter in the hollows of rocks, and during that time lose their feathers. The former part of their opinion has been adopted by several ingenious men; and of late, several proofs have been brought of some species, at least, having been discovered in a torpid state. Mr. Collinson favoured us with the evidence of three gentlemen, eye-witnesses to numbers of sand martins being drawn out of a cliff on the Rhine, in the month of March 1762. And the honourable Daines Barrington communicated to us the following fact, on the authority of the late Lord Belhaven, that numbers of swallows have been found in old dry walls, and in sandhills near his lordship's seat in East Lothian; not once only, but from year to year; and that when they were exposed to the warmth of a fire, they revived. We have also heard of the same annual discoveries near Morpeth in Northumberland, but cannot speak of them with the same assurance as the two former: neither in the two last instances are we certain of the particular species.

Other witnesses crowd on us to prove the residence of those birds in a torpid state during the severe season.

First, In the chalky cliffs of Sussex; as was seen on the fall of a great fragment some years ago.

Secondly, In a decayed hollow tree that

was

was cut down, near Dolgelli, in Merionethshire.

Thirdly, In a cliff near Whitby, Yorkshire; where, on digging out a fox, whole bushels of swallows were found in a torpid condition. And,

Lastly, The Reverend Mr. Conway, of Sychton, Flintshire, was so obliging as to communicate the following fact: A few years ago, on looking down an old leadmine in that county, he observed numbers of swallows clinging to the timbers of the shaft, seemingly asleep; and on flinging some gravel on them, they just moved, but never attempted to fly or change their place; this was between All Saints and Christmas.

These are doubtless the lurking-places of the latter hatches, or of those young birds, who are incapable of distant migrations. There they continue insensible and rigid; but like flies, may sometimes be re-animated by an unseasonable hot day in the midst of winter: for very near Christmas a few appeared on the moulding of a window of Merton College, Oxford, in a remarkably warm nook, which prematurely set their blood in motion, having the same effect as laying them before the fire at the same time of year. Others have been known to make this premature appearance; but as soon as the cold natural to the season returns, they withdraw again to their former retreats.

I shall conclude with one argument drawn from the very late hatches of two species.

On the twenty-third of October 1767, a martin was seen in Southwark, flying in and out of its nest: and on the twenty-ninth of the same month, four or five swallows were observed hovering round and settling on the county hospital at Oxford. As these birds must have been of a late hatch, it is highly improbable that at so late a season of the year they would attempt, from one of our midland counties, a voyage almost as far as the equator to Senegal or Goree: we are therefore confirmed in our notion, that there is only a partial migration of these birds; and that the feeble late hatches conceal themselves in this country.

The above are circumstances we cannot but assent to, though seemingly contradictory to the common course of nature in regard to other birds. We must, therefore, divide our belief relating to these two so different opinions, and conclude, that one part of the swallow tribe migrate, and that others have their winter quarters near home. If it should be demanded, why swallows alone are found in a torpid state, and not the other many species of soft billed birds, which likewise disappear about the same time? The following reason may be assigned:

No birds are so much on the wing as swallows, none fly with such swiftness and rapidity, none are obliged to such sudden and various evolutions in their flight, none are at such pains to take their prey, and we may add, none exert their voice more incessantly; all these occasion a vast expence of strength, and of spirits, and may give such a texture to the blood, that other animals cannot experience; and so dispose, or we may say, necessitate, this tribe of birds, or part of them, at least, to a repose more lasting than that of any others.

The third notion is, even at first sight, too amazing and unnatural to merit mention, if it was not that some of the learned have been credulous enough to deliver, for fact, what has the strongest appearance of impossibility; we mean the relation of swallows passing the winter immersed under ice, at the bottom of lakes, or lodged beneath the water of the sea

at

at the foot of rocks. The firſt who broached this opinion, was Olaus Magnus, Archbiſhop of Upſal, who very gravely informs us, that theſe birds are often found in cluſtered maſſes, at the bottom of the northern lakes, mouth to mouth, wing to wing, foot to foot; and that they creep down the reeds in autumn to their ſubaqueous retreats. That when old fiſhermen diſcover ſuch a maſs, they throw it into the water again; but when young inexperienced ones takes it, they will, by thawing the birds at a fire, bring them indeed to the uſe of their wings, which will continue but a very ſhort time, being owing to a premature and forced revival.

That the good Archbiſhop did not want credulity, in other inſtances, appears from this, that after having ſtocked the bottoms of the lakes with birds, he ſtores the clouds with mice, which ſometimes fall in plentiful ſhowers on Norway and the neighbouring countries.

Some of our own countrymen have given credit to the ſubmerſion of ſwallows; and Klein patroniſes the doctrine ſtrongly, giving the following hiſtory of their manner of retiring, which he received from ſome countrymen and others. They aſſerted, that ſometimes the ſwallows aſſembled in numbers on a reed, till it broke and ſunk with them to the bottom; and their immerſion was preluded by a dirge of a quarter of an hour's length. That others would unite in laying hold of a ſtraw with their bills, and ſo plunge down in ſociety. Others again would form a large maſs, by clinging together with their feet, and ſo commit themſelves to the deep.

Such are the relations given by thoſe that are fond of this opinion, and though delivered without exaggeration, muſt provoke a ſmile. They aſſign not the ſmalleſt reaſon to account for theſe birds being able to endure ſo long a ſubmerſion without being ſuffocated, or without decaying, in an element ſo unnatural to ſo delicate a bird; when we know that the otter *, the corvorant, and the grebes, ſoon periſh, if caught under ice, or entangled in nets; and it is well known, that thoſe animals will continue much longer under water than any others, to whom nature hath denied that particular ſtructure of heart, neceſſary for a long reſidence beneath that element.

§ 20. *Of the* SMALL BIRDS *of* FLIGHT.

In the ſuburbs of London (and particularly about Shoreditch) are ſeveral weavers and other tradeſmen, who during the months of October and March, get their livelihood by an ingenious, and we may ſay, a ſcientific method of bird-catching, which is totally unknown in other parts of Great Britain.

The reaſon of this trade being confined to ſo ſmall a compaſs, ariſes from there being no

* Though entirely ſatisfied in our own mind of the impoſſibility of theſe relations; yet, deſirous of ſtrengthening our opinion with ſome better authority, we applied to that able anatomiſt, Mr. John Hunter; who was ſo obliging to inform us, that he had diſſected many ſwallows, but found nothing in them different from other birds as to the organs of reſpiration. That all thoſe animals which he had diſſected of the claſs that ſleep during winter, ſuch as lizards, frogs, &c. had a very different conformation as to thoſe organs. That all theſe animals, he believes, do breathe in their torpid ſtate; and as far as his experience reaches, he knows they do: and that therefore he eſteems it a very wild opinion, that terreſtrial animals can remain any long time under water without drowning.

conſiderable

conſiderable ſale for ſinging-birds except in the metropolis: as the apparatus for this purpoſe is alſo heavy, and at the ſame time muſt be carried on a man's back, it prevents the bird catchers going to above three or four miles diſtance.

This method of bird-catching muſt have been long practiſed, as it is brought to a moſt ſyſtematical perfection, and is attended with a very conſiderable expence.

The nets are a moſt ingenious piece of mechaniſm, are generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide; and no one on bare inſpection would imagine that a bird (who is ſo very quick in all its motions) could be catched by the nets flapping over each other, till he becomes eye-witneſs of the pullers ſeldom failing *.

The wild birds *fly* (as the bird-catchers term it) chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November; as the flight in March is much leſs conſiderable than that of Michaelmas. It is to be noted alſo, that the ſeveral ſpecies of birds of flight do not make their appearance preciſely at the ſame time, during the months of September, October, and November. The Pippet †, for example, begins to fly about Michaelmas, and then the Woodlark, Linnet, Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and other birds of flight ſucceed; all of which are not eaſily to be caught, or in any numbers, at any other time, and more particularly the Pippet and the Woodlark.

* Theſe nets are known in moſt parts of England by the name of day-nets or clap-nets; but all we have ſeen are far inferior in their mechaniſm to thoſe uſed near London,

† A ſmall ſpecies of Lark, but which is inferior to other birds of that genus in point of ſong.

Theſe birds, during the Michaelmas and March flights, are chiefly on the wing from day-break to noon, though there is afterwards a ſmall flight from two till night; but this however is ſo inconſiderable, that the bird-catchers always take up their nets at noon.

It may well deſerve the attention of the naturaliſt whence theſe periodical flights of certain birds can ariſe. As the ground however is ploughed during the months of October and March for ſowing the winter and lent corn, it ſhould ſeem that they are thus ſupplied with a great profuſion both of ſeeds and inſects, which they cannot ſo eaſily procure at any other ſeaſon.

It may not be improper to mention another circumſtance, to be obſerved during their flitting, viz. that they fly always againſt the wind; hence, there is great contention amongſt the bird-catchers who ſhall gain that point; if (for example) it is weſterly, the bird-catcher who lays his nets moſt to the eaſt, is ſure almoſt of catching every thing, provided his call-birds are good: a gentle wind to the ſouth-weſt generally produces the beſt ſport.

The bird-catcher who is a ſubſtantial man, and hath a proper apparatus for this purpoſe, generally carries with him five or ſix linnets (of which more are caught than any ſinging bird) two goldfinches, two greenfinches, one woodlark, one redpoll, a yellowhammer, titlark, and aberdavine, and perhaps a bullfinch; theſe are placed at ſmall diſtances from the nets in little cages. He hath, beſides, what are called flur-birds, which are placed within the nets, are raiſed upon the flur ‡, and gently

‡ A moveable perch to which the bird is tied, and which the bird-catcher can raiſe at pleaſure, by means of a long ſtring faſtened to it.

let

let down at the time the wild bird approaches them. These generally consist of the linnet, the goldfinch, and the greenfinch, which are secured to the flur by what is called a *brace**; a contrivance that secures the birds without doing any injury to their plumage.

It having been found that there is a superiority between bird and bird, from the one being more in song than the other; the bird-catchers contrive that their call-birds should moult before the usual time. They, therefore, in June or July, put them into a close box, under two or three folds of blankets, and leave their dung in the cage to raise a greater heat; in which state they continue, being perhaps examined but once a week to have fresh water. As for food, the air is so putrid, that they eat little during the whole state of confinement, which lasts about a month. The birds frequently die under the operation †; and hence the value of a stopped bird rises greatly.

When the bird hath thus prematurely moulted, he is in song, whilst the wild birds are out of song, and his note is louder and more piercing than that of a wild one; but it is not only in his note he receives an alteration, the plumage is equally improved. The black and yellow in the wings of the goldfinch, for example, become deeper and more vivid, together with a most beautiful gloss, which is not to be seen in the wild bird. The bill, which in the latter is likewise black at the end, in the stopped bird becomes white and more taper, as do its legs: in short, there is as much difference between a wild and a stopped bird, as there is between a horse which is kept in body clothes, or at grass.

When the bird-catcher hath laid his nets, he disposes of his call-birds at proper intervals. It must be owned, that there is a most malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity; which may likewise be observed with regard to the decoy ducks.

Their sight and hearing infinitely excels that of the bird-catcher. The instant that the ‡ wild birds are perceived, notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds (as it is by the first hound that hits on the scent to the rest of the pack) after which follows the same sort of tumultuous ecstacy and joy. The call-birds, while the bird is at a distance, do not sing as a bird does in a chamber; they invite the wild ones by what the bird-catchers call short jerks, which when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The ascendancy by this call or invitation is so great, that the wild bird is stopped in its course of flight, and if not already acquainted with the nets §, lights boldly within twenty yards of

* A sort of bandage, formed of a slender silken string that is fastened round the bird's body, and under the wings, in so artful a manner as to hinder the bird from being hurt, let it flutter ever so much in the raising.

† We have been lately informed by an experienced bird-catcher, that he pursues a cooler regimen in stopping his birds, and that he therefore seldom loses one: but we suspect that there is not the same certainty of making them moult.

‡ It may be also observed, that the moment they see a hawk, they communicate the alarm to each other by a plaintive note; nor will they then jerk or call though the wild birds are near.

§ A bird, acquainted with the nets, is by the bird-catchers termed a sharper, which they endeavour to drive away, as they can have no sport whilst it continues near them.

perhaps

perhaps three or four bird-catchers, on a ſpot which otherwiſe it would not have taken the leaſt notice of. Nay, it frequently happens, that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light in the nets, and ſhare the ſame fate; and ſhould only one bird eſcape, that bird will ſuffer itſelf to be pulled at till it is caught, ſuch a faſcinating power have the call birds.

While we are on this ſubject of the jerking of birds, we cannot omit mentioning, that the bird-catchers frequently lay conſiderable wagers whoſe call-bird can jerk the longeſt, as that determines the ſuperiority. They place them oppoſite to each other, by an inch of candle, and the bird who jerks the oftenеſt, before the candle is burnt out, wins the wager. We have been informed, that there have been inſtances of a bird's giving a hundred and ſeventy jerks in a quarter of an hour; and we have known a linnet, in ſuch a trial, perſevere in its emulation till it ſwooned from the perch: thus, as Pliny ſays of the nightingale, *victa morte finit ſæpe vitam, ſpiritu prius deficiente quàm cantu.* Lib. x. c. 29.

It may be here obſerved, that birds when near each other, and in fight, ſeldom jerk or ſing. They either fight, or uſe ſhort and wheedling calls; the jerking of theſe call-birds, therefore, face to face, is a moſt extraordinary inſtance of contention for ſuperiority in ſong.

It may be alſo worthy of obſervation, that the female of no ſpecies of birds ever ſings: with birds, it is the reverſe of what occurs in human kind: among the feathered tribe, all the cares of life fall to the lot of the tender ſex: theirs is the fatigue of incubation; and the principal ſhare in nurſing the helpleſs brood: to alleviate theſe fatigues, and to ſupport her under them, nature hath given to the male the ſong, with all the little blandiſhments and ſoothing arts; theſe he fondly exerts (even after courtſhip) on ſome ſpray contiguous to the neſt, during the time his mate is performing her parental duties. But that ſhe ſhould be ſilent, is alſo another wiſe proviſion of nature, for her ſong would diſcover her neſt; as would a gaudineſs of plumage, which, for the ſame reaſon, ſeems to have been denied her.

To theſe we may add a few particulars that fell within our notice during our enquiries among the bird-catchers, ſuch as, that they immediately kill the hens of every ſpecies of birds they take, being incapable of ſinging, as alſo being inferior in plumage; the pippets likewiſe are indiſcriminately deſtroyed, as the cock does not ſing well: they ſell the dead birds for three-pence or four-pence a dozen.

Theſe ſmall birds are ſo good, that we are ſurpriſed the luxury of the age neglects ſo delicate an acquiſition to the table. The modern Italians are fond of ſmall birds, which they eat under the common name of Beccaficos: and the dear rate a Roman tragedian paid for one diſh of ſinging birds * is well known.

Another particular we learned, in converſation with a London bird-catcher, was, the vaſt price that is ſometimes given for a ſingle ſong-bird, which had not learned to whiſtle tunes. The greateſt ſum we heard of, was five guineas for a chaffinch, that had

* *Maximè tamen inſignis eſt in hac memoria,* Clodii Æſopi *tragici hiſtrionis patina ſexcentis H. S. taxata; in quo poſuit aves cantu aliquo, aut humano ſermone, vocales.* Plin. lib. x. c. 51. The price of this expenſive diſh was about 6843 *l.* 10 *s.* according to Arbuthnot's Tables. This ſeems to have been a wanton caprice, rather than a tribute to epicuriſm.

a parti-

a particular and uncommon note, under which it was intended to train others: and we also heard of five pounds ten shillings being given for a call-bird linnet.

A third singular circumstance, which confirms an observation of Linnæus, is, that the male chaffinches fly by themselves, and in the flight precede the females; but this is not peculiar to the chaffinches. When the titlarks are caught in the beginning of the season, it frequently happens, that forty are taken and not one female among them: and probably the same would be observed with regard to other birds (as has been done with relation to the wheat-ear) if they were attended to.

An experienced and intelligent bird-catcher informed us, that such birds as breed twice a year, generally have in their first brood a majority of males, and in their second, of females, which may in part account for the above observation.

We must not omit mention of the bullfinch, though it does not properly come under the title of a singing bird, or a bird of flight, as it does not often move farther than from hedge to hedge; yet, as the bird sells well on account of its learning to whistle tunes, and sometimes flies over the fields where the nets are laid; the bird-catchers have often a call-bird to ensnare it, though most of them can imitate the call with their mouths. It is remarkable with regard to this bird, that the female answers the purpose of a call-bird as well as the male, which is not experienced in any other bird taken by the London bird-catchers.

It may perhaps surprise, that under this article of singing-birds, we have not mentioned the nightingale, which is not a bird of flight, in the sense the bird-catchers use this term. The nightingale, like the robin, wren, and many other singing birds, only moves from hedge to hedge, and does not take the periodical flights in October and March. The persons who catch these birds, make use of small trap-nets, without call-birds, and are considered as inferior in dignity to other bird-catchers, who will not rank with them.

The nightingale being the first of singing-birds, we shall here insert a few particulars relating to it.

Its arrival is expected, by the trappers in the neighbourhood of London, the first week in April; at the beginning none but cocks are taken, but in a few days the hens make their appearance, generally by themselves, though sometimes a few males come along with them.

The latter are distinguished from the females not only by their superior size, but by a great swelling of their vent, which commences on the first arrival of the hens.

They do not build till the middle of May, and generally chuse a quickset to make their nest in.

If the nightingale is kept in a cage, it often begins to sing about the latter end of November, and continues its song more or less till June.

A young canary bird, linnet, skylark, or robin (who have never heard any other bird) are said best to learn the note of a nightingale.

They are caught in a net-trap; the bottom of which is surrounded with an iron ring; the net itself is rather larger than a cabbage-net.

When the trappers hear or see them, they strew some fresh mould under the place, and bait the trap with a meal-worm from the baker's shop.

Ten

Ten or a dozen nightingales have been thus caught in a day. *Barrington.*

§ 21. *Experiments and Observations on the* Singing *of* Birds.

From the Philosophical Transactions, Vol. lxiii.

As the experiments and observations I mean to lay before the Royal Society relate to the singing of birds, which is a subject that hath never before been scientifically treated of *, it may not be improper to prefix an explanation of some uncommon terms, which I shall be obliged to use, as well as others which I have been under a necessity of coining.

To *chirp*, is the first sound which a young bird utters, as a cry for food, and is different in all nestlings, if accurately attended to; so that the hearer may distinguish of what species the birds are, though the nest may hang out of his sight and reach.

This cry is, as might be expected, very weak and querulous; it is dropped entirely as the bird grows stronger, nor is afterwards intermixed with its song, the chirp of a nightingale (for example) being hoarse and disagreeable.

To this definition of the chirp, I must add, that it consists of a single sound, repeated at very short intervals, and that it is common to nestlings of both sexes.

The *call* of a bird, is that sound which it is able to make when about a month old; it is, in most instances (which I happen to recollect) a repetition of one and the same note, is retained by the bird as long as it lives, and is common, generally, to both the cock and hen †.

The next stage in the notes of a bird is termed, by the bird-catchers, *recording*, which word is probably derived from a musical instrument, formerly used in England, called a recorder ‡.

This attempt in the nestling to sing, may be compared to the imperfect endeavour in a child to babble. I have known instances of birds beginning to record when they were not a month old.

This first essay does not seem to have the least rudiments of the future song; but as the bird grows older and stronger, one may begin to perceive what the nestling is aiming at.

Whilst the scholar is thus endeavouring to form his song, when he is once sure of a passage, he commonly raises his tone, which he drops again, when he is not equal to what he

* Kircher, indeed, in his Musurgia, hath given us some few passages in the song of the nightingale, as well as the call of a quail and cuckow, which he hath engraved in musical characters. These instances, however, only prove that some birds have in their song notes which correspond with the intervals of our common scale of the musical octave.

† For want of terms to distinguish the notes of birds, Bellon applies the verb *chantent*, or sing, to the goose and crane, as well as the nightingale. "Plusieurs oiseaux *chantent* la nuit, comme est l'oye, la grue, & le roffignol." Bellon's Hist. of Birds, p. 50.

‡ It seems to have been a species of flute, and was probably used to teach young birds to pipe tunes.

Lord Bacon describes this instrument to have been strait, to have had a lesser and greater bore, both above and below, to have required very little breath from the blower, and to have had what he calls a *fipple*, or stopper. See his second Century of Experiments.

is attempting; juſt as a ſinger raiſes his voice, when he not only recollects certain parts of a tune with preciſion, but knows that he can execute them.

What the neſtling is not thus thoroughly maſter of, he hurries over, lowering his tone, as if he did not wiſh to be heard, and could not yet ſatisfy himſelf.

I have never happened to meet with a paſſage in any writer, which ſeems to relate to this ſtage of ſinging in a bird, except, perhaps, in the following lines of Statius:

——— "Nunc volucrum novi
"Queſtus, inexpertumque carmen,
"Quod tacitâ ſtatuere brumâ."
Stat. Sylv. L. IV. Ecl. 5.

A young bird commonly continues to record for ten or eleven months, when he is able to execute every part of his ſong, which afterwards continues fixed, and is ſcarcely ever altered *.

When the bird is thus become perfect in his leſſon, he is ſaid to ſing his ſong round, or in all its varieties of paſſages, which he connects together, and executes without a pauſe.

I would therefore define a bird's ſong to be a ſucceſſion of three or more different notes, which are continued without interruption during the ſame interval with a muſical bar of four crotchets in an adagio movement, or whilſt a pendulum ſwings four ſeconds.

By the firſt requiſite in this definition, I mean to exclude the call of a cuckow, or clucking of a hen †, as they conſiſt of only two notes; whilſt the ſhort burſts of ſinging-birds, contending with each other (called *jerks* by the bird-catchers) are equally diſtinguiſhed from what I term ſong, by their not continuing for four ſeconds.

As the notes of a cuckow and hen, therefore, though they exceed what I have defined the call of a bird to be, do not amount to its ſong, I will, for this reaſon, take the liberty of terming ſuch a ſucceſſion of two notes as we hear in theſe birds the *varied call*.

Having thus ſettled the meaning of certain words, which I ſhall be obliged to make uſe of, I ſhall now proceed to ſtate ſome general principles with regard to the ſinging of birds, which ſeem to reſult from the experiments I have been making for ſeveral years, and under a great variety of circumſtances.

Notes in birds are no more innate, than language is in man, and depend entirely upon the maſter under which they are bred, as far as their organs will enable them to imitate the ſounds which they have frequent opportunities of hearing.

Moſt of the experiments I have made on this ſubject have been tried with cock linnets, which were fledged and nearly able to leave their neſt, on account not only of this bird's docility, and great powers of imitation, but becauſe the cock is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from the hen at that early period, by the ſuperior whiteneſs in the wing ‡.

* The bird called a Twite by the bird-catchers commonly flies in company with linnets, yet theſe two ſpecies of birds never learn each other's notes, which always continue totally different.

† The common hen, when ſhe lays, repeats the ſame note, very often, and concludes with the ſixth above, which ſhe holds for a longer time.

‡ The white reaches almoſt to the ſhaft of the quill feathers, and in the hen does not exceed more than half of that ſpace: it is alſo of a brighter hue.

In many other sorts of singing birds the male is not at the age of three weeks so certainly known from the female; and if the pupil turns out to be a hen,

"——— ibi omnis
"Effusus labor."

The Greek poets made a songster of the τετλιξ, whatever animal that may be, and it is remarkable, that they observed the female was incapable of singing as well as hen birds:

Ειτ' εισιν οι τετλιγες ωκ ευδαιμονες,
Ων ταις γυναιξιν ω δ' οτιουν φανης ενι;
Comicorum Græcorum Sententiæ,
p. 452. Ed. Steph.

I have indeed known an instance or two of a hen's making out something like the song of her species; but these are as rare as the common hen's being heard to crow.

I rather suspect also, that those parrots, magpies, &c. which either do not speak at all, or very little, are hens of those kinds.

I have educated nestling linnets under the three best singing larks, the skylark, woodlark, and titlark, every one of which, instead of the linnet's song, adhered entirely to that of their respective instructors.

When the note of the titlark-linnet * was thoroughly fixed, I hung the bird in a room with two common linnets, for a quarter of a year, which were full in song; the titlark-linnet, however, did not borrow any passages from the linnet's song, but adhered stedfastly to that of the titlark.

I had some curiosity to find out whether an European nestling would equally learn the note of an African bird: I therefore educated a young linnet under a vengolina †, which imitated its African master so exactly, without any mixture of the linnet song, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

This vengolina-linnet was absolutely perfect, without ever uttering a single note by which it could have been known to be a linnet. In some of my other experiments, however, the nestling linnet retained the call of its own species, or what the bird-catchers term the linnet's chuckle, from some resemblance to that word when pronounced.

I have before stated, that all my nestling linnets were three weeks old, when taken from the nest; and by that time they frequently learn their own call from the parent birds, which I have mentioned to consist of only a single note.

To be certain, therefore, that a nestling will not have even the call of its species, it should be taken from the nest when only a day or two old; because, though nestlings cannot see till the seventh day, yet they can hear from the instant they are hatched, and

* I thus call a bird which sings notes he would not have learned in a wild state; thus by a skylark-linnet, I mean a linnet with the skylark song; a nightingale-robin, a robin with the nightingale song, &c.

† This bird seems not to have been described by any of the ornithologists; it is of the finch tribe, and about the same size with our aberdavine (or siskin). The colours are grey and white, and the cock hath a bright yellow spot from the rump. It is a very familiar bird, and sings better than any of those which are not European, except the American mocking bird. An instance hath lately happened, in an aviary at Hampstead, of a vengolina's breeding with a Canary bird.

probably,

probably, from that circumſtance, attend to ſounds more than they do afterwards, eſpecially as the call of the parents announces the arrival of their food.

I muſt own, that I am not equal myſelf, nor can I procure any perſon to take the trouble of breeding up a bird of this age, as the odds againſt its being reared are almoſt infinite. The warmth indeed of incubation may be, in ſome meaſure, ſupplied by cotton and fires; but theſe delicate animals require in this ſtate, being fed almoſt perpetually, whilſt the nouriſhment they receive ſhould not only be prepared with great attention, but given in very ſmall portions at a time.

Though I muſt admit, therefore, that I have never reared myſelf a bird of ſo tender an age, yet I have happened to ſee both a linnet and a goldfinch which were taken from their neſts when only two or three days old.

The firſt of theſe belonged to Mr. Matthews, an apothecary at Kenſington, which, from a want of other ſounds to imitate, almoſt articulated the words pretty boy, as well as ſome other ſhort ſentences: I heard the bird myſelf repeat the words pretty boy; and Mr. Matthews aſſured me, that he had neither the note or call of any bird whatſoever.

This talking linnet died laſt year, before which, many people went from London to hear him ſpeak.

The goldfinch I have before mentioned, was reared in the town of Knighton in Radnorſhire, which I happened to hear, as I was walking by the houſe where it was kept.

I thought indeed that a wren was ſinging; and I went into the houſe to inquire after it, as that little bird ſeldom lives long in a cage.

The people of the houſe, however, told me, that they had no bird but a goldfinch, which they conceived to ſing its own natural note, as they called it; upon which I ſtaid a conſiderable time in the room, whilſt its notes were merely thoſe of a wren, without the leaſt mixture of goldfinch.

On further inquiries, I found that the bird had been taken from the neſt when only a day or two old, that it was hung in a window which was oppoſite to a ſmall garden, whence the neſtling had undoubtedly acquired the notes of the wren, without having had any opportunity of learning even the call of the goldfinch.

Theſe facts, which I have ſtated, ſeem to prove very deciſively, that birds have not any innate ideas of the notes which are ſuppoſed to be peculiar to each ſpecies. But it will poſſibly be aſked, why, in a wild ſtate, they adhere ſo ſteadily to the ſame ſong, inſomuch, that it is well known, before the bird is heard, what notes you are to expect from him.

This, however, ariſes entirely from the neſtling's attending only to the inſtruction of the parent bird, whilſt it diſregards the notes of all others, which may perhaps be ſinging round him.

Young Canary birds are frequently reared in a room where there are many other ſorts; and yet I have been informed, that they only learn the ſong of the parent cock.

Every one knows, that the common houſe-ſparrow, when in a wild ſtate, never does any thing but chirp: this, however, does not ariſe from want of powers in this bird to imitate others; but becauſe he only attends to the parental note.

But, to prove this decisively, I took a common sparrow from the nest when it was fledged, and educated him under a linnet: the bird, however, by accident, heard a goldfinch also, and his song was, therefore, a mixture of the linnet and goldfinch.

I have tried several experiments, in order to observe, from what circumstances birds fix upon any particular note when taken from the parents; but cannot settle this with any sort of precision, any more than at what period of their recording they determine upon the song to which they will adhere.

I educated a young robin under a very fine nightingale; which, however, began already to be out of song, and was perfectly mute in less than a fortnight.

This robin afterwards sung three parts in four nightingale; and the rest of his song was what the bird-catchers call rubbish, or no particular note whatsoever.

I hung this robin nearer to the nightingale than to any other bird; from which first experiment I conceived that the scholar would imitate the master which was at the least distance from him.

From several other experiments, however, which I have since tried, I find it to be very uncertain what notes the nestlings will most attend to, and often their song is a mixture; as in the instance which I before stated of the sparrow.

I must own also, that I conceived, from the experiment of educating the robin under a nightingale, that the scholar would fix upon the note which it first heard when taken from the nest; I imagined likewise, that, if the nightingale had been fully in song, the instruction for a fortnight would have been sufficient.

I have, however, since tried the following experiment, which convinces me, so much depends upon circumstances, and perhaps caprice in the scholar, that no general inference, or rule, can be laid down with regard to either of these suppositions.

I educated a nestling robin under a woodlark-linnet, which was full in song, and hung very near to him for a month together: after which, the robin was removed to another house, where he could only hear a skylark-linnet. The consequence was, that the nestling did not sing a note of woodlark (though I afterwards hung him again just above the woodlark-linnet) but adhered entirely to the song of the skylark-linnet.

Having thus stated the result of several experiments, which were chiefly intended to determine, whether birds had any innate ideas of the notes, or song, which is supposed to be peculiar to each species, I shall now make some general observations on their singing; though perhaps the subject may appear to many a very minute one.

Every poet, indeed, speaks with raptures of the harmony of the groves; yet those even, who have good musical ears, seem to pay little attention to it, but as a pleasing noise.

I am also convinced (though it may seem rather paradoxical) that the inhabitants of London distinguish more accurately, and know more on this head, than of all the other parts of the island taken together.

This seems to arise from two causes.

The first is, that we have not more musical ideas which are innate, than we have of language; and therefore those even, who have the happiness to have organs which are capable of receiving a gratification from this sixth sense (as it hath been called by some) require, however, the best instruction.

The orchestra of the opera, which is con-

fined to the metropolis, hath diffused a good style of playing over the other bands of the capital, which is, by degrees, communicated to the fidler and ballad-singer in the streets; the organs in every church, as well as those of the Savoyards, contribute likewise to this improvement of musical faculties in the Londoners.

If the singing of the ploughman in the country is therefore compared with that of the London blackguard, the superiority is infinitely on the side of the latter; and the same may be observed in comparing the voice of a country girl and London house-maid, as it is very uncommon to hear the former sing tolerably in tune.

I do not mean by this, to assert that the inhabitants of the country are not born with as good musical organs; but only, that they have not the same opportunities of learning from others, who play in tune themselves.

The other reason for the inhabitants of London judging better in relation to the song of birds, arises from their hearing each bird distinctly, either in their own or their neighbours shops; as also from a bird continuing much longer in song whilst in a cage than when at liberty; the cause of which I shall endeavour hereafter to explain.

They who live in the country, on the other hand, do not hear birds sing in their woods for above two months in the year, when the confusion of notes prevents their attending to the song of any particular bird; nor does he continue long enough in a place, for the hearer to recollect his notes with accuracy.

Besides this, birds in the spring sing very loud indeed; but they only give short jerks, and scarcely ever the whole compass of their song.

For these reasons, I have never happened to meet with any person, who had not resided in London, whose judgment or opinion on this subject I could the least rely upon; and a stronger proof of this cannot be given, than that most people, who keep Canary birds, do not know that they sing chi[illegible]her the titlark or nightingale notes*.

Nothing, however, can be more marked than the note of a nightingale called its jug, which most of the Canary birds brought from the Tyrol commonly have, as well as several nightingale strokes, or particular passages in the song of that bird.

I mention this superior knowledge in the inhabitants of the capital, because I am convinced, that, if others are consulted in relation to the singing of birds, they will only mislead, instead of giving any material or useful information †.

Birds

* I once saw two of these birds which came from the Canary Islands, neither of which had any song at all; and I have been informed that a ship brought a great many of them not long since, which sung as little.

Most of those Canary birds, which are imported from the Tyrol, have been educated by parents, the progenitor of which was instructed by a nightingale; our English Canary birds have commonly more of the titlark note.

The traffick in these birds makes a small article of commerce, as four Tyroleze generally bring over to England sixteen hundred every year; and though they carry them on their backs one thousand miles, as well as pay 20*l.* duty for such a number, yet, upon the whole, it answers to sell these birds at 5 *s.* apiece.

The chief place for breeding Canary birds is Inspruck and its environs, from whence they are sent to Constantinople, as well as every part of Europe.

† As it will not answer to catch birds with

Birds in a wild ſtate do not commonly ſing above ten weeks in the year? which is then alſo confined to the cocks of a few ſpecies; I conceive that this laſt circumſtance ariſes from the ſuperior ſtrength of the muſcles of the larynx.

I procured a cock nightingale, a cock and hen blackbird, a cock and hen rook, a cock linnet, as alſo a cock and hen chaffinch, which that very eminent anatomiſt, Mr. Hunter, F. R. S. was ſo obliging as to diſſect for me, and begged, that he would particularly attend to the ſtate of the organs in the different birds, which might be ſuppoſed to contribute to ſinging.

Mr. Hunter found the muſcles of the larynx to be ſtronger in the nightingale than in any other bird of the ſame ſize; and in all thoſe inſtances (where he diſſected both cock and hen) that the ſame muſcles were ſtronger in the cock.

I ſent the cock and hen rook, in order to ſee whether there would be the ſame difference in the cock and hen of a ſpecies which did not ſing at all. Mr. Hunter, however, told me, that he had not attended ſo much to their comparative organs of voice, as in the other kinds; but that, to the beſt of his recollection, there was no difference at all.

Strength, however, in theſe muſcles, ſeems not to be the only requiſite; the birds muſt have alſo great plenty of food, which ſeems to be proved ſufficiently by birds in a cage ſinging the greateſt part of the year*, when the wild ones do not (as I obſerved before) continue in ſong above ten weeks.

The food of ſinging birds conſiſts of plants, inſects, or ſeeds, and of the two firſt of theſe there is infinitely the greateſt profuſion in the ſpring.

As for ſeeds, which are to be met with only in the autumn, I think they cannot well find any great quantities of them in a country ſo cultivated as England is; for the ſeeds in meadows are deſtroyed by mowing; in paſtures, by the bite of the cattle; and in arable, by the plough, when moſt of them are buried too deep for the bird to reach them†.

I know well that the ſinging of the cock-bird in the ſpring is attributed by many to the motive only of pleaſing its mate during incubation.

They, however, who ſuppoſe this, ſhould recollect, that much the greater part of birds do not ſing at all, why ſhould their mate therefore be deprived of this ſolace and amuſement?

The bird in a cage, which, perhaps, ſings nine or ten months in a year, cannot do ſo from this inducement: and, on the contrary, it ariſes chiefly from contending with another bird, or indeed againſt almoſt any ſort of continued noiſe.

Superiority in ſong gives to birds a moſt amazing aſcendency over each other; as is well know to the bird-catchers by the faſcinating power of their call-birds, which they

clap-nets any where but in the neighbourhoood of London, moſt of the birds which may be heard in a country town are neſtlings, and conſequently cannot ſing the ſuppoſed natural ſong in any perfection.

* Fiſh alſo which are ſupplied with a conſtant ſucceſſion of palatable food, continue in ſeaſon throughout the greateſt part of the year; trouts, therefore, when confined in a ſtew and fed with minnows, are almoſt at all ſeaſons of a good flavour, and are red when dreſſed.

† The plough indeed may turn up ſome few ſeeds, which may ſtill be in an eatable ſtate.

contrive

contrive ſhould moult prematurely for this purpoſe.

But, to ſhew deciſively that the ſinging of a bird in the ſpring does not ariſe from any attention to its mate, a very experienced catcher of nightingales hath informed me, that ſome of theſe birds have jerked the inſtant they were caught. He hath alſo brought to me a nightingale, which had been but a few hours in a cage, and which burſt forth in a roar of ſong.

At the ſame time this bird is ſo ſulky on its firſt confinement, that he muſt be crammed for ſeven or eight days, as he will otherwiſe not feed himſelf; it is alſo neceſſary to tye his wings, to prevent his killing himſelf againſt the top or ſides of the cage

I believe there is no inſtance of any bird's ſinging which exceeds our black-bird in ſize: and poſſibly this may ariſe from the difficulty of its concealing itſelf, if it called the attention of its enemies, not only by bulk, but by the proportionable loudneſs of its notes *.

I ſhould rather conceive, it is for the ſame reaſon that no hen-bird ſings, becauſe this talent would be ſtill more dangerous during incubation; which may poſſibly alſo account for the inferiority in point of plumage.

Barrington.

FISHES.

§ 22. *The* EEL.

The eel is a very ſingular fiſh in ſeveral things that relate to its natural hiſtory, and in ſome reſpects borders on the nature of the reptile tribe.

It is known to quit its element, and during night to wander along the meadows, not only for change of habitation, but alſo for the ſake of prey, feeding on the ſnails it finds in its paſſage.

During winter it beds itſelf deep in the mud, and continues in a ſtate of reſt like the ſerpent kind. It is very impatient of cold, and will eagerly take ſhelter in a whiſp of ſtraw flung into a pond in ſevere weather, which has ſometimes been practiſed as a method of taking them. Albertus goes ſo far as to ſay, that he has known eels to ſhelter in an hay-rick, yet all periſhed through exceſs of cold.

It has been obſerved, that in the river Nyne there is a variety of ſmall eel, with a leſſer head and narrower mouth than the common kind; that it is found in cluſters in the bottom of the river, and is called the bed-eel; theſe are ſometimes rouſed up by violent floods, and are never found at that time with meat in their ſtomachs. This bears ſuch an analogy with the cluſtering of blindworms in their quieſcent ſtate, that we cannot but conſider it as a further proof of a partial agreement in the nature of the two genera.

The ancients adopted a moſt wild opinion about the generation of theſe fiſh, believing them to be either created from the mud, or that the ſcrapings of their bodies which they left on the ſtones were animated and became young eels. Some moderns gave into theſe opinions, and into others that were equally extravagant. They could not account for the appearance of theſe fiſh in ponds that never were ſtocked with them, and that were even ſo remote as to make their being met with in ſuch places a phænomenon that they could not

* For the ſame reaſon, moſt large birds are wilder than the ſmaller ones.

not solve. But there is much reason to believe, that many waters are supplied with these fish by the aquatic fowl of prey, in the same manner as vegetation is spread by many of the land birds, either by being dropped as they carry them to feed their young, or by passing quick through their bodies, as is the case with herons; and such may be the occasion of the appearance of these fish in places where they were never seen before. As to their immediate generation, it has been sufficiently proved to be effected in the ordinary course of nature, and that they are viviparous.

They are extremely voracious, and very destructive to the fry of fish.

No fish lives so long out of water as the eel: it is extremely tenacious of life, as its parts will move a considerable time after they are flayed and cut into pieces.

The eel is placed by Linnæus in the genus of *muræna*, his first of the apodal fish, or such which want the ventral fins.

The eyes are placed not remote from the end of the nose: the irides are tinged with red: the under jaw is longer than the upper; the teeth are small, sharp, and numerous: beneath each eye is a minute orifice: at the end of the nose two others, small and tubular.

The fish is furnished with a pair of pectoral fins, rounded at their ends. Another narrow fin on the back, uniting with that of the tail; and the anal fin joins it in the same manner beneath.

Behind the pectoral fins is the orifice to the gills, which are concealed in the skin.

Eels vary much in their colours, from a sooty hue to a light olive green; and those which are called silver eels, have their bellies white, and a remarkable clearness throughout.

Besides these, there is another variety of this fish, known in the Thames by the name of grigs, and about Oxford by that of grigs or gluts. These are scarce ever seen near Oxford in the winter, but appear in spring, and bite readily at the hook, which common eels in that neighbourhood will not. They have a larger head, a blunter nose, thicker skin, and less fat than the common sort; neither are they so much esteemed, nor do they often exceed three or four pounds in weight.

Common eels grow to a large size, sometimes so great as to weigh fifteen or twenty pounds, but that is extremely rare. As to instances brought by Dale and others, of these fish increasing to a superior magnitude, we have much reason to suspect them to have been congers, since the enormous fish they describe have all been taken at the mouths of the Thames or Medway.

The eel is the most universal of fish, yet is scarce ever found in the Danube, though it is very common in the lakes and rivers of Upper Austria.

The Romans held this fish very cheap, probably from its likeness to a snake.

> Vos anguilla manet longæ cognata colubræ,
> Vernula riparum pinguis torrente cloaca.
> Juvenal, Sat. v.
> For you is kept a sink-fed snake-like eel.

On the contrary, the luxurious Sybarites were so fond of these fish, as to exempt from every kind of tribute the persons who sold them.

§ 23. *The* Perch.

The perch of Aristotle and Ausonius is the same with that of the moderns. That mentioned by Oppian, Pliny, and Athenæus, is

is a sea-fish, probably of the *Labrus* or *Sparus* kind, being enumerated by them among some congenerous species. Our perch was much esteemed by the Romans:

Nec te delicias mensarum Perca, silebo
Amnigenos inter pisces dignande marinis.
Ausonius.

It is not less admired at present as a firm and delicate fish; and the Dutch are particularly fond of it when made into a dish called water souchy.

It is a gregarious fish, and loves deep holes and gentle streams. It is a most voracious fish, and eager biter: if the angler meets with a shoal of them, he is sure of taking every one.

It is a common notion that the pike will not attack this fish, being fearful of the spiny fins which the perch erects on the approach of the former. This may be true in respect to large fish; but it is well known the small ones are the most tempting bait that can be laid for the pike.

The perch is a fish very tenacious of life: we have known them carried near sixty miles in dry straw, and yet survive the journey.

These fish seldom grow to a large size: we once heard of one that was taken in the Serpentine river, Hyde Park, that weighed nine pounds; but that is very uncommon.

The body is deep: the scales very rough: the back much arched: side-line near the back.

The irides golden: the teeth small, disposed in the jaws and on the roof of the mouth: the edges of the covers of the gills serrated: on the lower end of the largest is a sharp spine.

The first dorsal fin consists of fourteen strong spiny rays: the second of sixteen soft ones: the pectoral fins are transparent, and consist of fourteen rays; the ventral of six; the anal of eleven.

The tail is a little forked.

The colours are beautiful: the back and part of the sides being of a deep green, marked with five broad black bars pointing downwards: the belly is white, tinged with red: the ventral fins of a rich scarlet; the anal fins and tail of the same colour, but rather paler.

In a lake called Llyn Raithlyn, in Merionethshire, is a very singular variety of perch: the back is quite hunched, and the lower part of the back bone, next the tail, strangely distorted: in colour, and in other respects, it resembles the common kind, which are as numerous in the lake as these deformed fish. They are not peculiar to this water; for Linnæus takes notice of a similar variety found at Fahlun, in his own country. I have also heard that it is to be met with in the Thames near Marlow.

§ 24. *The* Trout.

It is matter of surprise that this common fish has escaped the notice of all the ancients, except Ausonius: it is also singular, that so delicate a species should be neglected at a time when the folly of the table was at its height; and that the epicures should overlook a fish that is found in such quantities in the lakes of their neighbourhood, when they ransacked the universe for dainties. The milts of *murænæ* were brought from one place; the livers of *scari* from another *; and oysters even

* Suetonius, vita Vitellii.

from so remote a spot as our Sandwich *: but there was, and is a fashion in the article of good living. The Romans seem to have despised the trout, the piper, and the doree; and we believe Mr. Quin himself would have resigned the rich paps of a pregnant sow †, the heels of camels ‡, and the tongues of *flamingos* ||, though dressed by Heliogabalus's cooks, for a good jowl of salmon with lobster-sauce.

When Ausonius speaks of this fish, he makes no euloge on its goodness, but celebrates it only for its beauty.

Purpureisque SALAR stellatus tergore guttis.

With purple spots the SALAR's back is stain'd.

These marks point out the species he intended: what he meant by his *fario* is not so easy to determine: whether any species of trout, of a size between the *salar* and the salmon; or whether the salmon itself, at a certain age, is not very evident.

Teque inter geminos species, neutrumque et utrumque,
Qui nec dum SALMO, nec SALAR ambiguusque,
Amborum medio FARIO intercepte sub ævo.

SALMON or SALAR, I'll pronounce thee neither;
A doubtful kind, that may be none or either,
FARIO, when stopt in middle growth.

In fact, the colours of the trout, and its spots, vary greatly in different waters, and in different seasons; yet each may be reduced to one species. In Llyndivi, a lake in South Wales, are trouts called *coch y dail*, marked with red and black spots as big as six-pences; others unspotted, and of a reddish hue, that sometimes weigh near ten pounds, but are bad tasted.

In Lough Neagh, in Ireland, are trouts called there *buddaghs*, which I was told sometimes weighed thirty pounds; but it was not my fortune to see any during my stay in the neighbourhood of that vast water.

Trouts (probably of the same species) are also taken in Hulse-water, a lake in Cumberland, of a much superior size to those of Lough Neagh. These are supposed to be the same with the trout of the lake of Geneva, a fish I have eaten more than once, and think but a very indifferent one.

In the river Eynion, not far from Machyntleth, in Merionethshire, and in one of the Snowdon lakes, are found a variety of trout, which are naturally deformed, having a strange crookedness near the tail, resembling that of the perch before described. We dwell the less on these monstrous productions, as our friend the Hon. Daines Barrington, has already given an account of them in an ingenious dissertation on some of the Cambrian fish, published in the Philosophical Transactions of the year 1767.

The stomachs of the common trouts are uncommonly thick and muscular. They feed on the shell-fish of lakes and rivers, as well as on small fish. They likewise take into their stomachs gravel, or small stones, to assist in comminuting the testaceous parts of their food. The trouts of certain lakes in Ireland, such as those of the province of Galway, and some others, are remarkable for the great thickness of their stomachs, which, from some slight resemblance to the organs of digestion in birds, have been called gizzards: the Irish name the species

* Juvenal Sat. IV. 141.
† Martial, Lib. XIII. Epig. 44.
‡ Lamprid. vit. Heliogab.
|| Martial, Lib. XII. Epig. 71.

that has them, *Gillaroo* trouts. Theſe ſtomachs are ſometimes ſerved up to table, under the former appellation. It does not appear to me, that the extraordinary ſtrength of ſtomach in the Iriſh fiſh, ſhould give any ſuſpicion that it is a diſtinct ſpecies: the nature of the waters might increaſe the thickneſs; or the ſuperior quantity of ſhell-fiſh, which may more frequently call for the uſe of its comminuting powers than thoſe of our trouts, might occaſion this difference. I had opportunity of comparing the ſtomach of a great *Gillaroo* trout, with a large one from the Uxbridge river. The laſt, if I recollect, was ſmaller, and out of ſeaſon; and its ſtomach (notwithſtanding it was very thick) was much inferior in ſtrength to that of the former: but on the whole, there was not the leaſt ſpecific difference between the two ſubjects.

Trouts are moſt voracious fiſh, and afford excellent diverſion to the angler: the paſſion for the ſport of angling is ſo great in the neighbourhood of London, that the liberty of fiſhing in ſome of the ſtreams in the adjacent counties, is purchaſed at the rate of ten pounds per annum.

Theſe fiſh ſhift their quarters to ſpawn, and, like ſalmon, make up towards the heads of rivers to depoſit their roes. The under jaw of the trout is ſubject, at certain times, to the ſame curvature as that of the ſalmon.

A trout taken in Llynallet, in Denbighſhire, which is famous for an excellent kind, meaſured ſeventeen inches, its depth three and three quarters, its weight one pound ten ounces: the head thick; the noſe rather ſharp: the upper jaw a little longer than the lower; both jaws, as well as the head, were of a pale brown, blotched with black: the teeth ſharp and ſtrong, diſpoſed in the jaws, roof of the mouth and tongue, as is the caſe with the whole genus, except the gwyniad, which is toothleſs, and the grayling, which has none on its tongue.

The back was duſky; the ſides tinged with a purpliſh bloom, marked with deep purple ſpots, mixed with black, above and below the ſide line which was ſtrait: the belly white.

The firſt dorſal fin was ſpotted; the ſpurious fin brown, tipped with red; the pectoral, ventral, and anal fins, of a pale brown; the edges of the anal fin white, the tail very little forked when extended.

§ 25. *The* Pike *or* Jack.

The pike is common in moſt of the lakes of Europe, but the largeſt are thoſe taken in Lapland, which, according to Schæffer, are ſometimes eight feet long. They are taken there in great abundance, dried, and exported for ſale. The largeſt fiſh of this kind which we ever heard of in England, weighed thirty-five pounds.

According to the common ſaying, theſe fiſh were introduced into England in the reign of Henry VIII. in 1537. They were ſo rare, that a pike was ſold for double the price of a houſe-lamb in February, and a pickerel for more than a fat capon.

All writers who treat of this ſpecies bring inſtances of its vaſt voracioufneſs. We have known one that was choaked by attempting to ſwallow one of its own ſpecies that proved too large a morſel. Yet its jaws are very looſely connected; and have on each ſide an additional bone like the jaw of a viper, which renders them capable of greater diſtention when it ſwallows its prey. It does not confine it-

self to feed on fish and frogs; it will devour the water rat, and draw down the young ducks as they are swimming about. In a manuscript note which we found, p. 244, of our copy of Plott's History of Staffordshire, is the following extraordinary fact: "At Lord "Gower's canal at Trentham, a pike seized "the head of a swan as she was feeding under "water, and gorged so much of it as killed "them both. The servants perceiving the "swan with its head under water for a longer "time than usual, took the boat, and found "both swan and pike dead *."

But there are instances of its fierceness still more surprising, and which indeed border a little on the marvellous. Gesner † relates, that a famished pike in the Rhone seized on the lips of a mule that was brought to water, and that the beast drew the fish out before it could disengage itself. That people have been bit by these voracious creatures while they were washing their legs, and that they will even contend with the otter for its prey, and endeavour to force it out of its mouth.

Small fish shew the same uneasiness and detestation at the presence of this tyrant, as the little birds do at the sight of the hawk or owl, When the pike lies dormant near the surface (as is frequently the case) the lesser fish are often observed to swim around it in vast numbers, and in great anxiety. Pike are often haltered in a noose, and taken while they lie thus asleep, as they are often found in the ditches near the Thames, in the month of May.

* This note we afterwards discovered was wrote by Mr. Plott, of Oxford, who assured me he inserted it on good authority.

† Gesner pisc. 503.

In the shallow water of the Lincolnshire fens they are frequently taken in a manner peculiar, we believe, to that country, and the isle of Ceylon. The fishermen make use of what is called a crown-net, which is no more than a hemispherical basket, open at top and bottom. He stands at the end of one of the little fenboats, and frequently puts his basket down to the bottom of the water, then poking a stick into it, discovers whether he has any booty by the striking of the fish; and vast numbers of pike are taken in this manner.

The longevity of this fish is very remarkable, if we may credit the accounts given of it. Rzaczynski tells us of one that was ninety years old; but Gesner relates, that in the year 1497, a pike was taken near Hailbrun, in Suabia, with a brazen ring affixed to it, on which were these words in Greek characters: *I am the fish which was first of all put into this lake by the hands of the governor of the universe*, Frederick *the second, the 5th of October*, 1230: so that the former must have been an infant to this Methusalem of a fish.

Pikes spawn in March or April, according to the coldness or warmth of the weather. When they are in high season their colours are very fine, being green, spotted with bright yellow; and the gills are of a most vivid and full red. When out of season, the green changes to grey, and the yellow spots turn pale.

The head is very flat; the upper jaw broad, and is shorter than the lower: the under jaw turns up a little at the end, and is marked with minute punctures.

The teeth are very sharp, disposed only in the front of the upper jaw, but in both sides of the lower, in the roof of the mouth, and often the

the tongue. The slit of the mouth, or the gape, is very wide; the eyes small.

The dorsal fin is placed very low on the back, and consists of twenty-one rays; the pectoral of fifteen; the ventral of eleven; the anal of eighteen.

The tail is bifurcated.

§ 26. *The* CARP.

This is one of the naturalized fish of our country, having been introduced here by Leonard Maschal, about the year 1514* to whom we were also indebted for that excellent apple the pepin. The many good things that our island wanted before that period, are enumerated in this old distich:

> Turkies, carps, hops, pickerel, and beer,
> Came into England all in one year.

As to the two last articles we have some doubts, the others we believe to be true. Russia wants these fish at this day; Sweden has them only in the ponds of the people of fashion; Polish Prussia is the chief seat of the carp; they abound in the rivers and lakes of that country, particularly in the Frisch and Curisch-haff, where they are taken of a vast size. They are there a great article of commerce, and sent in well-boats to Sweden and Russia. The merchants purchase them out of the waters of the noblesse of the country, who draw a good revenue from this article. Neither are there wanting among our gentry, instances of some who make good profit of their ponds.

The ancients do not separate the carp from the sea fish. We are credibly informed that they are sometimes found in the harbour of Dantzick, between the town and a small place called Hela.

Carp are very long lived. Gesner brings an instance of one that was an hundred years old. They also grow to a very great size. On our own knowledge we can speak of none that exceeded twenty pounds in weight; but Jovius says, that they were sometimes taken in the Lacus Larius (the Lago di Como) of two hundred pounds weight; and Rzaczynski mentions others taken in the Dniester that were five feet in length.

They are also extremely tenacious of life, and will live for a most remarkable time out of water. An experiment has been made by placing a carp in a net, well wrapped up in wet moss, the mouth only remaining out, and then hung up in a cellar, or some cool place: the fish is frequently fed with white bread and milk, and is besides often plunged into water. Carp thus managed have been known, not only to have lived above a fortnight, but to grow exceedingly fat, and far superior in taste to those that are immediately killed from the pond †.

The carp is a prodigious breeder: its quantity of roe has been sometimes found so great, that when taken out and weighed against the fish itself, the former has been found to preponderate. From the spawn of this fish caviare is made for the Jews, who hold the sturgeon in abhorrence.

These fish are extremely cunning, and on

* Fuller's British Worthies, Sussex. 113.

† This was told me by a gentleman of the utmost veracity, who had twice made the experiment. The same fact is related by that pious philosopher Doctor Derham, in his Physico-Theology, edit. 9th. 1737. ch. 1. p. 7. n. 6.

that

that account are by some styled the *river fox*. They will sometimes leap over the nets, and escape that way; at others, will immerse themselves so deep in the mud, as to let the net pass over them. They are also very shy of taking a bait; yet at the spawning time they are so simple, as to suffer themselves to be tickled, handled, and caught by any body that will attempt it.

This fish is apt to mix its milt with the roe of other fish, from which is produced a spurious breed: we have seen the offspring of the carp and tench, which bore the greatest resemblance to the first: have also heard of the same mixture between the carp and bream.

The carp is of a thick shape: the scales very large, and when in best season of a fine gilded hue,

The jaws are of equal length; there are two teeth in the jaws, or on the tongue; but at the entrance of the gullet, above and below, are certain bones that act on each other, and comminute the food before it passes down.

On each side of the mouth is a single beard; above those on each side another, but shorter: the dorsal fin extends far towards the tail, which is a little bifurcated; the third ray of the dorsal fin is very strong, and armed with sharp teeth, pointing downwards; the third ray of the anal fin is constructed in the same manner.

§ 27. *The* Barbel.

This fish was so extremely coarse, as to be overlooked by the ancients till the time of Ausonius, and what he says is no panegyric on it; for he lets us know it loves deep waters, and that when it grows old it was not absolutely bad.

Laxos exerces Barbe natatus,
Tu melior pejore ævo, tibi contigit uni
Spirantum ex numero non inaudata senectus.

It frequents the still and deep parts of rivers, and lives in society, rooting like swine with their noses in the soft banks. It is so tame as to suffer itself to be taken with the hand; and people have been known to take numbers by diving or them. In summer they move about during night in search of food but towards autumn, and during winter, confine themselves to the deepest holes.

They are the worst and coarsest of fresh water fish, and seldom eat but by the poorer sort of people, who sometimes boil them with a bit of bacon to give them a relish. The roe is very noxious, affecting those who unwarily eat of it with a nausea, vomiting, purging, and a slight swelling.

It is sometimes found of the length of three feet, and eighteen pounds in weight: it is of a long and rounded form: the scales not large.

Its head is smooth: the nostrils placed near the eyes; the mouth is placed below: on each corner is a single beard, and another on each side the nose.

The dorsal fin is armed with a remarkable strong spine, sharply serrated, with which it can inflict a very severe wound on the incautious handler, and even do much damage to the nets.

The pectoral fins are of a pale brown colour; the ventral and anal tipped with yellow: the tail a little bifurcated, and of a deep purple: the side line is strait.

The scales are of a pale gold colour, edged with black: the belly is white.

§ 28.

§ 28. *The* Tench.

The tench underwent the ſame fate with the barbel, in reſpect to the notice taken of it by the early writers: and even Auſonius, who firſt mentions it, treats it with ſuch diſreſpect, as evinces the great capriciouſneſs of taſte; for that fiſh, which at preſent is held in ſuch good repute was, in his days the repaſt only of the canaille.

> Quis non et virides vulgi ſolatia Tincas
> Norit?

It has been by ſome called the Phyſician of the fiſh, and that the ſlime is ſo healing, that the wounded apply it as a ſtyptic. The ingenious Mr. Diaper, in his piſcatory eclogues, ſays, that even the voracious pike will ſpare the tench on account of its healing powers:

> The Tench he ſpares a medicinal kind:
> For when by wounds diſtreſt, or ſore diſeaſe,
> He courts the ſalutary fiſh for eaſe;
> Cloſe to his ſcales the kind phyſician glides,
> And ſweats a healing balſam from his ſides.
> Ecl. II.

Whatever virtue its ſlime may have to the inhabitants of the water, we will not vouch for, but its fleſh is a wholeſome and delicious food to thoſe of the earth. The Germans are of a different opinion. By way of contempt, they call it Snoemaker. Geſner even ſays, that it is inſipid and unwholeſome.

It does not commonly exceed four or five pounds in weight, but we have heard of one that weighed ten pounds; Salvianus ſpeaks of ſome that arrived at twenty pounds.

They love ſtill waters, and are rarely found in rivers: they are very fooliſh, and eaſily caught.

The tench is thick and ſhort in proportion to its length: the ſcales are very ſmall, and covered with ſlime.

The irides are red: there is ſometimes, but not always, a ſmall beard at each corner of the mouth.

The colour of the back is duſky; the dorſal and ventral fins of the ſame colour: the head, ſides, and belly, of a greeniſh caſt, moſt beautifully mixed with gold, which is in its greateſt ſplendor when the fiſh is in the higheſt ſeaſon.

The tail is quite even at the end, and very broad.

§ 29. *The* Gudgeon.

Ariſtotle mentions the gudgeon in two places; once as a river fiſh, and again as a ſpecies that was gregarious: in a third place he deſcribes it as a ſea fiſh; we muſt therefore conſider the κωβιος he mentions lib. ix. c. 2. and lib. viii. c. 19. as the ſame with our ſpecies.

This fiſh is generally found in gentle ſtreams, and is of a ſmall ſize: thoſe few, however, that are caught in the Kennet, and Cole, are three times the weight of thoſe taken elſewhere. The largeſt we ever heard of was taken near Uxbridge, and weighed half a pound.

They bite eagerly, and are aſſembled by raking the bed of the river; to this ſpot they immediately crowd in ſhoals, expecting food from this diſturbance.

The ſhape of the body is thick and round: the irides tinged with red: the gill covers with green and ſilver: the lower jaw is ſhorter than the upper: at each corner of the mouth is a ſingle beard: the back olive, ſpotted with black: the ſide line ſtrait; the ſides beneath that ſilvery: the belly white.

The

The tail is forked; that, as well as the dorsal fin, is spotted with black.

§ 30. *The* Bream.

The bream is an inhabitant of lakes, or the deep parts of still rivers. It is a fish that is very little esteemed, being extremely insipid.

It is extremely deep, and thin in proportion to its length. The back rises very much, and is very sharp at the top. The head and mouth are small: on some we examined in the spring, were abundance of minute whitish tubercles; an accident which Pliny seems to have observed befals the fish of the Lago Maggiore, and Lago di Como. The scales are very large: the sides flat and thin.

The dorsal fin has eleven rays, the second of which is the longest: that fin, as well as all the rest, are of a dusky colour; the back of the same hue: the sides yellowish.

The tail is very large, and of the form of a crescent.

§ 31. *The* Crucian.

This species is common in many of the fish-ponds about London, and other parts of the south of England; but I believe is not a native fish.

It is very deep and thick: the back is much arched: the dorsal fin consists of nineteen rays; the two first strong and serrated. The pectoral fins have (each) thirteen rays; the ventral nine; the anal seven or eight: the lateral line parallel with the belly: the tail almost even at the end.

The colour of the fish in general is a deep yellow: the meat is coarse, and little esteemed.

§ 32. *The* Roach.

'Sound as a roach,' is a proverb that appears to be but indifferently founded, that fish being not more distinguished for its vivacity than many others; yet it is used by the French as well as us, who compare people of strong health to their *gardon*, our roach.

It is a common fish, found in many of our deep still rivers, affecting, like the others of this genus, quiet waters. It is gregarious, keeping in large shoals. We have never seen them very large. Old Walton speaks of some that weighed two pounds. In a list of fish sold in the London markets, with the greatest weight of each, communicated to us by an intelligent fishmonger, is mention of one whose weight was five pounds.

The roach is deep but thin, and the back is much elevated, and sharply ridged: the scales large and fall off very easily. Side line bends much in the middle towards the belly.

§ 33. *The* Dace.

This, like the roach, is gregarious, haunts the same places, is a great breeder, very lively, and during summer is very fond of frolicing near the surface of the water. This fish and the roach are coarse and insipid meat.

Its head is small: the irides of a pale yellow: the body long and slender: its length seldom above ten inches, though in the abovementioned list is an account of one that weighed a pound and a half: the scales smaller than those of the roach.

The back is varied with dusky, with a cast of a yellowish green: the sides and belly silvery: the dorsal fin dusky: the ventral, anal, and caudal fins red, but less so than those of the former: the tail is very much forked.

§ 34.

§ 34. *The* Chub.

Salvianus imagines this fish to have been the *squalus* of the ancients, and grounds his opinion on a supposed error in a certain passage in Columella and Varro, where he would substitute the word *squalus* instead of *scarus*: Columella says no more than that the old Romans paid much attention to their stews, and kept even the sea-fish in fresh water, paying as much respect to the *mullet* and *scarus*, as those of his days did to the *muræna* and *bass*.

That the *scarus* was not our *chub*, is very evident; not only because the chub is entirely an inhabitant of fresh waters, but likewise it seems improbable that the Romans would give themselves any trouble about the worst of river fish, when they neglected the most delicious kinds; all their attention was directed towards those of the sea: the difficulty of procuring them seems to have been the criterion of their value, as is ever the case with effete luxury.

The chub is a very coarse fish, and full of bones: it frequents the deep holes of rivers, and during summer commonly lies on the surface, beneath the shade of some tree or bush. It is a very timid fish, sinking to the bottom on the least alarm, even at the passing of a shadow, but they will soon resume their situation. It feeds on worms, caterpillars, grasshoppers, beetles, and other coleopterous insects that happen to fall into the water; and it will even feed on cray-fish. This fish will rise to a fly.

This fish takes its name from its head, not only in our own, but in other languages: we call it *chub*, according to Skinner, from the old English, *cop*, a head; the French, *testard*; the Italians, *capitone*.

It does not grow to a large size; we have known some that weighed above five pounds, but Salvianus speaks of others that were eight or nine pounds in weight.

The body is oblong, rather round, and of a pretty equal thickness the greatest part of the way: the scales are large.

The irides silvery; the cheeks of the same colour: the head and back of a deep dusky green; the sides silvery, but in the summer yellow: the belly white: the pectoral fins of a pale yellow: the ventral and anal fins red: the tail a little forked, of a browniſh hue, but tinged with blue at the end.

§ 35. *The* Bleak.

The taking of these, Ausonius lets us know, was the sport of children,

Alburnos prædam puerilibus hamis.

They are very common in many of our rivers, and keep together in large shoals. These fish seem at certain seasons to be in great agonies; they tumble about near the surface of the water, and are incapable of swimming far from the place, but in about two hours recover, and disappear. Fish thus affected the Thames fishermen call *mad bleaks*. They seem to be troubled with a species of *gordius* or hair-worm, of the same kind with those which Aristotle * says that the *ballerus* and *tillo* are infested with, which torments them so that they rise to the surface of the water and then die.

Artificial pearls are made with the scales of this fish, and we think of the dace. They are beat into a fine powder, then diluted with water, and introduced into a thin glass bub-

*. Hist. an. lib. viii. c. 20.

ble,

ble, which is afterwards filled with wax. the French were the inventors of this art. Doctor Lister * tells us, that when he was at Paris, a certain artist used in one winter thirty hampers full of fish in this manufacture.

The bleak seldom exceeds five or six inches in length: their body is slender, greatly compressed sideways, not unlike that of the sprat.

The eyes are large: the irides of a pale yellow: the under jaw the longest: the lateral line crooked: the gills silvery: the back green: the sides and belly silvery: the fins pellucid: the scales fall off very easily: the tail much forked.

The White Bait.

During the month of July there appear in the Thames, near Blackwall and Greenwich, innumerable multitudes of small fish, which are known to the Londoners by the name of White Bait. They are esteemed very delicious when fried with fine flour, and occasion, during the season, a vast resort of the lower order of epicures to the taverns contiguous to the places they are taken at,

There are various conjectures about this species, but all terminate in a supposition that they are the fry of some fish, but few agree to which kind they owe their origin. Some attribute it to the shad, others to the sprat, the smelt, and the bleak. That they neither belong to the shad, nor the sprat, is evident from the number of branchiostegous rays, which in those are eight, in this only three. That they are not the young of smelts is as clear, because they want the *pinna adiposa*, or rayless fin; and that they are not the offspring of the bleak is extremely probable, since we never heard of the white bait being found in any other river, notwithstanding the bleak is very common in several of the British streams: but as the white bait bears a greater similarity to this fish than to any other we have mentioned, we give it a place here as an appendage to the bleak, rather than form a distinct article of a fish which it is impossible to class with certainty.

It is evident that it is of the carp or *cyprinus* genus: it has only three branchiostegous rays, and only one dorsal fin; and in respect to the form of the body, is compressed like that of the bleak.

Its usual length is two inches: the under jaw is the longest: the irides silvery, the pupil black: the dorsal fin is placed nearer to the head than to the tail, and consists of about fourteen rays: the side line is strait: the tail forked, the tips black.

The head, sides, and belly, are silvery; the back tinged with green.

§ 36. *The* Minow.

This beautiful fish is frequent in many of our small gravelly streams, where they keep in shoals.

The body is slender and smooth, the scales being extremely small. It seldom exceeds three inches in length.

The lateral line is of a golden colour: the back flat, and of a deep olive: the sides and belly vary greatly in different fish; in a few are of a rich crimson, in others bluish, in others white. The tail is forked, and marked near the base with a dusky spot.

§ 37.

* Journey to Paris, 142.

§ 37. *The* Gold Fish.

These fish are now quite naturalized in this country, and breed as freely in the open waters as the common carp.

They were first introduced into England about the year 1691, but were not generally known till 1728, when a great number were brought over, and presented first to Sir Mathew Dekker, and by him circulated round the neighbourhood of London, from whence they have been distributed to most parts of the country.

In China the most beautiful kinds are taken in a small lake in the province of Che-Kyang. Every person of fashion keeps them for amusement, either in porcelaine vessels, or in the small basons that decorate the courts of the Chinese houses. The beauty of their colours, and their lively motions, give great entertainment, especially to the ladies, whose pleasures, by reason of the cruel policy of that country, are extremely limited.

In form of the body they bear a great resemblance to a carp. They have been known in this island to arrive at the length of eight inches; in their native place they are said * to grow to the size of our largest herring.

The nostrils are tubular, and form sort of appendages above the nose: the dorsal fin and the tail vary greatly in shape: the tail is naturally bifid, but in many is trifid, and in some even quadrifid: the anal fins are the strongest characters of this species, being placed not behind one another like those of other fish, but opposite each other like the ventral fins.

The colours vary greatly; some are marked with a fine blue, with brown, with bright silver; but the general predominant colour is gold, of a most amazing splendor; but their colours and form need not be dwelt on, since those who want opportunity of seeing the living fish, may survey them expressed in the most animated manner, in the works of our ingenious and honest friend Mr. George Edwards.

Pennant.

* Du Halde, 316.

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

A NEW

A NEW CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE

OF

REMARKABLE EVENTS, DISCOVERIES, AND INVENTIONS.

Alſo, the Æra, the Country, and Writings of Learned Men.

The whole comprehending in one View, the Analyſis or Outlines of General Hiſtory from the Creation to the preſent Time.

Before Chriſt.

4004 THE creation of the world, and Adam and Eve.

4003 The birth of Cain, the firſt who was born of a woman.

3017 Enoch, for his piety, is tranſlated into Heaven.

2348 The old world is deſtroyed by a deluge which continued 377 days.

2247 The tower of Babel is built about this time by Noah's poſterity, upon which God miraculouſly confounds their language, and thus diſperſes them into different nations.

About the ſame time Noah is, with great probability, ſuppoſed to have parted from his rebellious offspring, and to have led a colony of ſome of the more tractable into the Eaſt, and there either he or one of his ſucceſſors to have founded the ancient Chineſe monarchy.

2234 The celeſtial obſervations are begun at Babylon, the city which firſt gave birth to learning and the ſciences.

2188 Miſraim, the ſon of Ham, founds the kingdom of Egypt, which laſted 1663 years, down to the conqueſt of Cambyſes, in 525 before Chriſt.

2059 Ninus, the ſon of Belus, founds the kingdom of Aſſyria, which laſted above 1000 years, and out of its ruins were formed the Aſſyrians of Babylon, thoſe of Nineveh, and the kingdom of the Medes.

1921 The covenant of God made with Abram, when he leaves Haran to go into Canaan, which begins the 430 years of ſojourning.

1897 The

1897 The cities of Sodom and Gommorrah are deſtroyed for their wickedneſs, by fire from Heaven.
1856 The kingdom of Argos, in Greece, begins under Inachus.
1822 Memnon, the Egyptian, invents the letters.
1715 Prometheus firſt ſtruck fire from flints.
1635 Joſeph dies in Egypt, which concludes the book of Geneſis, containing a period of 2369 years.
1574 Aaron born in Egypt: 1490, appointed by God firſt high-prieſt of the Iſraelites.
1571 Moſes, brother to Aaron, born in Egypt, and adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, who educates him in all the learning of the Egyptians.
1556 Cecrops brings a colony of Saites from Egypt into Attica, and begins the kingdom of Athens, in Greece.
1546 Scamander comes from Crete into Phrygia, and begins the kingdom of Troy.
1493 Cadmus carried the Phœnician letters into Greece, and built the citadel of Thebes.
1491 Moſes performs a number of miracles in Egypt, and departs from that kingdom, together with 600,000 Iſraelites, beſides children; which completed the 430 years of ſojourning. They miraculouſly paſs through the Red Sea, and come to the deſert of Sinai, where Moſes receives from God, and delivers to the people, the Ten Commandments, and the other laws, and ſets up the tabernacle, and in it the ark of the covenant.
1485 The firſt ſhip that appeared in Greece was brought from Egypt by Danaus, who arrived at Rhodes, and brought with him his fifty daughters.
1453 The firſt Olympic games celebrated at Olympia, in Greece.
1452 The Pentateuch, or five firſt books of Moſes, are written in the land of Moab, where he died the year following, aged 110.
1451 The Iſraelites, after ſojourning in the wilderneſs forty years, are led under Joſhua into the land of Canaan, where they fix themſelves, after having ſubdued the natives; and the period of the ſabbatical year commences.
1406 Iron is found in Greece from the accidental burning of the woods.
1198 The rape of Helen, by Paris, which, in 1193, gave riſe to the Trojan war, and ſiege of Troy by the Greeks, which continued ten years, when that city was taken and burnt.
1048 David is ſole king of Iſrael.
1004 The Temple is ſolemnly dedicated by Solomon.
896 Elijah, the prophet, is tranſlated to Heaven.
894 Money firſt made of gold and ſilver at Argos.
869 The city of Carthage, in Africa, founded by queen Dido.
814 The kingdom of Macedon begins.
753 Æra of the building of Rome in Italy by Romulus, firſt king of the Romans.

720 Samaria

720 Samaria taken, after three years ſiege, and the kingdom of Iſrael finiſhed, by Salmanaſar, king of Aſſyria, who carries the ten tribes into captivity.
The firſt eclipſe of the moon on record.
658 Byzantium (now Conſtantinople) built by a colony of Athenians.
604 By order of Necho, king of Egypt, ſome Phœnicians ſailed from the Red Sea round Africa, and returned by the Mediterranean.
600 Thales, of Miletus, travels into Egypt, conſults the prieſts of Memphis, acquires the knowledge of geometry, aſtronomy, and philoſophy; returns to Greece, calculates eclipſes, gives general notions of the univerſe, and maintains that one Supreme Intelligence regulates all its motions.
600 Maps, Globes, and the ſigns of the Zodiac, invented by Anaximander, the ſcholar of Thales.
597 Jehoiakin, king of Judah, is carried away captive, by Nebuchadnezzar, to Babylon.
587 The city of Jeruſalem taken, after a ſiege of eighteen months.
562 The firſt comedy at Athens acted upon a moveable ſcaffold.
559 Cyrus the firſt king of Perſia.
538 The kingdom of Babylon finiſhed; that city being taken by Cyrus, who, in 536, iſſues an edict for the return of the Jews.
534 The firſt tragedy was acted at Athens, on a waggon, by Theſpis.
526 Learning is greatly encouraged at Athens, and a public library firſt founded.
515 The ſecond Temple at Jeruſalem is finiſhed under Darius.
509 Tarquin, the ſeventh and laſt king of the Romans, is expelled, and Rome is governed by two conſuls, and other republican magiſtrates, till the battle of Pharſalia, being a ſpace of 461 years.
504 Sardis taken and burnt by the Athenians, which gave occaſion to the Perſian invaſion of Greece.
486 Æſcylus, the Greek poet, firſt gains the prize of tragedy.
481 Xerxes the Great, king of Perſia, begins his expedition againſt Greece.
458 Ezra is ſent from Babylon to Jeruſalem, with the captive Jews, and the veſſels of gold and ſilver, &c. being ſeventy weeks of years, or 490 years before the crucifixion of our Saviour.
454 The Romans ſend to Athens for Solon's laws.
451 The Decemvirs created at Rome, and the laws of the twelve tables compiled and ratified.
430 The hiſtory of the Old Teſtament finiſhes about this time.
Malachi, the laſt of the prophets.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philoſophy among the Greeks, believes the immortality of the ſoul, and a ſtate of rewards and puniſhments, for which, and other ſublime doctrines, he is put to death by the Athenians, who ſoon after repent, and erect to his memory a ſtatue of braſs.

331 Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, conquers Darius king of Perſia, and other nations of Aſia. 323, Dies at Babylon, and his empire is divided by his generals into four kingdoms.

285 Dionyſius, of Alexandria, began his aſtronomical æra on Monday, June 26, being the firſt who found the exact ſolar year to conſiſt of 365 days, 5 hours, and 49 minutes.

284 Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egyyt, employs ſeventy-two interpreters to tranſlate the Old Teſtament into the Greek language, which is called the Septuagint.

269 The firſt coining of ſilver at Rome.

264 The firſt Punic war begins, and continues 23 years. The chronology of the Arundelian marbles compoſed.

260 The Romans firſt concern themſelves in naval affairs, and defeat the Carthaginians at ſea.

237 Hamilcar, the Carthaginian, cauſes his ſon Hannibal, at nine years old, to ſwear eternal enmity to the Romans.

218 The ſecond Punic war begins, and continues 17 years. Hannibal paſſes the Alps, and defeats the Romans in ſeveral battles; but, being amuſed by his women, does not improve his victories by the ſtorming of Rome.

190 The firſt Roman army enters Aſia, and from the ſpoils of Antiochus brings the Aſiatic luxury firſt to Rome.

168 Perſeus defeated by the Romans, which ends the Macedonian kingdom.

167 The firſt library erected at Rome, of books brought from Macedonia.

163 The government of Judea under the Maccabees begins, and continues 126 years.

146 Carthage, the rival to Rome, is razed to the ground by the Romans.

135 The hiſtory of the Apocrypha ends.

52 Julius Cæſar makes his firſt expedition into Britain.

47 The battle of Pharſalia between Cæſar and Pompey, in which the latter is defeated.
The Alexandrian library, conſiſting of 400,000 valuable books, burnt by accident.

45 The war of Africa, in which Cato kills himſelf.
The ſolar year introduced by Cæſar.

44 Cæſar, the greateſt of the Roman conquerors, after having fought fifty pitched battles, and ſlain 1,192,000 men, and overturned the liberties of his country, is killed in the ſenate-houſe.

35 The battle of Actium fought, in which Mark Antony and Cleopatra are totally defeated by Octavius nephew to Julius Cæſar.

30 Alexandria, in Egypt, is taken by Octavius, upon which Antony and Cleopatra put themſelves to death, and Egypt is reduced to a Roman province.

27 Octavius, by a decree of the ſenate, obtains the title of Auguſtus Cæſar, and an abſolute exemption from the laws, and is properly the firſt Roman emperor.

8 Rome at this time is fifty miles in circumference, and contains 463,000 men fit to bear arms.

The temple of Janus is shut by Augustus, as an emblem of universal peace, and JESUS CHRIST is born on Monday, December 25.

A. C.

12 ——— disputes with the doctors in the Temple;

27 ——— is baptized in the Wilderness by John;

33 ——— is crucified on Friday, April 3, at 3 o'clock P. M.
His Resurrection on Sunday, April 5: his Ascension, Thursday, May 14.

36 St. Paul converted.

39 St. Matthew writes his Gospel.
Pontius Pilate kills himself.

40 The name of Christians first given at Antioch to the followers of Christ.

43 Claudius Cæsar's expedition into Britain.

44 St. Mark writes his Gospel.

49 London is founded by the Romans; 368, surrounded by ditto with a wall, some parts of which are still observable.

51 Caractacus, the British king, is carried in chains to Rome.

52 The council of the Apostles at Jerusalem.

55 St. Luke writes his Gospel.

59 The emperor Nero puts his mother and brothers to death.
——————— persecutes the Druids in Britain.

61 Boadicea, the British queen, defeats the Romans; but is conquered soon after by Suetonius, governor of Britain.

62 St. Paul is sent in bonds to Rome—writes his Epistles between 51 and 66.

63 The Acts of the Apostles written.
Christianity is supposed to be introduced into Britain by St. Paul, or some of his disciples, about this time.

64 Rome set on fire, and burned for six days; upon which began (under Nero) the first persecution against the Christians.

67 St. Peter and St. Paul put to death.

70 Whilst the factious Jews are destroying one another with mutual fury, Titus, the Roman general, takes Jerusalem, which is razed to the ground, and the plough made to pass over it.

83 The philosophers expelled Rome by Domitian.

85 Julius Agricola, governor of South Britain, to protect the civilized Britons from the incursions of the Caledonians, builds a line of forts between the rivers Forth and Clyde; defeats the Caledonians under Galgacus on the Grampian hills; and first sails round Britain, which he discovers to be an island.

96 St. John the Evangelist wrote his Revelation—his Gospel in 97.

121 The Caledonians reconquer from the Romans all the ſouthern parts of Scotland; upon which the emperor Adrian builds a wall between Newcaſtle and Carliſle; but this alſo proving ineffectual, Pollius Urbicus, the Roman general, about the year 144, repairs Agricola's forts, which he joins by a wall four yards thick.
135 The ſecond Jewiſh war ends, when they were all baniſhed Judæa.
139 Juſtin writes his firſt Apology for the Chriſtians.
141 A number of hereſies appear about this time.
152 The emperor Antoninus Pius ſtops the perſecution againſt the Chriſtians.
217 The Septuagint ſaid to be found in a caſk.
222 About this time the Roman empire begins to ſink under its own weight. The Barbarians begin their irruptions, and the Goths have annual tribute not to moleſt the empire.
260 Valerius is taken priſoner by Sapor, king of Perſia, and flayed alive.
274 Silk firſt brought from India: the manufactory of it introduced into Europe by ſome monks, 551; firſt worn by the clergy in England, 1534.
291 Two emperors, and two Cæſars, march to defend the four quarters of the empire.
306 Conſtantine the Great begins his reign.
308 Cardinals firſt began.
313 The tenth perſecution ends by an edict of Conſtantine, who favours the Chriſtians, and gives full liberty to their religion.
314 Three biſhops, or fathers, are ſent from Britain to aſſiſt at the council of Arles.
325 The firſt general council at Nice, when 318 fathers attended, againſt Arius, where was compoſed the famous Nicene Creed, which we attribute to them.
328 Conſtantine removes the ſeat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which is thence-forwards called Conſtantinople.
331 ——— orders all the heathen temples to be deſtroyed.
363 The Roman emperor Julian, ſurnamed the Apoſtate, endeavours in vain to rebuild the temple of Jeruſalem.
364 The Roman empire is divided into the eaſtern (Conſtantinople the capital) and weſtern (of which Rome continued to be the capital) each being now under the government of different emperors.
400 Bells invented by biſhop Paulinus, of Campagnia.
404 The kingdom of Caledonia, or Scotland, revives under Fergus.
406 The Vandals, Alans, and Suevi, ſpread into France and Spain, by a conceſſion of Honorius, emperor of the Weſt.
410 Rome taken and plundered by Alaric, king of the Viſi-Goths.
412 The Vandals begin their kingdom in Spain.
420 The kingdom of France begins upon the Lower Rhine, under Pharamond.
426 The Romans, reduced to extremities at home, withdraw their troops from Britain, and never return; adviſing the Britons to arm in their own defence, and truſt to their own valour.

446 The Britons, now left to themſelves, are greatly haraſſed by the Scots and Picts, upon which they once more make their complaint to the Romans, but receive no aſſiſtance from that quarter.

447 Attila (ſurnamed the Scourge of God) with his Huns, ravages the Roman empire.

449 Vortigern, king of the Britons, invites the Saxons into Britain, againſt the Scots and Picts.

455 The Saxons having repulſed the Scots and Picts, invite over more of their countrymen, and begin to eſtabliſh themſelves in Kent, under Hengiſt.

476 The weſtern empire is finiſhed, 523 years after the battle of Pharſalia; upon the ruins of which ſeveral new ſtates ariſe in Italy and other parts, conſiſting of Goths, Vandals, Huns, and other Barbarians, under whom literature is extinguiſhed, and the works of the learned are deſtroyed.

496 Clovis, king of France, baptized, and Chriſtianity begins in that kingdom.

508 Prince Arthur begins his reign over the Britons.

513 Conſtantinople beſieged by Vitalianus, whoſe fleet is burned by a ſpeculum of braſs.

516 The computing of time by the Chriſtian æra is introduced by Dionyſius the monk.

529 The code of Juſtinian, the eaſtern emperor, is publiſhed.

557 A terrible plague all over Europe, Aſia, and Africa, which continues near 50 years.

581 Latin ceaſed to be ſpoken about this time in Italy.

596 Auguſtine the monk comes into England with forty monks.

606 Here begins the power of the popes, by the conceſſions of Phocas, emperor of the Eaſt.

622 Mahomet, the falſe prophet, flies from Mecca to Medina, in Arabia, in the 44th year of his age, and 10th of his miniſtry, when he laid the foundation of the Saracen empire, and from whom the Mahometan princes to this day claim their deſcent. His followers compute their time from this æra, which in Arabic is called Hegira, i. e. the Flight.

637 Jeruſalem is taken by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet.

640 Alexandria in Egypt is taken by ditto, and the grand library there burnt by order of Omar, their caliph or prince.

653 The Saracens now extend their conqueſts on every ſide, and retaliate the barbarities of the Goths and Vandals upon their poſterity.

664 Glaſs invented in England by Benalt, a monk.

685 The Britons, after a brave ſtruggle of near 150 years, are totally expelled by the Saxons, and driven into Wales and Cornwall.

713 The Saracens conquer Spain.

726 The controverſy about images begins, and occaſions many inſurrections in the eaſtern empire.

748 The computing of years from the birth of Chriſt began to be uſed in hiſtory.

749 The race of Abbas became caliphs of the Saracens, and encourage learning.

762 The city of Bagdad upon the Tigris is made the capital for the caliphs of the houſe of Abbas.
800 Charlemagne, king of France, begins the empire of Germany, afterwards called the weſtern empire; gives the preſent names to the winds and months; endeavours to reſtore learning in Europe; but mankind are not yet diſpoſed for it, being ſolely engroſſed in military enterprizes.
826 Harold, king of Denmark, dethroned by his ſubjects, for being a Chriſtian.
828 Egbert, king of Weſſex, unites the Heptarchy, by the name of England.
836 The Flemings trade to Scotland for fiſh.
838 The Scots and Picts have a deciſive battle, in which the former prevail, and both kingdoms are united by Kenneth, which begins the ſecond period of the Scottiſh hiſtory.
867 The Danes begin their ravages in England.
896 Alfred the Great, after ſubduing the Daniſh invaders (againſt whom he fought 56 battles by ſea and land), compoſes his body of laws; divides England into counties, hundreds, and tythings; erects county courts, and founds the univerſity of Oxford, about this time.
915 The univerſity of Cambridge founded.
936 The Saracen empire is divided by uſurpation into ſeven kingdoms.
975 Pope Boniface VII. is depoſed and baniſhed for his crimes.
979 Coronation oaths ſaid to be firſt uſed in England.
991 The figures in arithmetic are brought into Europe by the Saracens from Arabia. Letters of the Alphabet were hitherto uſed.
996 Otho III. makes the empire of Germany elective.
999 Boleſlaus, the firſt king of Poland.
1000 Paper made of cotton rags was in uſe; that of linen rags in 1170: the manufactory introduced into England at Dartford, 1588.
1025 All the old churches are rebuilt about this time in a new manner of architecture.
1015 Children forbidden by law to be ſold by their parents in England.
1017 Canute, king of Denmark, gets poſſeſſion of England.
1040 The Danes, after ſeveral engagements with various ſucceſs, are about this time driven out of Scotland, and never again return in a hoſtile manner.
1041 The Saxon line reſtored under Edward the Confeſſor.
1043 The Turks (a nation of adventurers from Tartary, ſerving hitherto in the armies of contending princes) become formidable, and take poſſeſſion of Perſia.
1054 Leo IX. the firſt pope that kept up an army.
1057 Malcolm III. king of Scotland, kills the tyrant Macbeth at Dunſinane, and marries the princeſs Margaret, ſiſter to Edgar Atheling.
1065 The Turks take Jeruſalem from the Saracens.
1066 The battle of Haſtings fought, between Harold and William (ſurnamed the Baſtard)

duke of Normandy, in which Harold is conquered and ſlain, after which William becomes king of England.

1070 William introduces the feudal law.
Muſical notes invented.

1075 Henry IV. emperor of Germany, and the pope, quarrel about the nomination of the German biſhops. Henry, in penance, walks barefooted to the pope, towards the end of January.

1076 Juſtices of peace firſt appointed in England.

1080 Doomſday-book began to be compiled by order of William, from a ſurvey of all the eſtates in England, and finiſhed in 1086.
The Tower of London built by ditto, to curb his Engliſh ſubjects; numbers of whom fly to Scotland, where they introduce the Saxon or Engliſh language, are protected by Malcolm, and have lands given them.

1091 The Saracens in Spain, being hard preſſed by the Spaniards, call to their aſſiſtance Joſeph, king of Morocco; by which the Moors get poſſeſſion of all the Saracen dominions in Spain.

1096 The firſt cruſade to the Holy Land is begun under ſeveral Chriſtian princes, to drive the infidels from Jeruſalem.

1110 Edgar Atheling, the laſt of the Saxon princes, dies in England, where he had been permitted to reſide as a ſubject.

1118 The order of the Knights Templars inſtituted, to defend the Sepulchre at Jeruſalem, and to protect Chriſtian ſtrangers.

1151 The canon law collected by Gratian, a monk of Bologna.

1163 London bridge, conſiſting of 19 ſmall arches, firſt built of ſtone.

1164 The Teutonic order of religious knights begins in Germany.

1172 Henry II. king of England (and firſt of the Plantagenets) takes poſſeſſion of Ireland; which, from that period, has been governed by an Engliſh viceroy, or lord-lieutenant.

1176 England is divided, by Henry, into ſix circuits, and juſtice is diſpenſed by itinerant judges.

1180 Glaſs windows began to be uſed in private houſes in England.

1181 The laws of England are digeſted about this time by Glanville.

1182 Pope Alexander III. compelled the kings of England and France to hold the ſtirrups of his ſaddle when he mounted his horſe.

1186 The great conjunction of the ſun and moon, and all the planets in Libra, happened in September.

1192 The battle of Aſcalon, in Judæa, in which Richard, king of England, defeats Saladine's army, conſiſting of 300,000 combatants.

1194 *Dieu et mon Droit* firſt uſed as a motto by Richard, on a victory over the French.

1200 Chimnies were not known in England.
Surnames now began to be uſed; firſt among the nobility.

1208 London

1208 London incorporated, and obtained their firſt charter, for electing their Lord Mayor and other magiſtrates, from king John.
1215 Magna Charta is ſigned by king John and the barons of England.
Court of Common Pleas eſtabliſhed.
1227 The Tartars, a new race of heroes, under Gingis-Kan, emerge from the northern parts of Aſia, over-run all the Saracen empire, and, in imitation of former conquerors, carry death and deſolation wherever they march.
1233 The Inquiſition, begun in 1204, is now truſted to the Dominicans.
The houſes of London, and other cities in England, France, and Germany, ſtill thatched with ſtraw.
1253 The famous aſtronomical tables are compoſed by Alonzo, king of Caſtile.
1258 The Tartars take Bagdad, which finiſhes the empire of the Saracens.
1263 Acho, king of Norway, invades Scotland with 160 ſail, and lands 20,000 men at the mouth of the Clyde, who are cut to pieces by Alexander III. who recovers the weſtern iſles.
1264 According to ſome writers, the commons of England were not ſummoned to parliament till this period.
1269 The Hamburgh company incorporated in England.
1273 The empire of the preſent Auſtrian family begins in Germany.
1282 Llewellyn, prince of Wales, defeated and killed by Edward I. who unites that principality to England.
1284 Edward II. born at Caernarvon, is the firſt prince of Wales.
1285 Alexander III. king of Scotland, dies, and that kingdom is diſputed by twelve candidates, who ſubmit their claims to the arbitration of Edward, king of England; which lays the foundation of a long and deſolating war between both nations.
1293 There is a regular ſucceſſion of Engliſh parliaments from this year, being the 22d of Edward I.
1298 The preſent Turkiſh empire begins in Bithynia under Ottoman.
Silver-hafted knives, ſpoons, and cups, a great luxury.
Tallow candles ſo great a luxury, that ſplinters of wood were uſed for lights.
Wine ſold by apothecaries as a cordial.
1302 The mariner's compaſs invented, or improved, by Givia, of Naples.
1307 The beginning of the Swiſs cantons.
1308 The popes remove to Avignon, in France, for 70 years.
1310 Lincoln's Inn ſociety eſtabliſhed.
1314 The battle of Bannockburn, between Edward II. and Robert Bruce, which eſtabliſhes the latter on the throne of Scotland.
The cardinals ſet fire to the conclave, and ſeparate. A vacancy in the papal chair for two years.
1320 Gold firſt coined in Chriſtendom; 1344, ditto in England.

1336 Two Brabant weavers ſettle at York, which, ſays Edward III. may prove of great benefit to us and our ſubjects.
1337 The firſt comet whoſe courſe is deſcribed with an aſtronomical exactneſs.
1340 Gunpowder and guns firſt invented by Swartz, a monk of Cologn; 1346, Edward III. had four pieces of cannon, which contributed to gain him the battle of Creſſy; 1346, bombs and mortars were invented.
Oil-painting firſt made uſe of by John Vaneck.
Heralds college inſtituted in England.
1344 The firſt creation to titles by patents uſed by Edward III.
1346 The battle of Durham, in which David, king of Scots, is taken priſoner.
1349 The order of the Garter inſtituted in England by Edward III. altered in 1557, and conſiſts of 26 knights.
1352 The Turks firſt enter Europe.
1354 The money in Scotland till now the ſame as in England.
1356 The battle of Poictiers, in which king John of France, and his ſon, are taken priſoners by Edward the Black Prince.
1357 Coals firſt brought to London.
1358 Arms of England and France firſt quartered by Edward III.
1362 The law pleadings in England changed from French to Engliſh, as a favour of Edward III. to his people.
John Wickliffe, an Engliſhman, begins about this time to oppoſe the errors of the church of Rome with great acuteneſs and ſpirit. His followers are called Lollards.
1386 A company of linen-weavers, from the Netherlands, eſtabliſhed in London.
Windſor caſtle built by Edward III.
1388 The battle of Otterburn, between Hotſpur and the earl of Douglas.
1391 Cards invented in France for the king's amuſement.
1399 Weſtminſter abbey built and enlarged—Weſtminſter hall ditto.
Order of the Bath inſtituted at the coronation of Henry IV.; renewed in 1725, conſiſting of 38 knights.
1410 Guildhall, London, built.
1411 The univerſity of St. Andrew's in Scotland founded.
1415 The battle of Agincourt gained over the French by Henry V. of England.
1428 The ſiege of Orleans, the firſt blow to the Engliſh power in France.
1430 About this time Laurentius of Harleim invented the art of printing, which he practiſed with ſeparate wooden types. Guttemburgh afterwards invented cut metal types: but the art was carried to perfection by Peter Schoeffer, who invented the mode of caſting the types in matrices. Frederick Corſellis began to print at Oxford, in 1468, with wooden types; but it was William Caxton who introduced into England the art of printing with fuſile types, in 1474.
1446 The Vatican library founded at Rome.
The ſea breaks in at Dort, in Holland, and drowns 100,000 people.

1453 Conſtantinople

1453 Conſtantinople taken by the Turks, which ends the eaſtern empire, 1123 years from its dedication by Conſtantine the Great, and 2206 years from the foundation of Rome.
1454 The univerſity of Glaſgow, in Scotland, founded.
1460 Engraving and etching in copper invented.
1477 The univerſity of Aberdeen, in Scotland, founded.
1483 Richard III. king of England, and laſt of the Plantagenets, is defeated and killed at the battle of Boſworth, by Henry (Tudor) VII. which puts an end to the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, after a conteſt of 30 years, and the loſs of 100,000 men.
1486 Henry eſtabliſhes fifty yeomen of the guards, the firſt ſtanding army.
1489 Maps and ſea-charts firſt brought to England by Barth. Columbus.
1491 William Grocyn publicly teaches the Greek language at Oxford.
The Moors, hitherto a formidable enemy to the native Spaniards, are entirely ſubdued by Ferdinand, and become ſubjects to that prince on certain conditions, which are ill obſerved by the Spaniards, whoſe clergy employ the powers of the Inquiſition, with all its tortures; and in 1609, near one million of the Moors are driven from Spain to the oppoſite coaſt of Africa, from whence they originally came.
1492 America firſt diſcovered by Columbus, a Genoeſe, in the ſervice of Spain.
1494 Algebra firſt known in Europe.
1497 The Portugueſe firſt ſail to the Eaſt Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.
South America diſcovered by Americus Veſpuſius, from whom it has its name.
1499 North America ditto, for Henry VII. by Cabot.
1500 Maximilian divides the empire of Germany into ſix circles, and adds four more in 1512.
1505 Shillings firſt coined in England.
1509 Gardening introduced into England from the Netherlands, from whence vegetables were imported hitherto.
1513 The battle of Flowden, in which James IV. of Scotland is killed, with the flower of his nobility.
1517 Martin Luther began the Reformation.
Egypt is conquered by the Turks.
1518 Magellan, in the ſervice of Spain, firſt diſcovers the ſtraits of that name in South America.
1520 Henry VIII. for his writings in favour of popery, receives the title of Defender of the Faith from his Holineſs.
1529 The name of Proteſtant takes its riſe from the Reformed proteſting againſt the church of Rome, at the diet of Spires in Germany.
1534 The Reformation takes place in England, under Henry VIII.
1537 Religious houſes diſſolved by ditto.

1539 The firſt Engliſh edition of the Bible authorized; the preſent tranſlation finiſhed 1611.
About this time cannon began to be uſed in ſhips.
1543 Silk ſtockings firſt worn by the French king; firſt worn in England by queen Elizabeth, 1561; the ſteel frame for weaving invented by the Rev. Mr. Lee, of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1589.
Pins firſt uſed in England, before which time the ladies uſed ſkewers.
1544 Good lands let in England at one ſhilling per acre.
1545 The famous council of Trent begins, and continues 18 years.
1546 Firſt law in England, eſtabliſhing the intereſt of money at ten *per cent.*
1549 Lords lieutenants of counties inſtituted in England.
1550 Horſe guards inſtituted in England.
1555 The Ruſſian company eſtabliſhed in England.
1558 Queen Elizabeth begins her reign.
1560 The Reformation in Scotland completed by John Knox.
1563 Knives firſt made in England.
1569 Royal Exchange firſt built.
1572 The great maſſacre of Proteſtants at Paris.
1579 The Dutch ſhake off the Spaniſh yoke, and the republic of Holland begins.
Engliſh Eaſt India company incorporated—eſtabliſhed 1600.
——— Turkey company incorporated.
1580 Sir Francis Drake returns from his voyage round the world, being the firſt Engliſh circumnavigator.
Parochial regiſter firſt appointed in England.
1582 Pope Gregory introduces the New Style in Italy; the 5th of October being counted 15.
1583 Tobacco firſt brought from Virginia into England.
1587 Mary queen of Scots is beheaded by order of Elizabeth, after 18 years impriſonment.
1588 The Spaniſh Armada deſtroyed by Drake and other Engliſh admirals.
Henry IV. paſſes the edict of Nantes, tolerating the Proteſtants.
1589 Coaches firſt introduced into England; hackney act 1693; increaſed to 1000, in 1770.
1590 Band of penſioners inſtituted in England.
1591 Trinity College, Dublin, founded.
1597 Watches firſt brought into England from Germany.
1602 Decimal arithmetic invented at Bruges.
1603 Queen Elizabeth (the laſt of the Tudors) dies, and nominates James VI. of Scotland (and firſt of the Stuarts) as her ſucceſſor; which unites both kingdoms under the name of Great Britain.
1605 The gunpowder-plot diſcovered at Weſtminſter; being a project of the Roman catholics to blow up the king and both houſes of parliament.
1606 Oaths of allegiance firſt adminiſtered in England.

1608 Galileo,

1608 Galileo, of Florence, first discovers the satellites about the planet Saturn, by the telescope, then just invented in Holland.
1610 Henry IV. is murdered at Paris, by Ravaillac, a priest.
1611 Baronets first created in England, by James I.
1614 Napier, of Marchefton, in Scotland, invents the logarithms.
Sir Hugh Middleton brings the New River to London from Ware.
1616 The first permanent settlement in Virginia.
1619 Dr. W. Harvey, an Englishman, discovers the doctrine of the circulation of the blood.
1620 The broad silk manufactory from raw silk introduced into England.
1621 New England planted by the Puritans.
1625 King James dies, and is succeeded by his son, Charles I.
The island of Barbadoes, the first English settlement in the West Indies, is planted.
1632 The battle of Lutzen, in which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, and head of the Protestants in Germany, is killed.
1635 Province of Maryland planted by lord Baltimore.
Regular posts established from London to Scotland, Ireland, &c.
1640 King Charles disobliges his Scottish subjects, on which their army, under general Lesley, enters England, and takes Newcastle, being encouraged by the malcontents in England.
The massacre in Ireland, when 40,000 English Protestants were killed.
1642 King Charles impeaches five members, who had opposed his arbitrary measures, which begins the civil war in England.
1643 Excise on beer, ale, &c. first imposed by parliament.
1649 Charles I. beheaded at Whitehall, January 30, aged 49.
1654 Cromwell assumes the protectorship.
1655 The English, under admiral Penn, take Jamaica from the Spaniards.
1658 Cromwell dies, and is succeeded in the protectorship by his son Richard.
1660 King Charles II. is restored by Monk, commander of the army, after an exile of twelve years in France and Holland.
Episcopacy restored in England and Scotland.
The people of Denmark, being oppressed by the nobles, surrender their privileges to Frederic III. who becomes absolute.
1662 The Royal Society established at London, by Charles II.
1663 Carolina planted; 1728, divided into two separate governments.
1664 The New Netherlands, in North America, conquered from the Swedes and Dutch, by the English.
1665 The plague rages in London, and carries off 68,000 persons.
1666 The great fire of London began Sept. 2, and continued three days, in which were destroyed 13,000 houses, and 400 streets.
Tea first used in England.

1667 The peace of Breda, which confirms to the Engliſh the New Netherlands, now known by the names of Pennſylvania, New York, and New Jerſey.
1668 ——— ditto, Aix-la-Chapelle.
St. James's Park planted, and make a thoroughfare for public uſe, by Charles II.
1670 The Engliſh Hudſon's Bay company incorporated.
1672 Lewis XIV. over-runs great part of Holland, when the Dutch open their ſluices, being determined to drown their country, and retire to their ſettlements in the Eaſt Indies.
African company eſtabliſhed.
1678 The peace of Nimeguen.
The habeas corpus act paſſed.
1680 A great comet appeared, and from its nearneſs to our earth, alarmed the inhabitants. It continued viſible from Nov. 3, to March 9.
William Penn, a Quaker, receives a charter for planting Pennſylvania.
1683 India ſtock ſold from 360 to 500 per cent.
1685 Charles II. dies, aged 55, and is ſucceeded by his brother, James II.
The duke of Monmouth, natural ſon to Charles II. raiſes a rebellion, but is defeated at the battle of Sedgmoor, and beheaded.
The edict of Nantes infamouſly revoked by Lewis XIV. and the Proteſtants cruelly perſecuted.
1687 The palace of Verſailles, near Paris, finiſhed by Lewis XIV.
1688 The Revolution in Great Britain begins, Nov. 5. King James abdicates, and retires to France, December 3.
King William and queen Mary, daughter and ſon-in-law to James, are proclaimed, February 16.
Viſcount Dundee ſtands out for James in Scotland, but is killed by general Mackey, at the battle of Killycrankie; upon which the Highlanders, wearied with repeated misfortunes, diſperſe.
1689 The land-tax paſſed in England.
The toleration act paſſed in Ditto.
Several biſhops are deprived for not taking the oath to king William.
William Fuller, who pretended to prove the prince of Wales ſpurious, was voted by the commons to be a notorious cheat, impoſtor, and falſe accuſer.
1690 The battle of the Boyne, gained by William againſt James in Ireland.
1691 The war in Ireland finiſhed, by the ſurrender of Limerick to William.
1692 The Engliſh and Dutch fleets, commanded by admiral Ruſſel, defeat the French fleet off La Hogue.
1693 Bayonets at the end of loaded muſkets firſt uſed by the French againſt the Confederates in the battle of Turin.
The duchy of Hanover made the ninth electorate.
Bank of England eſtabliſhed by king William.

1693 The first public lottery was drawn this year.
Massacre of Highlanders at Glencoe, by king William's troops.
1694 Queen Mary dies at the age of 33, and William reigns alone.
Stamp duties instituted in England.
1696 The peace of Ryswick.
1699 The Scots settled a colony at the isthmus of Darien, in America, and called it Caledonia.
1700 Charles XII. of Sweden begins his reign.
King James II. dies at St. Germain's, in the 68th year of his age.
1701 Prussia erected into a kingdom.
Society for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts established.
1702 King William dies, aged 50, and is succeeded by Queen Anne, daughter to James II. who, with the emperor and States General, renews the war against France and Spain.
1704 Gibraltar taken from the Spaniards, by admiral Rooke.
The battle of Blenheim won by the duke of Marlborough and allies, against the French.
The court of Exchequer instituted in England.
1706 The treaty of Union betwixt England and Scotland, signed July 22.
The battle of Ramillies won by Marlborough and the allies.
1707 The first British parliament.
1708 Minorca taken from the Spaniards by general Stanhope.
The battle of Oudenarde won by Marlborough and the allies.
Sardinia erected into a kingdom, and given to the duke of Savoy.
1709 Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, defeats Charles XII. at Pultowa, who flies to Turkey.
The battle of Malplaquet won by Marlborough and the allies.
1710 Queen Anne changes the Whig Ministry for others more favourable to the interest of her brother, the late Pretender.
The cathedral church of St. Paul, London, rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren, in 37 years, at one million expence, by a duty on coals.
The English South-Sea company began.
1712 Duke of Hamilton and lord Mohun killed in a duel in Hyde-Park.
1713 The peace of Utrecht, whereby Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Britain, and Hudson's Bay, in North America, were yielded to Great Britain; Gibraltar and Minorca, in Europe, were also confirmed to the said crown by this treaty.
1714 Queen Anne dies, at the age of fifty, and is succeeded by George I.
Interest reduced to five *per cent.*
1715 Lewis XIV. dies, and is succeeded by his great-grandson, Lewis XV. the late king of France.
The rebellion in Scotland begins in September, under the earl of Mar, in favour of the

Pretender. The action of Sheriff-muir, and the surrender of Preston, both in November, when the rebels disperse.

1716 The Pretender married to the princess Sobieski, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, late king of Poland.

An act passed for septennial parliaments.

1719 The Mississipi scheme at its height in France.

Lombe's silk-throwing machine, containing 26,586 wheels, erected at Derby; takes up one-eighth of a mile; one water-wheel moves the rest; and in 24 hours it works 318,504,960 yards of organzine silk thread.

The South-Sea scheme in England begun April 7; was at its height at the end of June; and quite sunk about September 29.

1727 King George I. dies, in the 68th year of his age; and is succeeded by his only son, George II.

Inoculation first tried on criminals with success.

Russia, formerly a dukedom, is now established as an empire.

1732 Kouli Khan usurps the Persian throne, conquers the Mogul empire, and returns with two hundred and thirty-one millions sterling.

Several public-spirited gentlemen begin the settlement of Georgia, in North America.

1736 Capt. Porteus, having ordered his soldiers to fire upon the populace at the execution of a smuggler, is himself hanged by the mob at Edinburgh.

1738 Westminster Bridge, consisting of fifteen arches, begun; finished in 1750, at the expence of 389,000l. defrayed by parliament.

1739 Letters of marque issued out in Britain against Spain, July 21, and war declared, October 23.

1743 The battle of Dettingen won by the English and allies, in favour of the queen of Hungary.

1744 War declared against France.

Commodore Anson returns from his voyage round the world.

1745 The allies lose the battle of Fontenoy.

The rebellion breaks out in Scotland, and the Pretender's army defeated by the duke of Cumberland, at Culloden, April 16, 1746.

1746 British Linen Company erected.

1748 The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which a restitution of all places, taken during the war, was to be made on all sides.

1749 The interest of the British funds reduced to three *per cent.*

British herring fishery incorporated.

1751 Frederic, prince of Wales, father to his present majesty, died.

Antiquarian society at London incorporated.

1752 The new style introduced into Great Britain, the third of September being counted the fourteenth.

1753 The

1753 The Britiſh Muſeum erected at Montagu-houſe.
Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, inſtituted in London.
1755 Liſbon deſtroyed by an earthquake.
1756 146 Engliſhmen are confined in the black hole at Calcutta, in the Eaſt Indies, by order of the Nabob, and 123 found dead next morning.
Marine ſociety eſtabliſhed at London.
1757 Damien attempted to aſſaſſinate the French king.
1759 General Wolfe is killed in the battle of Quebec, which is gained by the Engliſh.
1760 King George II. dies, October 25, in the 77th year of his age, and is ſucceeded by his preſent majeſty, who, on the 22d of September, 1761, married the princeſs Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Strelitz.
Black-Friars bridge, conſiſting of nine arches, begun; finiſhed 1770, at the expence of 52,840l. to be diſcharged by a toll. Toll taken off 1785.
1762 War declared againſt Spain.
Peter III. emperor of Ruſſia, is depoſed, impriſoned, and murdered.
American Philoſophical Society eſtabliſhed in Philadelphia.
George Auguſtus Frederic, prince of Wales, born Auguſt 12.
1763 The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and Portugal, concluded at Paris, February 10, which confirms to Great Britain the extenſive provinces of Canada, Eaſt and Weſt Florida, and part of Louiſiana, in North America; alſo the iſlands of Grenada, St. Vincent, Dominica, and Tobago, in the Weſt Indies.
1764 The parliament granted 10,000l. to Mr. Harriſon, for his diſcovery of the longitude by his time-piece.
1765 His majeſty's royal charter paſſed for incorporating the Society of Artiſts.
An act paſſed annexing the ſovereignty of the iſland of Man to the crown of Great Britain.
1766 April 21, a ſpot or macula of the ſun, more than thrice the bigneſs of our earth, paſſed the ſun's centre.
1768 Academy of painting eſtabliſhed in London.
The Turks impriſon the Ruſſian ambaſſador, and declare war againſt that empire.
1771 Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks, in his majeſty's ſhip the Endeavour, lieut. Cook, return from a voyage round the world, having made ſeveral important diſcoveries in the South Seas.
1772 The king of Sweden changes the conſtitution of that kingdom.
The Pretender marries a princeſs of Germany, grand-daughter of Thomas, late earl of Aylesbury.
The emperor of Germany, empreſs of Ruſſia, and the king of Pruſſia, ſtrip the king of Poland of great part of his dominions, which they divide among themſelves, in violation of the moſt ſolemn treaties.
1773 Captain Phipps is ſent to explore the North Pole, but having made eighty-one degrees,

is in danger of being locked up by the ice, and his attempt to discover a passage in that quarter proves fruitless.

1773 The Jesuits expelled from the Pope's dominions.

The English East India company having, by conquest or treaty, acquired the extensive provinces of Bengal, Orixa, and Bahar, containing fifteen millions of inhabitants, great irregularities are committed by their servants abroad; upon which government interferes, and sends out judges, &c. for the better administration of justice.

The war between the Russians and Turks proves disgraceful to the latter, who lose the islands in the Archipelago, and by sea are every where unsuccessful.

1774 Peace is proclaimed between the Russians and Turks.

The British parliament having passed an act, laying a duty of three pence per pound upon all teas imported into America, the Colonists, considering this as a grievance, deny the right of the British parliament to tax them.

Deputies from the several American colonies meet at Philadelphia, as the first General Congress, Sept. 5.

First petition of Congress to the King, November.

1775 April 19. The first action happened in America between the king's troops and the provincials at Lexington.

May 20, Articles of confederation and perpetual union between the American provinces.

June 17, A bloody action at Bunker's Hill, between the royal troops and the Americans.

1776 March 17, The town of Boston evacuated by the King's troops.

An unsuccessful attempt, in July, made by commodore Sir Peter Parker, and lieutenant-general Clinton, upon Charles Town, in South Carolina.

The Congress declare the American colonies free and independent states, July 4.

The Americans are driven from Long Island, New York, in August, with great loss, and great numbers of them taken prisoners; and the city of New York is afterwards taken possession of by the king's troops.

December 25, General Washington takes 900 of the Hessians prisoners at Trenton.

Torture abolished in Poland.

1777 General Howe takes possession of Philadelphia.

Lieutenant-general Burgoyne is obliged to surrender his army at Saratoga, in Canada, by convention, to the American army under the command of the generals Gates and Arnold, October 17.

1778 A treaty of alliance concluded at Paris between the French king and the thirteen united American colonies, in which their independence is acknowledged by the court of France, February 6.

The remains of the earl of Chatham interred at the public expence in Westminster Abbey, June 9, in consequence of a vote of parliament.

1778 The

1778 The earl of Carliſle, William Eden, Eſq; and George Johnſtone, Eſq; arrive at Philadelphia the beginning of June, as commiſſioners for reſtoring peace between Great Britain and America.

Philadelphia evacuated by the king's troops, June 18.

The Congreſs refuſe to treat with the Britiſh commiſſioners, unleſs the independence of the American colonies were firſt acknowledged, or the king's fleets and armies withdrawn from America.

An engagement fought off Breſt between the Engliſh fleet under the command of admiral Keppel, and the French fleet under the command of the count d'Orvilliers, July 27.

Dominica taken by the French, Sept. 7.

Pondicherry ſurrenders to the arms of Great Britain, Oct. 17.

St. Lucia taken from the French, Dec. 28.

1779 St. Vincent's taken by the French.

Grenada taken by the French, July 3.

1780 Torture in courts of juſtice aboliſhed in France.

The Inquiſition aboliſhed in the duke of Modena's dominions.

Admiral Rodney takes twenty-two ſail of Spaniſh ſhips, Jan. 8.

The ſame admiral alſo engages a Spaniſh fleet under the command of Don Juan de Langara, near Cape St. Vincent, and takes five ſhips of the line, one more being driven on ſhore, and another blown up, Jan. 16.

Three actions between admiral Rodney and the count de Guichen, in the Weſt Indies, in the months of April and May; but none of them deciſive.

Charles Town, South Carolina, ſurrenders to Sir Henry Clinton, May 4.

Penſacola, and the whole province of Weſt Florida, ſurrender to the arms of the king of Spain, May 9.

The Proteſtant Aſſociation, to the number of 50,000, go up to the Houſe of Commons, with their petition, for the repeal of an act paſſed in favour of the Papiſts, June 2.

That event followed by the moſt daring riots, in the city of London, and in Southwark, for ſeveral ſucceſſive days, in which ſome Popiſh chapels are deſtroyed, together with the priſons of Newgate, the King's Bench, the Fleet, ſeveral private houſes, &c. Theſe alarming riots are at length ſuppreſſed by the interpoſition of the military, and many of the rioters tried and executed for felony.

Five Engliſh Eaſt Indiamen, and fifty Engliſh merchant ſhips bound for the Weſt Indies, taken by the combined fleets of France and Spain, Aug. 8.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a ſignal victory over general Gates, near Camden, in South Carolina, in which above 1,000 American priſoners are taken, Aug. 16.

Mr. Laurens, late preſident of the Congreſs, taken in an American packet, near Newfoundland, Sept. 3,

1780 General

1780 General Arnold deserts the service of the Congress, escapes to New York, and is made a brigadier-general in the royal service, Sept. 24.

Major André, adjutant-general to the British army, hanged as a spy at Tappan, in the province of New York, Oct. 2.

Mr. Laurens is committed prisoner to the Tower, on a charge of high treason, October 4.

Dreadful hurricanes in the West Indies, by which great devastation is made in Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Lucia, Dominica, and other islands, Oct. 3 and 10.

A declaration of hostilities published against Holland, Dec. 20.

1781 The Dutch island of St. Eustatia taken by admiral Rodney and general Vaughan, Feb. 3. Retaken by the French, Nov. 27.

Earl Cornwallis obtains a victory, but with considerable loss, over the Americans under general Green, at Guildford, in North Carolina, March 15.

The island of Tobago taken by the French, June 2.

A bloody engagement fought between an English squadron under the command of admiral Parker, and a Dutch squadron under the command of admiral Zoutman, off the Dogger-bank, Aug. 5.

Earl Cornwallis, with a considerable British army, surrendered prisoners of war to the American and French troops, under the command of general Washington and count Rochambeau, at York-town, in Virginia, Oct. 19.

1782 Trincomale, on the island of Ceylon, taken by admiral Hughes, Jan. 11.

Minorca surrendered to the arms of the king of Spain, Feb 5.

The island of St. Christopher taken by the French, Feb. 12.

The island of Nevis, in the West Indies, taken by the French, Feb. 14.

Montserrat taken by the French, Feb. 22.

The house of commons address the king against any further prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, Mar. 4; and resolve, That that house would consider all those as enemies to his majesty, and this country, who should advise, or by any means attempt, the farther prosecution of offensive war on the continent of North America, for the purpose of reducing the revolted colonies to obedience by force.

Admiral Rodney obtains a signal victory over the French fleet under the command of count de Grasse, near Dominica, in the West Indies, April 12.

Admiral Hughes, with eleven ships, beat off, near the island of Ceylon, by the French admiral Suffrein, with twelve ships of the line, after a severe engagement, in which both fleets lost a great number of men, April 13.

The resolution of the house of commons relating to John Wilkes, Esq; and the Middlesex election, passed Feb. 17, 1769, rescinded, May 3.

The bill to repeal the declaratory act of George I. relative to the legislation of Ireland, received the royal assent, June 20.

The French took and destroyed the forts and settlements in Hudson's Bay, Aug. 24.

1782 The

1782 The Spaniards defeated in their grand attack on Gibraltar, Sept. 13.
Treaty concluded betwixt the republic of Holland and the United States of America, Oct. 8.
Provisional articles of peace signed at Paris between the British and the American commissioners, by which the Thirteen United American colonies are acknowledged by his Britannic majesty to be free, sovereign, and independent states, Nov. 30.

1783 Preliminary articles of peace between his Britannic majesty and the kings of France and Spain, signed at Versailles, Jan. 20.
The order of St. Patrick instituted, Feb. 5.
Three earthquakes in Calabria Ulterior and Sicily, destroying a great number of towns and inhabitants, Feb. 5th, 7th, and 28th.
Armistice betwixt Great Britain and Holland, Feb. 10.
Ratification of the definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America, Sept. 3.

1784 The city of London wait on the king, with an address of thanks for dismissing the coalition ministry, Jan. 16.
The great seal stolen from the lord chancellor's house in Great Ormond-street, March 24.
The ratification of the peace with America arrived, April 7.
The definitive treaty of peace between Great Britain and Holland, May 24.
The memory of Handel commemorated by a grand jubilee at Westminster-abbey, May 26.—Continued annually for decayed musicians, &c.
Proclamation for a public thanksgiving, July 2.
Mr. Lunardi ascended in a balloon from the Artillery-ground, Moorfields, the first attempt of the kind in England, Sept. 15.

1785 Dr. Seabury, an American missionary, was consecrated bishop of Connecticut by five nonjuring Scotch prelates, Nov.

1786 The king of Sweden prohibited the use of torture in his dominions.
Cardinal Turlone, high inquisitor at Rome, was publicly dragged out of his carriage by an incensed multitude, for his cruelty, and hung on a gibbet 50 feet high.
Sept. 26, Commercial treaty signed between England and France.
Nov. 21. £. 471,000 3 *per cent.* stock transferred to the landgrave of Hesse, for Hessian soldiers lost in the American war, at £. 30 a man.
Dec. 4. Mr. Adams, the American ambassador, presented to the archbishop of Canterbury Dr. White, of Pennsylvania, and Dr. Provost, of New York, to be consecrated bishops for the United States. They were consecrated Feb. 4, 1787.

1787 May 21. Mr. Burke, at the bar of the house of lords, in the name of all the commons of Great Britain, impeached Warren Hastings, late governor-general of Bengal, of high crimes and misdemeanors.

1787 Aug. 11. The king, by letters patent, erected the province of Nova Scotia into a biſhop's ſee, and appointed Dr. Charles Inglis to be the biſhop.

1788 In the early part of October, the firſt ſymptoms appeared of a ſevere diſorder which afflicted our gracious Sovereign. On the 6th of November they were very alarming, and on the 13th a form of prayer for his recovery was ordered by the privy council.

1789 Feb. 17. His Majeſty was pronounced to be in a ſtate of convaleſcence, and on the 26th to be free from complaint.

April 23. A general thankſgiving for the King's recovery, who attended the ſervice at St. Paul's with a great Proceſſion.

July 14. Revolution in France—capture of the Baſtile, execution of the governor, &c.

1790 July 14. Grand French confederation in the Champ de Mars.

1791 July 14. Great riot at Birmingham, in conſequence of celebrating the French confederation.

MEN of LEARNING and GENIUS.

N. B. *By the Dates is implied the Time when the above Writers died; but when that Period happens not to be known, the Age in which they flouriſhed is ſignified by* fl. *The names in Italics, are thoſe who have given the beſt Engliſh Tranſlations, excluſive of School-Books.*

Bef. Ch.

907 HOMER, the firſt prophane writer and Greek poet, flouriſhed. *Pope.*
Heſiod, the Greek poet, ſuppoſed to live near the time of Homer. *Cooke.*

884 Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver.

600 Sappho, the Greek lyric poeteſs, fl. *Fawkes.*

558 Solon, lawgiver of Athens.

556 Æſop, the firſt Greek fabuliſt. *Croxal.*

548 Thales, the firſt Greek aſtronomer and geographer.

497 Pythagoras, founder of the Pythagorean philoſophy in Greece. *Rowe.*

474 Anacreon, the Greek lyric poet. *Fawkes, Addiſon.*

456 Æſchylus, the firſt Greek tragic poet. *Potter.*

435 Pindar, the Greek lyric poet. *Weſt.*

413 Herodotus, of Greece, the firſt writer of prophane hiſtory. *Littlebury.*

407 Ariſtophanes, the Greek comic poet. fl. *White.*
Euripides, the Greek tragic poet, *Woodhall.*

406 Sophocles,

406 Sophocles, ditto. *Franklin, Potter.*
Confucius, the Chinese philosopher, fl.
400 Socrates, the founder of moral philosophy in Greece.
391 Thucydides, the Greek historian. *Smith, Hobbes.*
361 Hippocrates, the Greek physician. *Clifton.*
Democritus, the Greek philosopher.
359 Xenophon, the Greek philosopher and historian. *Smith, Spelman, Ashly, Fielding.*
348 Plato, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Socrates. *Sydenham.*
336 Isocrates, the Greek orator. *Dimsdale.*
332 Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, and disciple of Plato. *Hobbes.*
313 Demosthenes, the Athenian orator, poisoned himself. *Leland, Francis.*
288 Theophrastus, the Greek philosopher, and scholar of Aristotle. *Budgel.*
285 Theocritus, the first Greek pastoral poet, fl. *Fawkes.*
277 Euclid, of Alexandria, in Egypt, the mathematician, fl. *R. Simpson.*
270 Epicurus, founder of the Epicurean philosophy in Greece. *Digby.*
264 Xeno, founder of the Stoic philosophy in ditto.
244 Callimachus, the Greek elegiac poet.
208 Archimedes, the Greek geometrician.
184 Plautus, the Roman comic poet. *Thornton.*
159 Terence, of Carthage, the Latin comic poet. *Colman.*
155 Diogenes, of Babylon, the Stoic philosopher.
124 Polibius, of Greece, the Greek and Roman historian. *Hampton.*
54 Lucretius, the Roman poet. *Creech.*
44 Julius Cæsar, the Roman historian and commentator, killed. *Duncan.*
Diodorus Siculus, of Greece, the universal historian, fl. *Booth.*
Vitruvius, the Roman architect, fl.
43 Cicero, the Roman orator and philosopher, put to death. *Guthrie, Melmoth.*
Cornelius Nepos, the Roman biographer, fl. *Rowe.*
34 Sallust, the Roman historian. *Gordon, Rose.*
30 Dionysius of Halicarnassus, the Roman historian, fl. *Spelman.*
19 Virgil, the Roman epic poet. *Dryden, Pitt, Warton,*
11 Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, Roman poets. *Grainger, Dart.*
8 Horace, the Roman lyric and satyric poet. *Francis.*

A. C.

17 Livy, the Roman historian. *Ray.*
19 Ovid, the Roman elegiac poet. *Garth.*
20 Celsus, the Roman philosopher and physician, fl. *Grieve.*
25 Strabo, the Greek geographer.
33 Phædrus, the Roman fabulist. *Smart.*
45 Paterculus, the Roman historian, fl. *Newcombe.*
62 Persius, the Roman satiric poet. *Brewster.*

64 Quintius Curtius, a Roman, hiſtorian of Alexander the Great, fl. *Digby.*
Seneca, of Spain, the philoſopher and tragic poet, put to death. *L'Eſtrange.*
65 Lucan, the Roman epic poet, ditto. *Rowe.*
79 Pliny the elder, the Roman natural hiſtorian. *Holland.*
93 Joſephus, the Jewiſh hiſtorian. *Whiſton.*
94 Epictetus, the Greek ſtoic philoſopher, fl. Mrs. *Carter.*
95 Quinctilian, the Roman orator and advocate. *Guthrie.*
96 Statius, the Roman epic poet. *Lewis.*
Lucius Florus, of Spain, the Roman hiſtorian, fl.
99 Tacitus, the Roman hiſtorian. *Gordon.*
104 Martial, of Spain, the epigrammatic poet. *Hay.*
Valerius Flaccus, the Roman epic poet.
116 Pliny the younger, hiſtorical letters. *Melmoth, Orrery.*
117 Suetonius, the Roman hiſtorian. *Hughes.*
119 Plutarch, of Greece, the biographer. *Dryden, Langhorne.*
128 Juvenal, the Roman ſatiric poet. *Dryden.*
140 Ptolemy, the Egyptian geographer, mathematician, and aſtronomer, fl.
150 Juſtin, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Turnbul.*
161 Arrian, the Roman hiſtorian and philoſopher, fl. *Rooke.*
167 Juſtin, of Samaria, the oldeſt Chriſtian author after the apoſtles.
180 Lucian, the Roman philologer. *Dimſdale, Dryden, Franklin.*
Marcus Aur. Antoninus, Roman emperor and philoſopher. *Collier, Elphinſtone.*
193 Galen, the Greek philoſopher and phyſician.
200 Diogenes Laertius, the Greek biographer, fl.
229 Dion Caſſius, of Greece, the Roman hiſtorian, fl.
254 Origen, a Chriſtian father of Alexandria.
Herodian, of Alexandria, the Roman hiſtorian, fl. *Hart.*
258 Cyprian, of Carthage, ſuffered martyrdom. *Marſhal.*
273 Longinus, the Greek orator, put to death by Aurelian. *Smith.*
320 Lactantius, a father of the church, fl.
336 Arius, a prieſt of Alexandria, founder of the ſect of Arians.
342 Euſebius, the eccleſiaſtical hiſtorian and chronologer. *Hanmer.*
379 Bazil, biſhop of Cæſaria.
389 Gregory Nazianzen, biſhop of Conſtantinople.
397 Ambroſe, biſhop of Milan.
415 Macrobius, the Roman grammarian.
428 Eutropius, the Roman hiſtorian.
524 Boethius, the Roman poet, and Platonic philoſopher. *Bellamy, Preſton.*
529 Procopius of Cæſarea, the Roman hiſtorian. *Holcroft.*

Here ends the illuſtrious liſt of ancient, or, as they are ſtyled, Claſſic authors, for whom mankind are indebted to Greece and Rome, thoſe two great theatres of human glory;

glory: but it will ever be regretted, that a ſmall part only of their writings have come to our hands. This was owing to the barbarous policy of thoſe fierce illiterate pagans, who, in the fifth century, ſubverted the Roman empire, and in which practices they were joined ſoon after by the Saracens, or followers of Mahomet. Conſtantinople alone had eſcaped the ravages of the Barbarians; and to the few literati who ſheltered themſelves within its walls, is chiefly owing the preſervation of thoſe valuable remains of antiquity. To learning, civility, and refinement, ſucceeded worſe than Gothic ignorance—the ſuperſtition and buffoonery of the church of Rome: Europe therefore produces few names worthy of record during the ſpace of a thouſand years; a period which hiſtorians, with great propriety, denominate the dark or Gothic ages.

The invention of printing contributed to the revival of learning in the ſixteenth century, from which memorable æra a race of men have ſprung up in a new ſoil, France, Germany, and Britain; who, if they do not exceed, at leaſt equal, the greateſt geniuſes of antiquity. Of theſe our own countrymen have the reputation of the firſt rank, with whoſe names we ſhall finiſh our liſt.

A. C.

735 Bede, a prieſt of Northumberland; Hiſtory of the Saxons, Scots, &c.
901 King Alfred; hiſtory, philoſophy, and poetry.
1259 Matthew Paris, monk of St. Alban's; Hiſtory of England.
1292 Roger Bacon, Somerſetſhire; natural philoſophy.
1308 John Fordun, a prieſt of Mearns-ſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland.
1400 Geoffry Chaucer, London; the father of Engliſh poetry.
1402 John Gower, Wales; the poet.
1535 Sir Thomas More, London; hiſtory, politics, divinity.
1552 John Leland, London; lives and antiquities.
1568 Roger Aſcham, Yorkſhire; philology and polite literature.
1572 Rev. John Knox, the Scotch reformer; hiſtory of the church of Scotland.
1582 George Buchanan, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of Scotland, Pſalms of David, politics, &c.
1598 Edmund Spenſer, London; Fairy Queen, and other poems.
1615—25 Beaumont and Fletcher; 53 Dramatic pieces.
1616 William Shakeſpeare, Stratford; 42 tragedies and comedies.
1622 John Napier, of Marcheſton, Scotland; diſcoverer of logarithms.
1623 William Camden, London; hiſtory and antiquities.
1626 Lord Chancellor Bacon, London; natural philoſophy, literature in general.
1634 Lord Chief Juſtice Coke, Norfolk; laws of England.
1638 Ben Jonſon, London; 53 dramatic pieces.
1641 Sir Henry Spelman, Norfolk; laws and antiquities.
1654 John Selden, Suſſex: antiquities and laws.
1657 Dr. William Harvey, Kent, diſcovered the circulation of the blood.

1667 Abraham

1667 Abraham Cowley, London; miſcellaneous poetry.
1674 John Milton, London; Paradiſe Loſt, Regained, and various other pieces in verſe and proſe.
Hyde, earl of Clarendon, Wiltſhire; Hiſtory of the Civil Wars in England.
1675 James Gregory, Aberdeen; mathematics, geometry, and optics.
1677 Reverend Dr. Iſaac Barrow, London; natural philoſophy, mathematics, and ſermons.
1680 Samuel Butler, Worceſterſhire; Hudibras, a burleſque poem.
1685 Thomas Otway, London; 10 tragedies and comedies, with other poems.
1687 Edmund Waller, Bucks; poems, ſpeeches, letters, &c.
1688 Dr. Ralph Cudworth, Somerſetſhire; Intellectual Syſtem.
1689 Dr. Thomas Sydenham, Dorſetſhire; Hiſtory of Phyſic.
1690 Nathinel Lee, London; 11 tragedies.
Robert Barclay, Edinburgh; Apology for the Quakers.
1691 Hon Robert Boyle; natural and experimental philoſophy and theology.
Sir George M'Kenzie, Dundee; Antiquities and Laws of Scotland.
1694 John Tillotſon, archbiſhop of Canterbury, Halifax; 254 ſermons.
1697 Sir William Temple, London; politics, and polite literature.
1701 John Dryden, Northamptonſhire; 27 tragedies and comedies, ſatiric poems, Virgil.
1704 John Locke, Somerſetſhire; philoſophy, government, and theology.
1705 John Ray, Eſſex; botany, natural philoſophy, and divinity.
1707 George Farquhar, Londonderry; eight comedies.
1713 Ant. Aſh. Cowper, earl of Shafteſbury; Characteriſtics.
1714 Gilbert Burnet, Edinburgh, biſhop of Saliſbury; hiſtory, biography, divinity, &c.
1718 Nicholas Rowe, Devonſhire; 7 tragedies, tranſlation of Lucan's Pharſalia.
1719 Reverend John Flamſteed, Derbyſhire; mathematics and aſtronomy.
Joſeph Addiſon, Wiltſhire; Spectator, Guardian, poems, politics.
Dr. John Keil, Edinburgh; mathematics and aſtronomy.
1721 Matthew Prior, London; poems and politics.
1724 William Wollaſton, Staffordſhire; Religion of Nature delineated.
1727 Sir Iſaac Newton, Lincolnſhire; mathematics, geometry, aſtronomy, optics.
1729 Reverend Dr. Samuel Clarke, Norwich; mathematics, divinity, &c.
Sir Richard Steele, Dublin; four comedies, papers in Tatler, &c.
William Congreve, Staffordſhire; ſeven dramatic pieces.
1732 John Gay, Exeter; poems, fables, and eleven dramatic pieces.
1734 Dr. John Arbuthnot, Mearns-ſhire; medicine, coins, politics.
1742 Dr. Edmund Halley; natural philoſophy, aſtronomy, navigation.
Dr. Richard Bentley, Yorkſhire; claſſical learning, criticiſm.
1744 Alexander Pope, London; poems, letters, tranſlation of Homer.

1745 Reverend

1745 Reverend Dr. Jonathan Swift, Dublin; poems, politics, and letters.
1746 Colin M'Laurin, Argyleſhire; Algebra, View of Newton's Philoſophy.
1748 James Thomſon, Roxburghſhire; Seaſons, and other poems, five tragedies.
Reverend Dr. Iſaac Watts, Southampton; logic, philoſophy, pſalms, hymns, ſermons, &c.
Dr. Francis Hutcheſon, Airſhire; Syſtem of Moral Philoſophy.
1750 Reverend Dr. Conyers Middleton, Yorkſhire; life of Cicero, &c.
Andrew Baxter, Old Aberdeen; metaphyſics, and natural philoſophy.
1751 Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Surrey; philoſophy, metaphyſics, and politics.
Dr. Alexander Monro, Edinburgh; Anatomy of the Human Body.
1754 Dr. Richard Mead, London, on poiſons, plague, ſmall-pox, medicine, precepts.
Henry Fielding, Somerſetſhire; Tom Jones, Joſeph Andrews, &c.
1757 Colley Cibber, London; 25 tragedies and comedies.
1761 Thomas Sherlock, biſhop of London; 69 ſermons, &c.
Benjamin Hoadley, biſhop of Wincheſter; ſermons and controverſy.
Samuel Richardſon, London; Grandiſon, Clariſſa, Pamela.
Reverend Dr. John Leland, Lancaſhire, Anſwer to Deiſtical Writers.
1765 Reverend Dr. Edward Young; Night Thoughts, and other poems, three tragedies
Robert Simſon, Glaſgow; Conic Sections, Euclid, Apollonius.
1768 Reverend Lawrence Sterne; 45 ſermons, Sentimental Journey, Triſtram Shandy.
1769 Robert Smith, Lincolnſhire; harmonics and optics.
1770 Reverend Dr. Jortin; Life of Eraſmus, Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory, and ſermons.
Dr. Mark Akenſide, Newcaſtle upon Tyne; poems.
Dr. Tobias Smollet, Dumbartonſhire; Hiſtory of England, novels, tranſlations.
1771 Thomas Gray, Profeſſor of Modern Hiſtory, Cambridge; poems.
1773 Philip Dormer Stanhope, earl of Cheſterfield; letters.
George Lord Lyttleton, Worceſterſhire; Hiſtory of England.
1774 Oliver Goldſmith; poems, eſſays, and other pieces.
Zachary Pearce, biſhop of Rocheſter; Annotations on the New Teſtament, &c.
1775 Dr. John Hawkeſworth; eſſays.
1776 David Hume, Merſe; Hiſtory of England, and eſſays.
James Ferguſon, Aberdeenſhire; aſtronomy.
1777 Samuel Foote, Cornwall; plays.
1779 David Garrick, Hereford; plays, &c.
William Warburton, biſhop of Glouceſter; Divine Legation of Moſes, and various other works.
1780 Sir William Blackſtone, Judge of the court of Common Pleas, London; Commentaries on the Laws of England.

1780 Dr.

1780 Dr. John Fothergill, Yorkſhire; philoſophy and medicine.
James Harris; Hermes, Philological Inquiries, and Philoſophical Arrangements.
1782 Thomas Newton, biſhop of Briſtol, Litchfield; Diſcourſes on the Prophecies, and other works.
1782 Sir John Pringle, Bart. Roxburghſhire; Diſeaſes of the Army.
Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, Scotland; Elements of Criticiſm, Sketches of the Hiſtory of Man.
1783 Dr. William Hunter, Lanerkſhire; anatomy.
Dr. Benjamin Kennicott; Hebrew Verſion of the Bible, theological tracts.
1784 Dr. Thomas Morell; Editor of Ainſworth's Dictionary, Hedericus's Lexicon, and ſome Greek tragedies.
Dr. Samuel Johnſon, Litchfield; Engliſh Dictionary, biography, eſſays, poetry. Died December 13, aged 71.
1785 William Whitehead, Poet Laureat; poems and plays. Died April 14.
Reverend Richard Burn, LL.D. author of the Juſtice of Peace, Eccleſiaſtical Laws, &c. Died Nov. 20.
Richard Glover, Eſq; Leonidas, Medea, &c. Died Nov. 25.
1786 Jonas Hanway, Eſq; travels, miſcellaneous. Died Sept. 5, aged 74.
1787 Dr. Robert Lowth, biſhop of London; criticiſm, divinity, grammar. Died Nov. 3.
Soame Jenyns, Eſq; Internal Evidence of the Chriſtian Religion, and other pieces. Died Dec. 18.
1788 James Stuart, Eſq; celebrated by the name of "Athenian Stuart." Died Feb. 1.
Thomas Gainſborough, Eſq; the celebrated painter. Died Aug. 2.
Thomas Sheridan, Eſq; Engliſh Dictionary, works on education, elocution, &c. Died Aug. 14.
William Julius Mickle, Eſq; tranſlator of the Luſiad. Died Oct. 25.
1789 Dr. William Cullen; Practice of Phyſic, Materia Medica, &c. Died Feb. 5.
1790 Benjamin Franklin, Eſq; electricity, natural philoſophy, miſcellanies. Died April 17.
Reverend Thomas Warton, B. D. Poet Laureat; Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.
Dr. Adam Smith; Moral Sentiments, Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations.
John Howard, Eſq. Account of Priſons and Lazarettos, &c.
1791 Dr. Richard Price, Annuities, &c.
John Weſley, a popular preacher amongſt the Methodiſts.
Catharine Macaulay Graham, Hiſtory of England, Political Tracts, &c.

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